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CUBAN RECIPROCITY—A MORAL ISSUE

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Author of "Roosevelt," "Cleveland," "Platt," etc.

MORAL issues are uncommon in the politics of a democracy; for, generally speaking, the voter is controlled in the exercise of his franchise by considerations of immediate self-interest. The average voter does not vote for that which will help posterity, or for that which may benefit remote groups of human beings for whom he has only a theoretical interest; the average man desires to do the right thing—the moral thing—in politics as well as in the other relations of life, but in politics, frequently if not usually, the black of the wrong thing and the white of the right thing are merged into the dull gray of the easy and expedient thing to do; so that unless a man has a moral intelligence far above the common run of men, he is likely to heed eloquent gentlemen who tell him where his interests lie, and he votes as he is told. Only when a moral issue may be reduced to a big question of easily discernible right or wrong—when it may be put as simply and as dramatically as the contention between Punch and Judy—will the people of a democracy accept a moral issue in a campaign. But when a moral issue is clearly marked, the American people vote overwhelmingly for it. Color an issue with a sentiment, and too often the people will accept it whether it is right or wrong. Witness the fifteenth constitutional amendment, and more recently the rise of Populism in the West.

For forty years the Republican party has been the party of sentiment—the party of moral issues. The campaigns of '56 and '60 were purely sentimental campaigns. The sentimental impetus which the Civil War gave to the Republicans lasted them for a generation after its close.

The last national issue of the Republican party which might be called strictly a moral issue was the one which passed when the Lodge force bill died. Protection was largely an economic issue: self-interest governed the voters. So did it in the finance campaign of '96, though the Democrats tried to raise a moral issue for the cause of the down-trodden and the oppressed. In 1900 the Democrats tried to raise a moral issue on our duty to the Filipinos, but the cause that won at the polls was "Get all you can, and keep all you get." Hardly by any stretch of partisan imagination could the result in 1900 be called a moral victory.

But to-day the American people are facing the first really moral issue that has confronted them in a dozen years. It is the issue which defines our obligation to the Republic of Cuba, and which is popularly discussed under the caption of Cuban Reciprocity. The question is entirely one of national duty, and the benefits or drawbacks which may follow the performance of that duty are mere incidents. These incidents, whether they make us or break us, should have no more weight with this nation in fulfilling its obligation to the letter, and with the proper spirit, than should considerations of personal comfort affect a man who owes a note at the bank. The man or the nation that weighs convenience against honor in the balance is losing moral fiber, the only thing that makes for power and glory and usefulness among men and among "the nations of mankind."

Briefly put, the relations between Cuba and the United States to-day are these: Cuba adopted the Platt amendment to her constitution after the explicit promise of President McKinley that he would use his influence to secure the reëstablishment of the reciprocal trade arrangements between the island and

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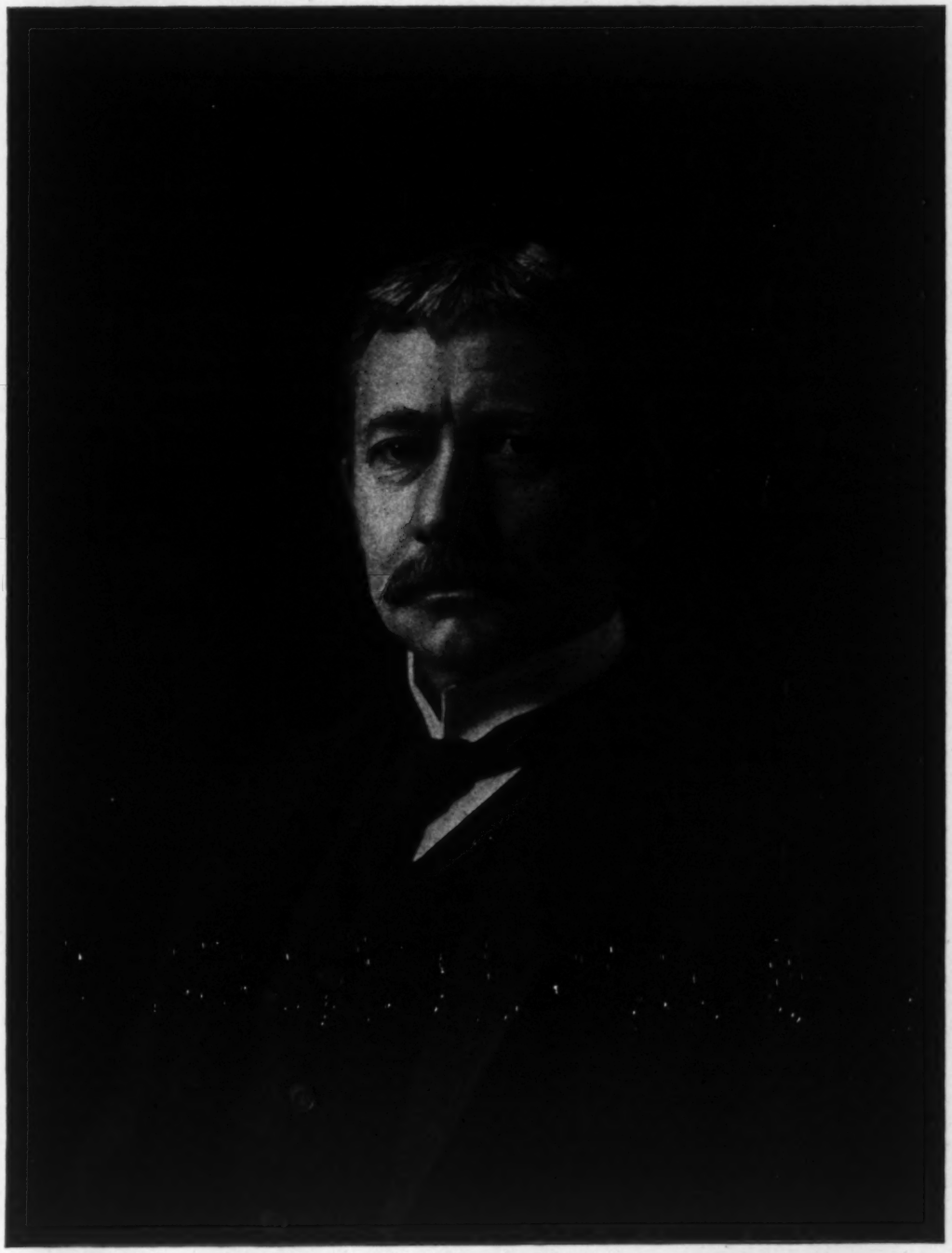
the United States, which Cuba had enjoyed under the provisions of the McKinley tariff law during the Harrison administration. Then Cuban sugar was admitted to the United States free of duty, and Cuban planters thrived. The Platt amendments to the Cuban constitution may be justly called the "value received" clause in our promissory note to Cuba. These amendments provide, among other things, that Cuba may borrow no money except on the approval of the United States; that Cuba will permit the United States to establish coaling stations on the Cuban coast, and intervene in Cuban foreign and domestic affairs whenever the interests of peace and good government demand it; that the Cuban cities shall maintain sanitary arrangements so prescribed that it may not be necessary to quarantine against Cuba during the height of the trading season. In each of these provisions the United States is the chief beneficiary. Whether or not we like Cuba or the Cubans, the Lord has planted the island so close to the American shore that it may no longer be ignored. If the Cuban Republic should get in debt to a foreign nation—to some one who might become an enemy or a great commercial rival of America—and if that nation should take possession of Cuba in payment for debts, the effect of such an occupancy, either in war or in peace, would be unfortunate, and perhaps disastrous, to the United States. A provision of the Platt amendment prevents that. The clauses of the Platt amendment which give America the right of intervention in Cuban affairs in cases of revolution and insurrection, protect absolutely millions of dollars of American capital in Cuba, and make the island a safe field for American investment. The actual cash value to the Americans of this concession from Cuba amounts to millions of dollars annually. This goes to American capitalists, traders, laborers, and small investors. But a clean Cuba, as guaranteed by one of the provisions of the Platt amendment, means infinitely more even than the right of intervention. It has been demonstrated during the American military occupancy of Cuba that with proper sanitation Cuba may be as healthful a place as Texas. Yellow fever is unnecessary, but when it is bred in Cuba it not merely devastates Cuba, but it also stops trade all over the South at a season of the year when every day's hindered business costs millions of dollars to American industries in every part of the United States. If the benefits of this sanitary provision of the Platt amendment could be gathered from American commerce and poured into the national treasury, in one year it would pay the cost of the war with Spain.

So much for the "value received" part of the obligation. Now for the "promise to pay." That President McKinley had no authority to sign the note for the American people, that he would have exceeded his constitutional powers in promising the Cubans that Congress would pass a reciprocity treaty, if he had promised that, no one can deny. But if, on the other hand, President McKinley negotiated for material benefits which all American people are enjoying to-day, the American people will be sneaks of the worst kind if they accept those benefits and quibble about the authority of their agent to make an agreement. That McKinley promised to use his influence to get a twenty-five per cent. reduction in the sugar duties for the Cubans is not a matter of honest dispute. That McKinley went to Buffalo to begin the propaganda of his doctrine of Cuban reciprocity is evident. He was beginning to "use his influence"—to carry out his part of the agreement. McKinley's unfinished work fell to President Roosevelt.

At this point it seems proper to pause in the discussion of the ethics of the case for Cuban reciprocity, and consider the history of the endeavor to establish actual reciprocal trade relations with Cuba by President Roosevelt and Congress at its recent session. The contest was one of the most notable that Congress has witnessed in a decade, involving as it did not merely Cuban reciprocity, which was the game on the board, but also a larger and more vital question, namely, shall what is known as decency prevail in the politics of the United States. To understand how the two questions became entangled, it is necessary to know something of President Roosevelt and something of the situation politically which faced him when he took the oath of office at Buffalo. As for the new President, he was a strange and unknown animal to the average politician at Washington. There politics is a business, and generally men who are in or near the White House have their ambitions centered on some prize in the political game. To win the game and to feed their ambitions is meat and drink to them. They have no other recourse in life when ambition fails or spends itself. But the man Roosevelt was of a different sort. He had other interests than political interests, other diversions, other ambitions. It was not everything to the man Roosevelt to be President; it was not highly important in his scheme of things to have a nomination for the presidency in 1904.



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ELIHU ROOT

Secretary of War, and commander-in-chief of the President's Cuban policy.

It was not even a matter of prime consideration to this man to win in a fight. To him it was vastly more practical, and hence more important, to be on the right side of a losing fight than to win by questionable compromises a fight which he believed to be right. The game is nothing to Roosevelt, and the politicians had a hard time getting this fact through their heads. As the fall grew old, and the winter of 1901 opened, the statesmen at Washington, in the House and in the Senate, found that they were facing a new order of things in the disposition of the Federal patronage. It was this: President Roosevelt guaranteed to every congressman and senator the right to disburse the usual patronage to which custom and tradition entitled them, but the President reserved the right of veto if the character of the candidate was not up to the President's requirement. Until Roosevelt came to the White House it had been customary for the endorsing senator or representative to be the judge of the candidate's character. The presidential mind rarely troubled itself with the personality of candidates for minor offices under the government. President Roosevelt gave the right of protest to the private citizen of the community from which the candidate hailed, and the result was grief for many statesmen. Candidates were turned down right and left. Hundreds of gentlemen whose records were hardly white, and not even a fairly presentable lavender, were refused commissions by the President, even after senators and representatives had offered to take the responsibility for the appointments of these men. And the senators and representatives aforesaid vexed wroth. They felt of the President, looking for his soft spot; they saw he would compromise on any commercial issue like the location of the canal, or the treatment of trusts, or the army and navy appropriation bill, but that on what he considered a moral issue President Roosevelt would fight. They desired a fight; they believed that a drubbing before the country would break the President's influence with the people. So the offended statesmen, who were men of minor importance and without national fame, began looking for a moral issue, and stumbled on Cuban reciprocity. And then the trouble began.

It was assumed that the Democrats would oppose the administration on so important a question as Cuban reciprocity, and the assumption proved correct when it was tried in the House of Representatives. There a sharp, vicious struggle occurred, and the President won by a decent majority. A new national leader was developed in the House in the person of Long of Kansas, who, with the President's confidence and approval, led the fight for reciprocity in the House. But when the fight got to the Senate, it changed from a scrimmage to a siege. There were nineteen Republican "insurgents" in the Senate. Of these it is fair to say that seven represented real beet sugar States. These States are Nebraska, California, South Dakota, and Michigan. With the senators from these States the President maintained the most cordial personal and political relations. The two senators from Nevada were Republican recruits of such recent conversion that their insurgency did not mean much more than the unconscious reversion to type, and Senator Wellington's position was temperamental rather than the sign of a personal grudge. But with the other insurgents there was more than a strong suspicion that they were fighting for something other than their altars and their fires. Each of them had had trouble with the President over patronage. Each of them had been compelled to "name a new man" in some minor contest for a Federal office, and each of them had said things punctuated with exclamation points, "not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith." The insurgents—good, bad, and indifferent—organized, and agreed on a plan or scheme for reciprocity, which didn't reciprocate. It was known as the rebate plan. It provided for a bounty to be paid to the Cuban government by the government of the United States of a certain sum of cash for every hundred pounds of Cuban produce—sugar and tobacco—admitted into American ports at the present tariff rates of 108 per cent. In the rebate plan advocated by the insurgents there was no provision that this bounty should ever get into the hands of the planters who grew the sugar and tobacco. The bounty was to go to the people of Cuba through their treasury. Of course such a plan met with opposition from the President. He sent a special message to Congress disapproving of the insurgents' rebate plan, frankly and in plain words. This was what they desired—to get the President committed. They did not understand that he also desired to go on record against the insurgent plan. They reasoned that if they got the President publicly committed against their plan, the defeat of his plan, which he clearly indicated in his message to be the House bill, would be humiliating; and with his defeat they believed the President would be discredited and distrusted

by the country. It certainly looked like a logical sequence of events. But one link in the syllogism the insurgents had overlooked—the fact that Cuban reciprocity is a moral issue, and that when the American people are once convinced that a question contains a moral issue, they will support such an issue with all their hearts. Roosevelt's message was an appeal to the people, not to the insurgents.

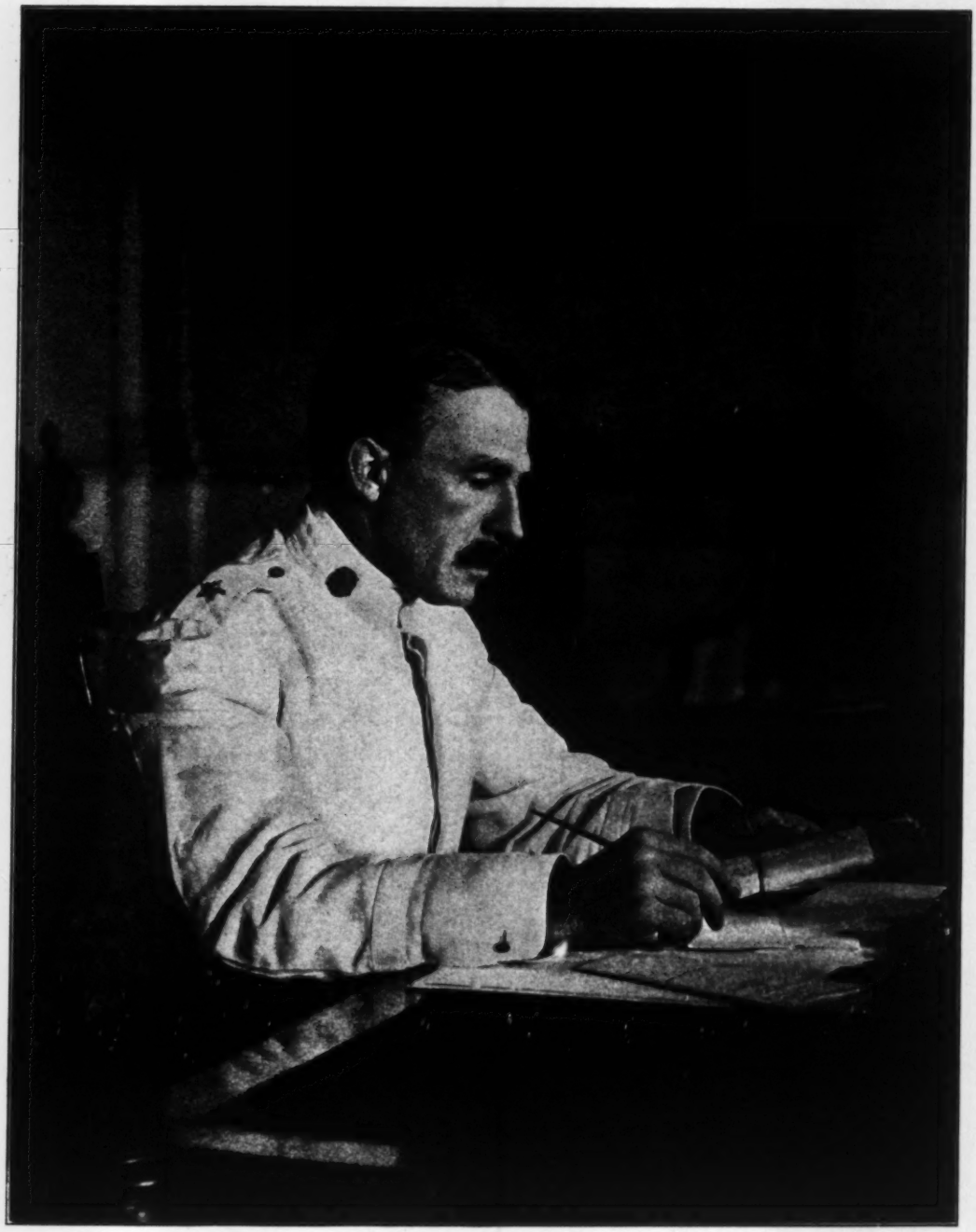
The insurgents didn't realize this until they had enjoyed their victory and Congress had adjourned without passing a reciprocity law. Then they heard from the people, and found their defeated President victorious, and their victory turned to odium. The losing fight for Cuban reciprocity strengthened President Roosevelt with the people of America as nothing has done since he pledged himself to follow McKinley's policy at the Milburn House at Buffalo.

Congress adjourned without a reciprocity law on the statute books. The insurgents went home, saw the people, began explaining, and a funny thing happened. Instead of glorifying in their victory over the President, nearly every man Jack of the nineteen insurgent senators found occasion for telling his constituents that he was in perfect accord with the President; that the President was the greatest statesman, scholar, and patriot since Lincoln's time, and that while certain other Republican leaders were against Roosevelt, he, the orator of the occasion, had supported every measure which by any hint or indefinite intimation had seemed like a Roosevelt measure. No American President has more thoroughly and completely spanked a cabal of Congress by the shingle of popular scorn than President Roosevelt spanked the beet-sugar insurgents. Cuban reciprocity—the Roosevelt kind, not the insurgent rebate kind—is as certain to be an American law as Congress is to meet next December. And the fight for decency in American politics—the fight for clean men in Federal office—is also won. Right never triumphs in one cause that it does not help decency in many other causes.

The relation of the United States to Cuba since war was declared against Spain has been very much like the relation between the Good Samaritan and the man who fell among thieves on the Jericho road. And yet before war was declared, and during the progress of the Cuban rebellion against Spain, there was another relation between Cuba and America which the American people did not generally realize and few understood. It was the responsibility of this nation for the conditions in Cuba. To comprehend Cuba to-day, and our duty there, it is necessary to consider the situation in Cuba, and America's responsibility for it, during the four years preceding the Spanish War. It will be remembered that under the provisions of the McKinley law, passed in 1890, Cuban products were admitted to the United States free. There are but two exportable staples in Cuba—sugar and tobacco. Under the provisions of the McKinley law, Cuban sugar planters thrived. The sugar output of the island reached its maximum. And because sugar is the great staple of the island there was prosperity everywhere. Labor found work at living wages. Capital invested generously. Population increased. All industries grew strong. The people were contented. Then came the Wilson-Gorman law, under the Cleveland administration, which put a prohibitive tariff on Cuban sugar. The American market for Cuban sugar being closed, the sugar industry in the island languished. Within a year it was ruined. Labor was idle, for the other industries of the island were dependent upon sugar growing, and all trade was paralyzed in Cuba.

Now the Latin race differs a little from the American amalgam. When the American forms a mob, after the first impulse of rage leaves him he passes resolutions and appoints a committee to do something. The Latin mob organizes an insurrection. Coxey's army in the United States was marching when the idle laborers of Cuba opened the rebellion. Coxey's men did little damage to property, but every time the Cuban rebels found a sugar plantation or a sugar mill they wrecked it. It was the outward and visible sign of their anger at Spain. But the actual oppression of Spain was a small matter compared with the economic troubles that came when Cuban sugar was shut out of the American market by American laws. America was as much responsible for the Cuban rebellion as Spain was. Indeed, when the "Maine" blew up Spain was trying to settle the Cuban rebellion in the only way it might have been settled. A Spanish agent was trying to negotiate a reciprocity treaty which would restore Cuban sugar to the American market. If the "Maine" had not blown up in Havana harbor McKinley would have settled the Cuban rebellion without intervention, and without shedding a drop of American blood, by securing a reciprocity law; for Cuba's woes had their rise more in economic causes than in social and political ones.

Therefore it was natural that the first thing the Cubans asked from their American benefactors was a restoration of the trade rela-



From photograph by Prince

GENERAL LEONARD M. WOOD

The Governor of Cuba, who did the hard work, the fine work, and put his heart in it

tions enjoyed before the rebellion. It was natural that upon the mere promise of McKinley to use his influence to secure a reciprocity treaty, the Cubans should grant every request made by the United States; for upon the opening of the American market to Cuban sugar depends the economic future of the island, and upon that depends the maintenance of the public peace there. It is important that Americans should know that history is about to repeat itself in Cuba; for the Cubans had faith in McKinley's power to bring about the reciprocity treaty which they desired. Industry revived on the strength of that promise, and the Cuban planters put in a big sugar crop. Labor again found employment. Again there was contentment in the island. But the treaty failed to pass. The duty against Cuban sugar in American ports is prohibitive. Sugar sold on the wharves of Havana for $1.68, and the admitted cost of production is $2.00. This year a small crop is going in. Labor hardly finds employment. Capital is shy. No other industries are moving. A slow paralysis is binding the island. The next step will be rebellion, and some American general who will intervene in the rebellion to protect American property in the island will be known in Cuban history as the American Weyler. This will be a pleasant ending of all the fine promises we Americans made to humanity when we drove Spain from the island to protect "Poor Cuba." Yet Cuban revolution, American intervention, American conquest, and forcible American annexation are the inevitable consequences of the present policy of the United States. Every vote which prevents the establishment of Cuban reciprocity in the next Congress is certain to cost the lives of a hundred American soldiers of the conquest.

Still, soldiers don't enlist for their health, and there are causes that are bought cheaply with American blood. No one should begrudge a few thousand lives if they bring value received. The question which the people of this country must decide is whether or not America is getting enough out of her stand against Cuban reciprocity to make it pay. Of course the opponents to the reciprocity plan have their side of the case. Put in a few words, it is this: That there is rising in the United States a new industry—the beet-sugar industry—and that to compel this new industry to compete with Cuban sugar just now will kill the beet-sugar industry and sacrifice much American capital. The champions of beet sugar claim that the question is purely a commercial one, and not in any sense a moral issue. From their viewpoint, they are correct. And it is just as well to consider the matter for a moment from a commercial standpoint, forgetting the moral forces at stake. It is agreed that the total sugar consumption of the United States is 2,400,000 tons annually. Of this amount, about one-tenth is beet sugar and about one-tenth cane sugar produced in the United States proper. In other words, of the total consumption of sugar in the United States proper, one-fifth of it is home grown. Between one-sixth and one-seventh comes from Hawaii and Porto Rico. From Europe or countries like Java and the East Indies controlled by Europe, one-third of the sugar comes that is consumed in the United States. And the other third of the sugar we Americans use comes from Cuba. The price of the home-grown sugar will not be fixed, of course, by what it costs to produce sugar in the United States, but rather the price will be based on the highest cost of production, tariff duties, and transportation from the furthest foreign country; for there cannot be two prices for the same article on the same market, and American planters would, of course, increase their prices to meet the prices made by foreign rivals in business. If the gap between consumption and the supply which foreign sugar fills were a very small one, still the price of the sugar it took to fill that small gap would control all the sugar sold in the country. Cuba produces to-day one-third of the sugar used in the United States. If Cuban sugar were admitted duty free, which, by the way, the reciprocity treaty does not provide, it could not control or cheapen the price of sugar in the United States, for there would still be coming into this country from European colonies and countries a great flood of sugar paying a 108 per cent. tariff, which will always maintain the high price, so that home-sugar growers will not have to compete with even free sugar from Cuba.

But even if such a reduction in the tariff does reduce the price of sugar, as the beet-sugar people wrongfully claim, would it not be better to save each American householder a few dollars a year on his sugar bill than to continue protecting an industry like beet sugar, which, according to the prospectus issued by the Oxnard beet-sugar people, is making nearly one hundred per cent. of profit on its investment? The more one makes this Cuban reciprocity question purely a commercial one, the worse the beet-sugar people come out of it. The real interests of all the people demand cheaper sugar more urgently

than the beet-sugar interests demand the national nourishment of that industry. Commercialism is very thin ice for the beet-sugar people to stand on.

And then, of course, there is the other side—the American side—of the reciprocity proposition, which has not been weighed at all. That feature of the case is found in the fact that in return for this favor to Cuban products, Cuba will reciprocate with similar favors to American products. When reciprocity is established, the United States will supply the Cubans with flour and much of their foodstuffs. America will be the natural market place for Cuba, and the island will merge itself into the American Union naturally. People who wear American made clothes, eat American food, use American machines, and read American newspapers and American magazines and books are going to be Americans in fact before they know what has happened to them. The effect of this concession to American manufacturers not merely of one industry, but of all industries, would be felt at once. Cuba now has a population of a million and a half people. General Leonard Wood is authority for the statement that Cuba will easily sustain a population of fifteen millions. If the United States pays her obligation to Cuba, and allows Cuban industries to thrive as they thrived under the McKinley law of 1890, the population of Cuba will rise toward the fifteen million point rapidly. The increase must be largely American. The mortuary statistics collected under the American military occupation show that Cuban cities are as healthful, when they are properly cleaned, as nine-tenths of the American cities. The American population will make an American Cuba. The political alliance may come soon, or it may come late; but if the commercial alliance is made under the proposed reciprocity measure, the political alliance is inevitable. Cuba will come into the union as American as Texas or California did. In a few years Latin traditions will pass away, as they have passed in the southwest, and Cuba will be one of the great American commonwealths.

This must happen sooner or later, in spite of beet sugar. To-day the question is not when Cuba shall come into the Union, but how. Whether by assimilation or by conquest; whether pulled in by the hair of her head, kicking and squalling in revolution, or whether she "shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves." The senatorial insurgents prefer to let Cuban labor stand idle till the insurrection occurs, and then send an army down to protect American capital from the depredations of Cuban revolutionists, and finally bring Cuba into the Union that way. The Roosevelt plan is a different one. It is to keep faith with Cuba; give her what we promised her, and what, considering her concessions to America, she has a right to expect from America; to make such strong commercial allies of the Cubans that they will seek political protection; to make Cuba a field for young Americans seeking new industrial and commercial opportunities; to Americanize Cuba by kindness rather than by conquest.

Kindness always pays from a purely business standpoint, whether it be kindness of men or of nations. The Good Samaritan was infinitely richer for his kindness to the man on the Jericho road than was he who received the benefits. It is a law as fixed and as inexorable as the law of gravitation that kindness bears interest and returns all of the principal. America can't lose a dollar by being kind to Cuba. The great benefits that came to America after the Spanish War are in evidence to prove that from a purely selfish standpoint, a purely "commercial" standpoint, it pays thirty or forty per cent. per annum to be brave and generous and kind. We have put the man we found bleeding on the Jericho road on our own beast; we have taken him to an inn. We have even departed, giving the host two pence to take care of our unfortunate neighbor. And now there are two parties in the land debating as to our further duty in the matter. One party—the party led by the President—says in effect: Let us see if that poor neighbor of ours is getting along all right down there at the inn; out of our bounty maybe we may help him in his convalescence; we won't feel the loss, and the poor fellow needs a little help right now pretty badly. The other crowd says in effect: Isn't it getting about time to quit throwing good money after bad; tell that sore-eyed, spavined, human hamburger down there at the tavern we want him to get up and run us a foot-race, carrying 108 per cent. tariff handicap, and if he can't do that why he can go to the devil and shut the door after him till we get time to come down there to foreclose the mortgage on his mangey hide for that two pence hotel bill we spent on him.

Naturally one party in America views this situation as one involving duty and a high moral obligation. And also it is entirely consistent for the opposing party to regard America's relations to Cuba as a commercial proposition. The priest and the Levite had some such ideas two thousand years ago.

THE GUEST OF HONOR

BY HERMANN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

Author of "Myra of the Pines"

Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell

"LETTERS of introduction!" Clara sighed. "One can't help wishing they were made misdemeanors like other lottery tickets." And this being her third remark of kindred import, curiosity became at least excusable. So Mrs. Penfield stroked a sable muff in silent sympathy.

"We had one yesterday from Jack's Boston aunt," went on her charming hostess, "a Mrs. Bates, who is continually sending us spiritualists or people who paint miniatures or Armenian refugees, just because we spent a week or so with her one summer when the children had the mumps. In Lent one does not mind, one rather looks for trials, but now one's dinner-table is really not one's own. Maude, do let me give you another cup of tea; it's awfully bad I know; we have to buy it from the Dunbar girls. If one's friends would only not sell things one has to drink!"

"Such a delightful little tea-pot would make any tea delicious, I am sure," murmured Mrs. Penfield, and the conversation rested while a noiseless menial entered, put wood upon the fire, and illuminated an electric bulb within an opalescent shell. An odor of cut flowers floated in the air and an exotic whiff of muffin.

Mrs. Fessenden, when she had made the tea, sank back once more among the cushions and stretched her small feet to the blaze.

"I am not at home, Pierre," she announced.

"Perfectly, Madame," replied the menial, as though the absence were self-evident.

Mrs. Penfield mused and sipped.

"Some women are so inconsiderate when they are old," she said remindingly.

"And so are most men when they are young," rejoined the lady of the cushions, "and Jack, though nice in many ways, is no exception. When I ask him to help by having unexpected men who must be fed to luncheon at the club, he says champagne at midday gives him apoplexy. And so we have to invite an unknown person to our very nicest dinner."

"What unknown person?" inquired Mrs. Penfield, and Clara sighed.

"A Mr. Hopworthy," she replied. "Fancy, if you can, a man named Hopworthy."

Mrs. Penfield tried and failed.

"What is he like?" she asked.

"I haven't an idea. He called here yesterday at three o'clock—fancy a man who calls at three o'clock! and Jack insisted on inviting him for to-morrow night—and I had to give so much thought to to-morrow night!"

"Of course he is coming," put in Mrs. Penfield; "such people never send regrets."

"Or acceptances either, it would seem," returned her friend; "the wretch has not so much as answered, and soon it will be too late to get even an emergency girl."

"Oh, one can always scare up a girl," the other said consolingly.

Pierre entered with a little silver tray.

"A note, if Madame pleases," he announced. Perhaps had Madame pleased a pineapple or a Guinea pig might have been forthcoming. When he had retired Madame tore open the envelope. A flush of pleasure made her still more charming.

"Hopworthy has been seriously injured!" she cried almost in exultation.

"And how much anxiety you have had for nothing, dear!" said Mrs. Penfield, rising. "So often things turn out much better than we dare to hope. What does he say?"

"Oh, only this; he writes abominably," and Clara read:

DEAR MRS. FESSENDEN:

I assure you, nothing less than a serious injury could prevent my availing myself of your charming invitation for Wednesday evening. . . .

"Oh, Maude, you can't think what a relief this is."

"But—" began Mrs. Penfield and paused, while Clara, folding the note, tore it deliberately in twain.

"I don't believe he has been seiously hurt at all," she said on second thought. "He simply did not want to come. Fancy a man who invents such an excuse!"

"But—" began Mrs. Penfield once more, when Mrs. Fessenden interposed.

"I shall hope never to hear his wretched name again," she said, "Maude, dear, you won't forget to-morrow night?"

"Not unless Butler forgets me," said Mrs. Penfield, whereat both ladies laughed the laugh that rounds a pleasant visit.

"'Letters of introduction!' Clara sighed"

"Jack," whispered Clara, "please count and see if every one is here, there should be twenty."

It was Wednesday evening and the Fessenden's Colonial drawing-room housed an assembly to make the snowy breast of any hostess glow with satisfaction, especially a hostess possessing one inch less of waist and one inch more of husband than any lady present.

"Exactly twenty," Jack announced, "that is if we count the Envoy and the Countess each as only one, which don't seem quite respectful."

"Please don't try to be silly," said his wife, suspecting stimulant unjustly.

To her the function was a serious achievement, nicely proportioned, complete in all its parts; from Mrs. Ballington's tiara—a constellation never known to shine in hazy social atmospheres—to the Envoy Extraordinary's extraordinary foreign boots. Even the Countess, who wore what was in effect a solferino tea-gown with high-bred unconcern, was not a jarring note. Everybody knew how the Countess's twenty priceless trunks had gone to Capetown by mistake, and her presence made the pretty drawing-room a *salon*, just as the Envoy's presence made the occasion cosmopolitan. When the mandolin club in the hall struck up a spirited fandango, no pointed chin in all the town took on a prouder tilt than Clara Fessenden's.

The Envoy Extraordinary had just let fall no less a diplomatic secret than that, in his opinion, a certain war would end in peace eventually, when Mrs. Penfield, who happened to be near, inquired:

"Oh, Clara, have you heard anything more of that Mr. Hopworthy?"

"Don't speak to me of him!" retorted Clara, clouding over. "When Jack called at his hotel to leave a card, he had the effrontery to be out. Just fancy, and we had almost sent him grapes!"

"But—" began Mrs. Penfield.

Pierre was at the door; one hand behind him held the orchestra in check.

"Madame is served," he formed his lips to say, but having reached "Madame," he found himself effaced by some one entering hurriedly—a tall young man with too abundant hair and teeth, but otherwise permissible.

The new arrival paused, took soundings, as it were, divined the hostess, and advanced upon her with extended hand. Evidently it was one of those amusing little incidents called "contretemps," which often happen where front doors are much alike, and the people on the left have odd acquaintances.

"I trust I am not late," the blunderer began at once. "It was so kind of you to think of me; so altogether charming, so delightful." His eyes were dark and keen, his broad, unsheltered mouth, which seemed less to utter than to manufacture words, gave the impression of astonishing productive power, and Clara, though sorry for a fellow-creature doomed to rude enlightenment, was glad he was not to be an element in her well-ordered little dinner. But as her guests were waiting she gave a slight impatient flutter to her fan. The other went on unobservant.

"One can say so little of one's pleasure in a hurried note, but I assure you, my dear Mrs. Fessenden, nothing short of a serious accident——"

Where had she met this formula before?

"Oh, Mr. Hopworthy!" she responded with a smile, an automatic smile, self-regulating and self-adjusting, like the phrase that followed, "I am so glad you were able to come." And turning to her husband, she announced, too sweetly to leave her state of mind in doubt:

"Jack, here is Mr. Hopworthy, your aunt's old friend."

With her eyes she added:

"Fiend, behold your work!"

Jack grasped the stranger's hand and wrung it warmly.

"I'm glad you're out again," he said. "Now tell my wife just how you left Aunt Bates." And so saying he backed toward the door, for he could be resourceful on occasion. Two minutes later when he reappeared his face was wreathed in smiles.

"It's all serene," he whispered to his wife. "They have crowded in another place at your end. We'll make the best of it."

Perhaps it occurred to Clara that things to be made the best of were oftenest crowded in at her end, but she had no time to say so, for Pierre had come into his own again—Madame was served.

Jack led of course, with scintillescent Mrs. Ballington, he having flatly refused to take in the Countess. Jack's point of view was always masculine, and often elementary.

The Countess followed with a Mr. Walker who collected eggs, and was believed to have been born at sea, which made him interesting in a way. Then came Maude Penfield, preceding Lena Livingston, according to the tonnage of their husbands' yachts. In truth, the whole procession gave in every rank new evidence of Clara's kindly forethought. For herself, she had not only the Extraordinary, but, by perverse fate, another.

"Mr. Hopworthy," she explained, bringing both dimples into play, "a very charming girl has disappointed us. I hope you don't mind walking three abreast."

Clara's untruths were never compromises. When they should be told, she told them, scorning to keep her score immaculate by subterfuge. "Though the Recording Angel may be strict," she often said with childlike faith, "I am convinced he is well-bred."

The pleasant flutter over dinner cards ended as it should in each guest being next the persons most desired—each guest, but not the hostess. For Jack's resourcefulness having accomplished the additional place, stopped short, and his readjustment of the cards, which had been by chance, had brought the Envoy upon Clara's left and given to Mr. Hopworthy the seat of honor.

For a moment Clara hesitated, hoping against hope for some one to be taken ill, for almost anything that might create an opportunity for a change of cards. But while she stood in doubt the diplomat most diplomatically sat down. Beyond him the Countess was already drawing off her gloves, as though they had been stockings, and further on the gentleman born at sea seemed pleased to find his dinner roll so like an egg.

It was one of those unrecorded tragedies known only to woman. The failures of a man leave ruins to bear testimony to endeavor; a woman's edifice of cobweb falls without commotion, whatever pains its building may have cost.

"I gave you that seat," said Clara to the diplomat in dimpled confidence, "because the window on the other side lets in a perfect gale of draught."

"A most kind draught to blow me nearer my hostess's heart," he answered, much too neatly not to have said something of the sort before.

Fortunately both the Envoy and the Countess appreciated oysters, and before the soup came, Clara, outwardly herself again, could turn a smiling face to her unwelcome guest. But Mr. Hopworthy was bending toward Maude, who seemed very much amused. So was the man between them, and so were several others.

Already he had begun to make himself conspicuous. People with broad mouths always make themselves conspicuous. She felt that Maude was gloating over her discomfiture. She detected this in every note of Maude's well-modulated laugh, and could an interchange of beakers with the stranger have been sure of Florentine results, Clara would have faced a terrible temptation. As it was, she asked the Envoy if he had seen the Automobile Show.

He had, and by good luck machinery was his favorite topic, a safe one leaving little ground for argument. From machinery one proceeds by certain steps to things thereby created, silk and shoes and books, and comes at length, as Clara did, to silverware and jewels, pearls and emeralds. And here the Countess, who mistrusted terrapin, broke in.

She had known an emerald larger than an egg—Mr. Walker looked up hopefully. It had been laid by Royalty at the feet of Beauty—Mr. Walker, who had been about to speak, resumed his research, and the Countess held the floor.

She wore a bracelet given her by a potentate, whose title suggested snuff, as a reward for great devotion to his cause, and its exhibition occupied a course.

Meanwhile the hostess, as with astral ears, heard snatches of the conversation all about her.

"And do you think so really, Mr. Hopworthy?"

"Oh, Mr. Hopworthy, were you actually there?"

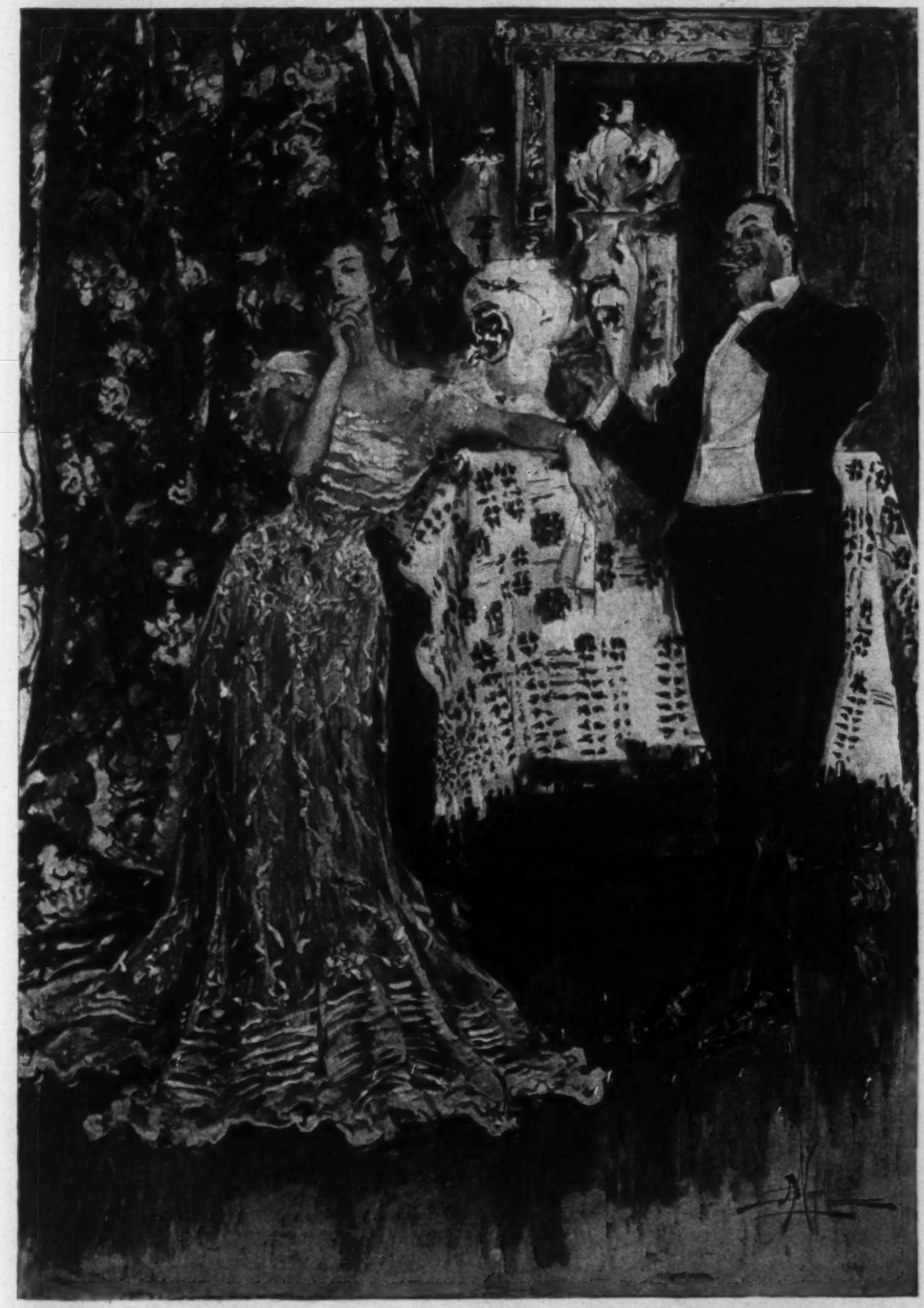
"Please tell us your opinion——"

Evidently Jack's aunt's acquaintance was being drawn out, encouraged to display himself, made a butt of in point of fact! This came from taking Maude Penfield into her confidence. There was always a streak of something not exactly nice in Maude. As Clara, with her mind's eye, saw the broad Hopworthian mouth in active operation, she felt—the feminine instinct in such matters is unerring—that Butler Penfield cherished every phrase for future retaliation at the club, and Lena Livingston, who never laughed, was laughing. After all, if foreigners are often dull, at least they have no overmastering sense of humor.

"My Order of the Bull was given me at twenty-six," the Envoy was relating, and though the story was a long one, Clara listened to it all with swimming eyes.

"Diplomacy is full of intrigue as an egg of meat," it ended, and once more Mr. Walker looked up hopefully.

Again the hostess forced herself to turn with semblance of attention to her right. But Mr. Hopworthy did not appear to notice the concession. He did not appear to notice anything. He was haranguing, actually haranguing, oblivious that all within the hearing of his resonant voice regarded him with open mockery. Jack in the distance, too far away



"'That Hoppy fellow seemed to make a hit'"

to apprehend the truth, exhibited his customary unconcern, for Jack's ideals were satisfied if at his table people only ate enough and talked. And perhaps it was as well Jack did not comprehend.

"To illustrate," the orator was saying—fancy a man who says "to illustrate." "This wine is, as we may say, dyophysitic"—here Mr. Hopworthy held up his glass and looked about him whimsically—"possessed of dual potentialities containing germs of absolute antipathies—" Even Jack, could he have heard, must have resented the suggestion of germs in his champagne.

"Perhaps you would rather have some Burgundy with your duck," suggested Mrs. Fessenden with heroic fortitude, and Mr. Hopworthy checked his train of thought at once.

"Aye, Madam," he rejoined, "there you revive an ancient controversy."

"I am sure I did not mean to," Clara said regretfully, and Mr. Hopworthy smiled his most open smile.

"A controversy," drawled Lena Livingston, "how very odd!"

"It was indeed," assented Mr. Hopworthy, and went on: "Once, as you know, the poets of Reims and Beaune waged war in verse over the respective claims of the blond wine and the brunette, and so bitter grew the fight that several provinces sprang to arms, and Louis the Fourteenth was forced to go to war to keep the peace."

It was pure malice in Maude to show so marked an interest in a statement so absurd, and it was fiendish in the rest to encourage Mr. Hopworthy. Even the most insistent talker comes in time to silence if nobody listens.

"Oh, M. Hop—Hop—Hopgood," cried the Countess, "if you are a savant, perhaps you know my Axel!"

"And have you taken out a patent for your axel?" asked the diplomat, whose mind reverted to mechanics.

The Countess favored him with one glance through her lorgnettes—a present from the exiled King of Crete—and straightway took her bag and baggage to the hostile camp. For, of course, the young Count Axel was known to Mr. Hopworthy, or at least he so declared.

"Please tell me how you won your Order of the Bull," said Clara to the diplomat, her one remaining hope.

"I think I mentioned that just now," he answered, and conversation perished.

And thus the dinner wore away, a grim succession of demolished triumphs. When after an æon or two Clara gave the signal for retreat, she sought her own reflection in the glass to make sure her hair was still its normal brown.

"Clara," said Mrs. Penfield when the ladies were alone, "you might at least have warned us whom we were to meet."

Mrs. Fessenden drew herself erect. Her breath came fast, her eyes were bright, and she had nearly reached the limit of forbearance toward Maude.

"Mrs. Penfield—" she began with dignity, but Maude broke in.

"I must have been a baby not to have recognized the name."

Clara hesitated, checking the word upon her lips, for with her former friend, to be inelegant was to be sincere.

"I do not understand," she substituted prudently.

"To think, my dear, of you being the first of us to capture Horace Hopworthy and keeping it from me!" cried Maude.

"I am sure I mentioned that we hoped to have him," murmured Mrs. Fessenden.

"So sweet of you to give us such a surprise, it was most delightful," Lena Livingston drawled.

"Your house is always such a Joppa for successful genius," declared Mrs. Ballington, "or is it Mecca? I've forgotten which. How did you come to know he was in town?"

"Jack's relatives in Boston always send us the most charming people with letters," answered Clara. "Shall we take coffee on the balcony? The men are laughing so in the smoking-room we can't talk here with any comfort."

Later—an hour later—when the last carriage-door had slammed, Jack lit a cigarette and said:

"That Hoppy fellow seemed to make a hit."

Clara yawned.

"Yes, he was rather a fortunate discovery," she said, "but, Jack, we really ought to take a literary magazine."

PELÉE, THE DESTROYER

Splendors and Terrors of an Eruption at Close Range

BY AUGUST F. JACCACI

Illustrated by George Varian

The author and the artist, in company with Mr. George Kennan, were the first to establish headquarters and live under the shadow of the volcano. During their stay they explored the mountain on all sides, witnessing the various phenomena of several eruptions, from the last of which they narrowly escaped.

AS one sails from St. Thomas to Martinique there comes out, on the rim of the deep indigo blue sea, a series of transparent cloudlets bathed in the white haze of the horizon. After a time the fairy-like fabrics are seen to be islands, all alike in character, each topped by one or more volcano-shaped summits propped up by spurs. Deep, narrow ravines and sharp arêtes, soft slopes clothed in the dull greenery of Antillean vegetation, come out clearly for a time, and then leisurely melt again into a purplish mass more and more diaphanous, which finally vanishes. The atmosphere is hot, moist, enervating; the blinding rays of the torrid sun pierce through the awning of the after-deck; life has no zest.

The moon was riding the heavens as our ship floated into a silent and unreal world, where sea and sky were bathed in the same mysterious, tender, purplish haze. It was an hour or so before the sun ushered in the tropical day at a jump. We knew that Pelée was near at hand. Straining our eyes for the first view of the mountain, we saw only a deeper mist, to the south of which some sharp conical shapes (the Pics du Carbet) seemed to float in air. Later there was a sudden apparition of the island shore piled up with clouds.

No volcano was to be seen; but among these clouds was one of peculiar shape, hardly differentiated in color from the others about and below. It was the heavy, cotton-like volcanic smoke. Presently for an instant, a small, faint, horizontal glow indicated the crater. Two ardent lights above the water were depots of coal at St. Pierre, still burning nearly a fortnight after the destruction of the city. We passed on, skirting the island's western coast—a panorama of bluffs and narrow, precipitous valleys enlarging toward the sea. The sugar-cane filled the lowlands, climbed the declivities, covered the hills; a few plantations, the remains of sugar mills of prosperous days, and two or three little villages nestled in the valleys amidst groves of cocoanut trees.

Fort de France

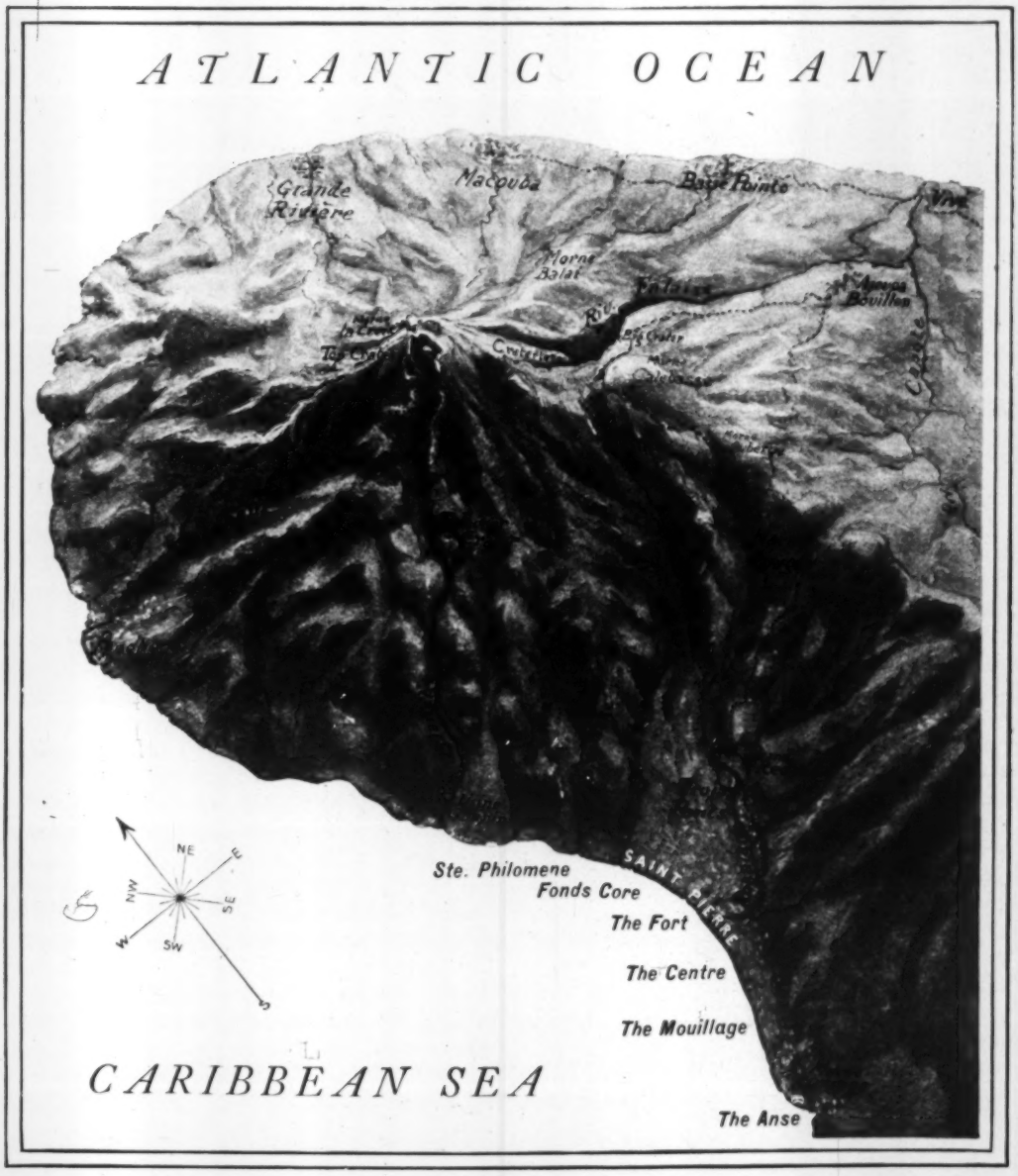
At Fort de France the volcano could not be seen. Although the town is sixteen miles away from it, the extent of its activities may be judged from the fact that on May 20th, the day before our arrival, the first big eruption since that of the 8th had thrown the population into panic.

About 5.30 that morning two loud and prolonged explosions woke the inhabitants and refugees to consternation. The volcano was coughing out thick black clouds which, lighted on the under side by the rays of the rising sun, shone like molten metal suspended in mid-air. As these clouds rolled down upon the city, enveloping it in darkness shot through with lightnings, the terrified people rushed in wild confusion, praying and shrieking, to seek refuge in the great square of the Savane, in the churches, even in the sea. No damage was done by the subsequent rain of stones and swirling ashes.*

* This same eruption proved hardly less destructive to St. Pierre than the first, as is evident from a comparison of photographs taken in the stricken city before that date, with what we afterward saw of the ruins.

THE REGION OF MOUNT PELÉE

From a relief map modeled by Alfred Lenz, from descriptions furnished by the author



Mt. Pelée from Vivé

The east coast furnished the most accessible approach to the volcano and the devastated country surrounding it. Accordingly we made our way to Vivé, five and a half miles in a straight line to the top of Pelée. There the mountain fills the whole horizon on the land side. To the north its beautiful slope, ascending gently from sea to summit, is broken here and there by lofty peaks. Toward the south its outline is abruptly cut by some nearby hills. In the serenity of the azure its central mass rises to an imposing, wide, truncated cone.

During our entire stay at Vivé there was for us an irresistible fascination in the aspect of our mighty neighbor, drawing us again and again to rivet our eyes on it in awe of its terrific unconcern. There was something formidable and uncanny in the very peacefulness of its appearance, the more so in that around us the impressive silence was made almost audible by the distant pounding of the surf and the intermittent little sounds of superheated vegetation. This mighty engine of destruction had power, superb repose, and dignity, and appealed to the imagination as some tremendous, crouching monster who might shake himself into activity before our very eyes. The intense tropical sunlight brought out, as in a sharply defined negative, all the gigantic details and corrugations of its uniformly gray hide. Puffs of steam halfway down the side toward us showed the location of the new crater that had opened up in the bed of the river Falaise. From its summit there boiled up in slow, deliberate, but ceaseless and irresistible motion, solid convolutions of ugly yellow smoke, each little convolution alive, seemingly working as hard as it could, bulging out and rolling, so that the mass resembled a close-knit cauliflower, or, as Mr. Kennan happily phrased it, brain convolutions in constant motion. The ascensional push sent the whole mass high up in the air, where it gradually lost its assertive yellow, reddish, or grayish color, and where its convolutions, growing larger, changed gradually into mushroom and other simple forms, but retained always that look of solidity and of power. The trade-winds blowing stiffly, curved the crest into a long parabolic sweep, beneath which shone the streaky mist of falling ashes.

The River Disasters

The last issue of the St. Pierre newspaper, May 7th, notes that the river Basse Pointe had overflowed, and that because the telegraph wire was down as a result of the eruptive phenomena, it was impossible to know whether "the rumor that some houses had been carried away by the stream is justified."

Basse Pointe lies two miles north of Vivé. We drove to it, along the coast, between the volcano, sphinx-like, stretching its paws far down to the sea, and the white-crested battalions of the Atlantic furiously charging upon the basaltic shore.

The houses of the village, scattered on either side of the road, were filled up to the windows with solid mud. Successive overflows had beaten down some houses, and half destroyed others. Basse Pointe looked as if it had stood a bombardment. The river bed was a series of rivulets cut here and there into a frightful chaos of boulders, many of which must have weighed tons, and strewn with the barkless, bruised trunks and limbs of trees. The shore-line at the mouth of the river had been changed, and a new delta now extends out, from a base five hundred feet in width, for a distance of a quarter of a mile.

The rain began to fall steadily. We sought refuge in a barn, where old mahogany furniture lay amidst mud-covered wreckage. Outside the wind drove the deluge of rain in horizontal sheets, the trees bending low before the blast, the plumes of the tall cocoa palms swaying and shaking wildly. An old, white fellow came along soaked to the skin, his long beard blown by the wind; but he kept on his way, sitting utterly unconcerned on his shaggy yellow pony under his useless sun umbrella, and looking for all the world like an old river god. Those few of the negro inhabitants who still remained, gathered around us, looking at us with an interrogative expression, as though they expected from us some authoritative opinion concerning the future doings of the mountain.

All work had stopped in the sugar factories and rum distilleries; the vegetation was smothered in ashes, there was no communication by land or sea, except for the steamer sent by the Government to bring food. Mayor, parish priest, gendarmes had deserted their posts. Some one was needed to take charge of the distribution of supplies. The occasion brought forth the man, a mulatto of force and character. In a "republican" country, where every ignorant negro, considering himself better than anybody else, thinks none but himself entitled to special privileges and favors, this self-assumed authority was not without its perils; but the mulatto's determination and coolness dominated the lesser

Drawn by George Varian

BASSE POINTE

spirits of his fellows, and his temporary despotism was the salvation of the place.

We had been expecting a repetition of the overflow which so often since May 6th had devastated Basse Pointe—the mass of water which the heavy rain was sure to bring down suddenly. It came on with a roar and a rush, passed through the houses as through sieves, rolling and tossing big boulders like cork, and leaving a new deposit of mud, new gaps and holes, a wall or two more down.

Through Morne Rouge to St. Pierre

The ashes must have fallen in almost incredible quantities since the tragedy of St. Pierre, for, after days of torrential rains (two, three, once five and a half inches in twenty-four hours), the surface of the great highway between the western and eastern coasts—the road from Vivé to St. Pierre—was that of a newly made cinder track. The country is such a jumble of hills, that in the twelve miles from Vivé to Morne Rouge, some sixty bridges—that is, sixty cañons—are crossed, the road dipping to pass over the curving bridge above the ravine in which there tumbles a torrential volume of water during the rainy season, and rising again on the other side, only to cross a new spur and re-descend along a new gorge. In spite of the fact that the vegetation was the dead, dull gray of ashes, these cañons made impressive pictures. The branches of the trees were broken under the weight of ashes, the leaves were black and rotten, and all the smaller growths were dead, yet one could plainly realize what an unfolding of gorgeous landscape this road must have presented when the tender green of the big banana leaves, the hard, varnishy green of palms and bread-fruit trees, the feathery clusters of bamboos, and all the strangely vivid tropical flowers punctuated the luxuriant confusion of smaller foliage, lianas, and undergrowth.

At the little hamlet of Ajoupa Bouillon,

whose houses, mostly closed, were arrayed on both sides of the road, we found that here as elsewhere the mayor had been the first to flee from his post. His "adjoint"* and the priest, both faithful to their duty, were distributing relief food, housing and taking care of the surviving laborers of the vicinity, who had fled from their lonely farms, and sought refuge where they could find some encouragement from the presence of other unfortunates. Yet the proximity of Ajoupa Bouillon, one and a half miles, to the new Falaise crater, marked it as a most dangerous place.

This human instinct of herding in time of peril was illustrated at the very beginning of the volcano's activity, when the farm hands of the region lying north of Precheur, terrified by the fall of ashes, ran away helter-skelter, not knowing whither at first, but ended in seeking refuge in the town nearer the source of danger than the homes from which they had fled.

The Evicted

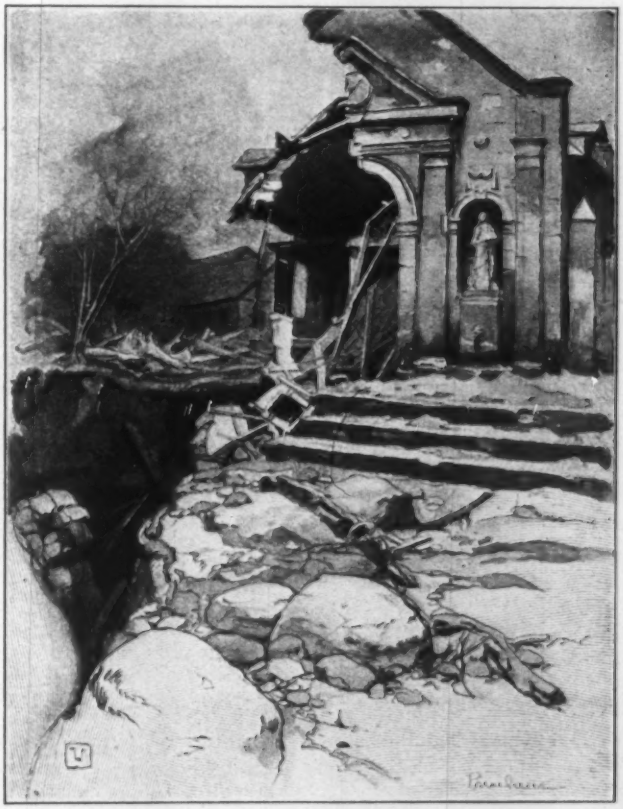
But oh, the scores of unfortunates we met with along our way—a few going with us, more hastening away, affrighted by the grumblings and overflows, mysterious portents of impending disaster! What a pitiful sight they were, carrying their scanty, primitive household effects on their heads, one leading a young bull, others a calf, a cow, a pig; the children carrying a pet lamb, or chickens, or a puppy in their arms. During our stay on the island we kept meeting them everywhere as they vacillated back and forth between their homes and the towns, according as the mountain thundered or was silent, belched smoke or brooded quietly over the stricken countryside. But home was the magnet, always, to them. It was but the usual thatched hut, with two or three cooking utensils, some bricks for a stove, and for beds some boards overspread with old blankets, sometimes a mattress, and perhaps a chair or adilapidated trunk or box. Humble and plain it was, but they left it only when terrorized, and kept coming back to it again and again, if only to have a look at the familiar four walls. They were such pathetic figures, crushed in spirit, the haunted look in their eyes, the fear of the uncomprehended in their hearts.

Having but the most primitive and superstitious notion of the extraordinary doings of this devilish "baggage," as they called the volcano, they were lost in bewilderment and fear. If we saw an occasional attempt at a cynical joke to brave it off before the stranger, we found that the cynics, as well as the others, took off their hats and crossed themselves in passing every shrine, every cross along the way. Before the eruption it was considered silly for the men to keep up these old, childish practices, and many a young woman waited till the blood had cooled, life lost its savor, and death was near before renewing them. But now, God, the Virgin Mary, the saints, were the only real, powerful fetiches who could protect one against the volcano! Even the negro politicians, red-hot socialists (socialism here spells atheism and immorality), were much too wise to neglect such powerful help against the mysterious enemy.

At an altitude of 1,600 feet we reached the divide between the Caribbean and the Atlantic. On the right the Calebasse hills hide

THE CHURCH AT PRECHEUR (JUNE 5TH), WRECKED BY AN OVERFLOW OF THE RIVER

Drawn by George Varian

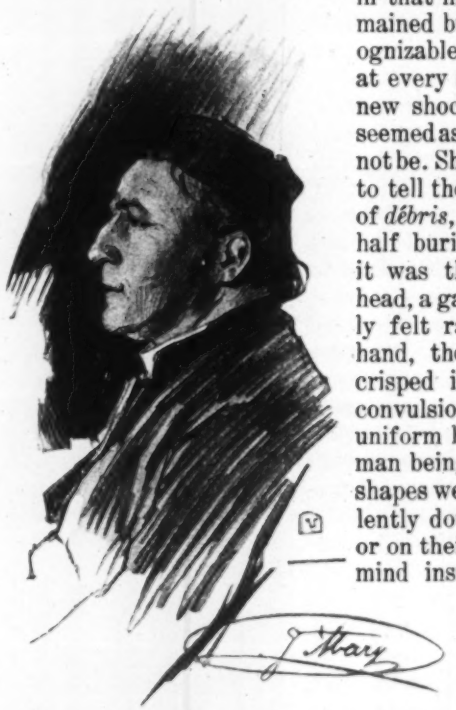


* Assistant or deputy.

Pelée; to the left, across the extensive valley of the Capote River, towered the purple Pics du Carbet. The road wound down between abandoned houses, apparently mud adobes, their pretty gardens masses of gray mud. This was Morne Rouge, the summer resort of the wealthiest people of the island. A few negroes, "rari nantes in gurgite vasto," came out to look at the extraordinary sight of white men in carriages. "Ah, Monsieur," said Father Mary, the parish priest, who gave us a hearty welcome before his church, "this was an earthly paradise." The parish house looks as if it had stood a siege. The weight of ashes having broken the tiles of the roof, cinders and rain had made mounds and puddles all over the second story, and there was a carpet of ashes a foot thick all over the rooms.

We continued our drive down the superb winding road toward St. Pierre. Houses and fields lay under the volcanic pall, yet here and there, as a smile and a blessing, a few new leaves of an exquisite tender green peeped through the universal grayness. After a mile the ridge narrows to a sharp arête, at the apex of which stand two wooden houses, a little shrine, and a tall crucifix. This is the Grand Reduit. A few steps from it the beginning of destruction was marked by a sharp line cut straight across hills and valleys. Fifteen yards from us lay the overturned carriage of Mr. Lassere, left just as it had fallen when caught on the edge of the cloud of death on May 8th.

From the Grand Reduit, the road, turning abruptly, goes down the sharp hill, and bending again, passes on its way to the shore, down the valley of the Roxalene, through Trois Ponts—the northeast suburban quarter of St. Pierre, where stood the finest residences in the West Indies. Most of the bridges over the three rivers which form the Roxalene were destroyed, partly or entirely, and of the fine houses, the beautiful private gardens, the rare marvels of the Botanical Gardens, nothing remained but an appalling medley of mortar, stones, and uprooted bare trunks. Behind us the head of the valley presented a fiendish landscape, such as only Dante could have imagined. Before us, a mile away, lay the mud plateau under which the quarter of the Fort lies buried, and beyond, the turquoise sea shimmered to the horizon. All about were the evidences of the tornadic blast which in an instant had annihilated this prosperous, smiling valley. The bluffs on each side were bare rock. The barkless trees, with trunks cut as with an adze, their branches lying as they fell away from the volcano toward the valley on one side and plastered against the bluff on the opposite side, showed clearly the direction of the tornadic force in this particular valley.*



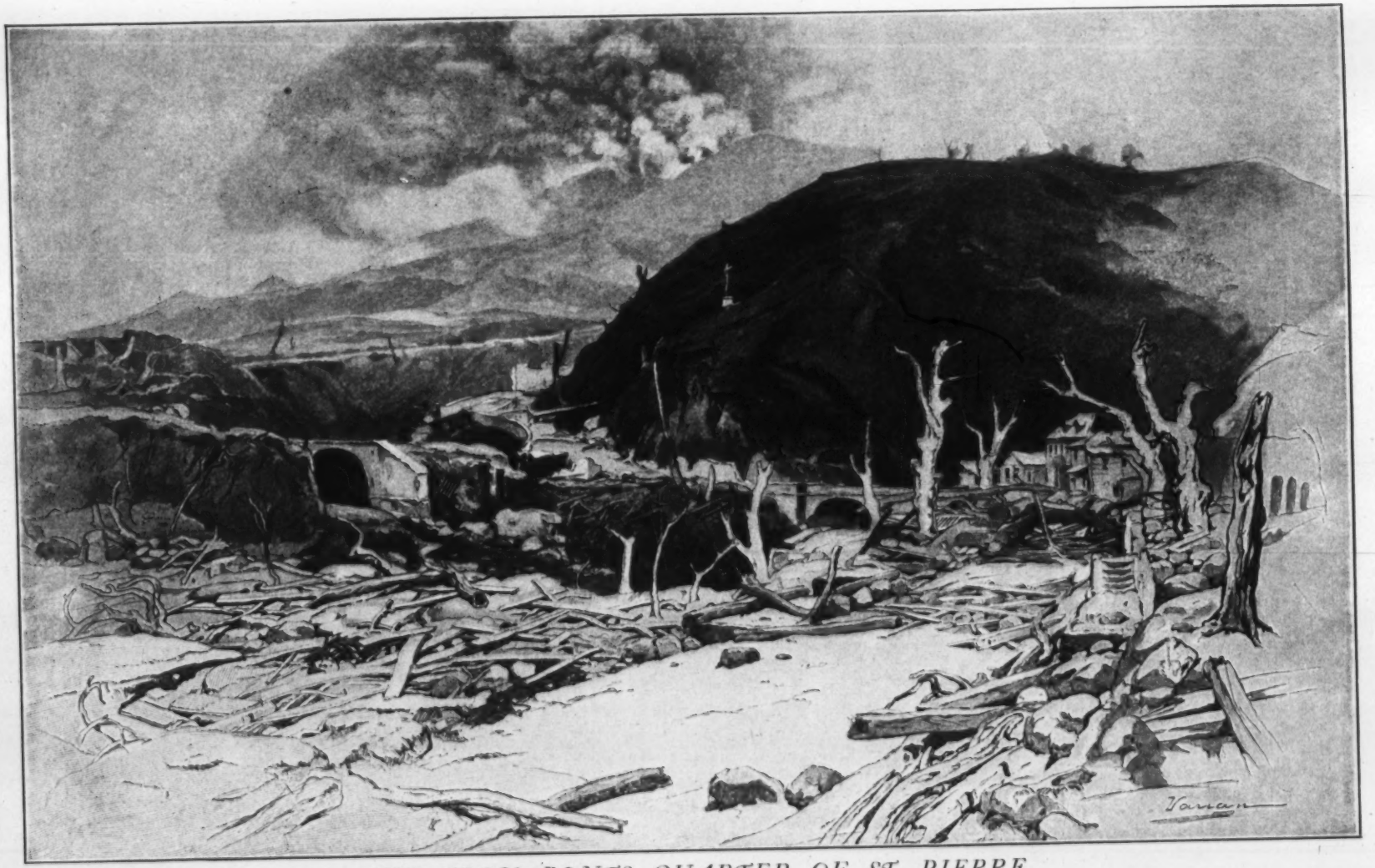
Drawn by George Varian

PÈRE MARY, THE HEROIC PARISH PRIEST OF MORNE ROUGE

"*The Abomination of Desolation*"

So unreal did our surroundings seem that I wanted to rub my eyes and wake up from the evil dream. The intense sultriness and absolute silence, the utter desolation of this valley of death, gripped us tight as we wandered along, haltingly performing purely mechanical acts of body and mind, filled with unspeakable horror. Of all the people of this world of riches and refinement and beauty who were alive a few weeks before, and had been caught in that nightmare, there remained but the poor, unrecognizable forms we met with at every step, always with a new shock of horror, for it seemed as if such things could not be. Shapeless! It was hard to tell them from other heaps of *débris*, likewise coated and half buried in mud. Perhaps it was the roundness of a head, a gaping mouth, vaguely felt rather than seen, a hand, the fingers miserably crisped in a last agonized convulsion, that told that the uniform heaps had been human beings. That all of these shapes were as if thrown violently down on their faces, or on their backs, brought to mind instantly all that remains of the people who died at Pompeii, those two plaster forms in the Naples Museum, of creatures coated with ashes, so tragically eloquent of the awe of their passing away. The

* It is evident that in other quarters of St. Pierre, particularly the Mouillage, and the Anse, and at Carbet, the blast which threw down houses and trees came from different directions.



Drawn by George Varian

THE TROIS PONTS QUARTER OF ST. PIERRE

stench was abominable, but it seemed sacrilegious to think of it.

We entered the opening of a side valley, where there were three houses left standing, and two others only half destroyed. The ash dust over the floors had not been disturbed, and we were probably the first ones to gaze in mute horror on these grim scenes. One room held seven, another four bodies. In the first one a man was lying on his cot very naturally, one arm resting on his chest, the head turned, "sleeping the eternal sleep," Mr. Clere, our Vivé host, said. Outside another house a man's body lay, struck down in a heap, the feet sticking up, the head half buried. He was a friend of Mr. Clere's. We grazed his shoes as we opened the door, and there in the darkness, struck full by the light from the door, was the shape of a little girl in a rocker. There was no face, something unspeakable filled its place; the blond hair shone in the light, and the soft gray dressing-gown, embroidered with white, seemed startlingly new. She was the daughter of the man outside. "A vivacious, graceful child," Mr. Clere said. The bodies of two servants were with her in that room; one under a sofa, the other behind the rocking-chair. We could go no farther, and saw as little as we could as we walked back; yet we had to stumble on the worst sight of all. Full in the blinding sunlight lay the body of a young white woman of refinement, evidently beautiful, and, but for the head, in a most amazing state of preservation, lying there like a Greek statue amid the lamentable wreckage.

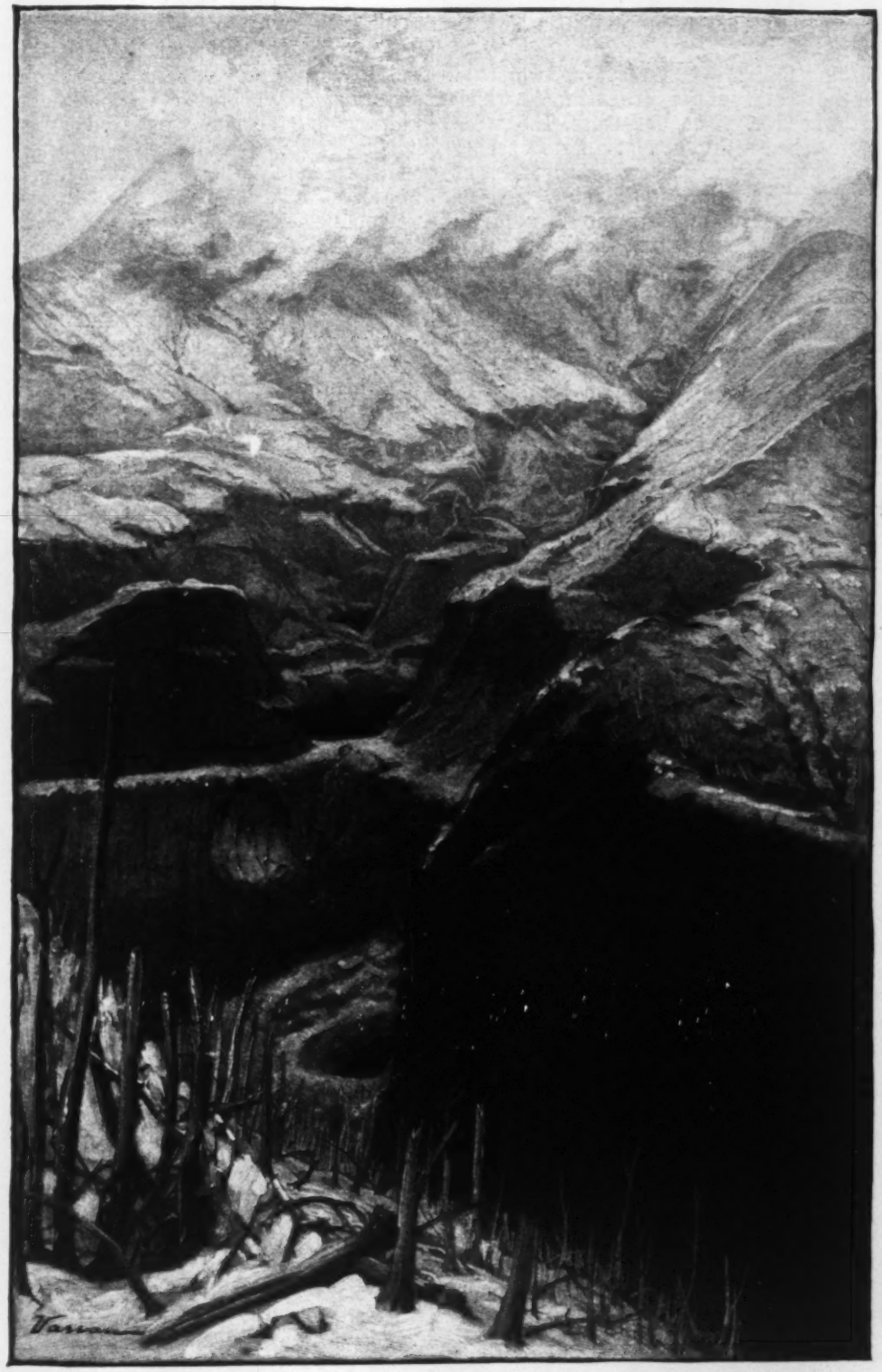
Drawn by George Varian

THE GRAND REDUIT

Showing the carriage of Mr. Lassere lying where it was struck by the cloud of death which annihilated St. Pierre

The Gorges of the Falaise

From Vivé, through Ajoupa Bouillon, the old disused Carib trail—the Road de la Calabasse—is like the rock-bed of a mountain stream, narrowed between high banks, which less than a month ago were topped with a dense, vigorous growth of tropical vegetation. Now all was absolutely dead. In the little clearings there was nothing but abandoned huts amid ash fields. For the first time the air smelled of sulphur. We left our mules at the ruins of a house which marks the site of an old military summer camp, now a plowed field of ashes, like all else. We approached the edge of the gorge which gives its name to the Falaise River (Falaise means cliffs). It was hard, hot work walking through those caked ashes, into which our feet sank deep at every step. On the edge of the gorge we advanced cautiously, holding one another's hands for fear of a landslide. Eight hundred feet sheer below us was the slim ribbon of water. On the other side of the chasm a gigantic spur runs up to the top of Pelée, a mile as the crow flies. Above us we could see the two head gorges of the Falaise, honeycombed with holes. Below us, on the right bank of the river, from the depths of a yawning hole whose opening I estimated to be no less than one hundred yards in diameter, there oozed out thin, moist wreaths of grayish vapor. This evidently was the main Falaise crater, and as it was quiescent, the time seemed propitious to investigate the opening above, though the summit crater was somewhat active, and over the "clouds of God," as the negroes have it, which enshrouded Pelée's head, there surged higher and higher



Drawn by George Varian

LOOKING UP ONE OF THE UPPER GORGES OF THE FALAISE

the ugly-colored, boiling "clouds of the devil."

Pushing half a mile farther up, we stood over the meeting of the gorges through which run the headwaters of the Falaise. They were honeycombed with craterlets, some opening horizontally, others perpendicularly, most of them only a few yards in diameter.

No wonder that when they were in eruption, throwing out boiling mud, the Falaise running riot, they brought destruction to Vivé and the lower country. No wonder that the river ran over one of the bridges which we passed in the morning, and which a month before was seventy feet above water. Before we finally left Vivé hot mud, ashes, and boulders, brought down from the heights, piled up so as to raise the river bed above the level of this bridge, which was completely obliterated. *

Drawn by George Varian

THE TOP CRATER OF PELÉE AS SEEN FROM THE TROIS PONTS QUARTER OF ST. PIERRE

As we were leaving, the top of the mountain cleared, and the column of smoke from the crater ascended fully two thousand feet. No doubt because of our nearness to it each convolution stood out clear-cut, and seemed larger, more actively turbulent, and of a darker hue than I had heretofore noticed. But there was no increase of sulphur smell.

A Night Panic

We reached Vivé in time for supper. Mr. Varian, who was suffering from fever, had left the table where Mr. Kennan and I were still lingering, when our host came back saying excitedly, "Gentlemen, listen; the volcano!" We rose and listened. The noise was not very strong, but quite distinct, not unlike grumbling thunder. We rushed out in the pitch-dark night, past the little garden, beyond the mango trees, to our favorite point of observation. A column of smoke was rising from Pelée to a height of no more than four hundred feet. Lightning was playing in it and all about the top of the mountain. There was no forked lightning, but straight streaks in all directions, with globes of fire moving somewhat slowly and disappearing abruptly, and what appeared to be bursting shells. The noise, which was increasing every moment, sounded like very sharp musketry and artillery fire combined. We had evidently seen the beginning of the eruption, for in two or three minutes, at most, the immense volume of dark smoke rising higher and higher, and reaching at least ten thousand feet, began to spread out into a huge umbrella-like canopy, whose intense blackness shone like varnish when lit by the extraordinary electrical display. For a moment there was everywhere in that smoke a bewildering bursting of globes of fire shooting up, coming slowly down, and bursting with a concussion like that of heavy gunnery. The mountain gave forth a dull glow all over, and the outlines of its top were vividly brought out by a fitful, intense reddish glare, and by the rain of incandescent ashes. The suddenness of the eruption, the fierceness and rapidity of its manifestations, the blackness and almost solid character of this menacing,

* This process of landslides, induced by torrential rains, which act powerfully upon the steep banks, since the soil is no longer held together by vegetation, will continue for years along all the rivers that flow down the slopes of Pelée, devastating the villages and rich cane fields of the eastern coast, even should the volcano evince no further activity.

THE NIGHT ERUPTION AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD GOING SOUTH FROM VIVÉ TOWARD ASSIER

extraordinary cloud, threw our Vivé friends into a panic. There were excited cries, and in a moment, with no thought for house, mills, machinery, or animals, every one was running away from Pelée toward the south. Our host was going; everybody was going; we had to follow. Varian, Kennan, and I called one another in the darkness, and we marched rapidly across the cane field, led by one solitary light swaying in the distance, and by the cries of the fugitives. We soon reached the main road, and stumbled along with the rest of the people running for dear life. A horse at full gallop went by us. All around us women prayed aloud and fast; others murmured disconnected strings of lamentations; men's voices called out, "Oh, my mother! Oh, my mother!" The occasional shrill wails of infants, the weird howling of dogs was nerve-racking. We could not see any one. We only felt indistinct shapes brushing by us and passing ahead in the darkness. The terrifying display was ever at our side, as if the road were running parallel to the volcano. The black cloud was coming nearer, and seemed to reach out and bend down toward us. The thunder was louder, the lightning seemed right above us, and at each violent outburst we could feel the swaying of our neighbors and hear bursts of prayers and lamentations rising and subsiding, and rising again. Over our heads, the cloud seemed a solid arch of a sinister reddish-gray color, with a fantastic jet-black rim.

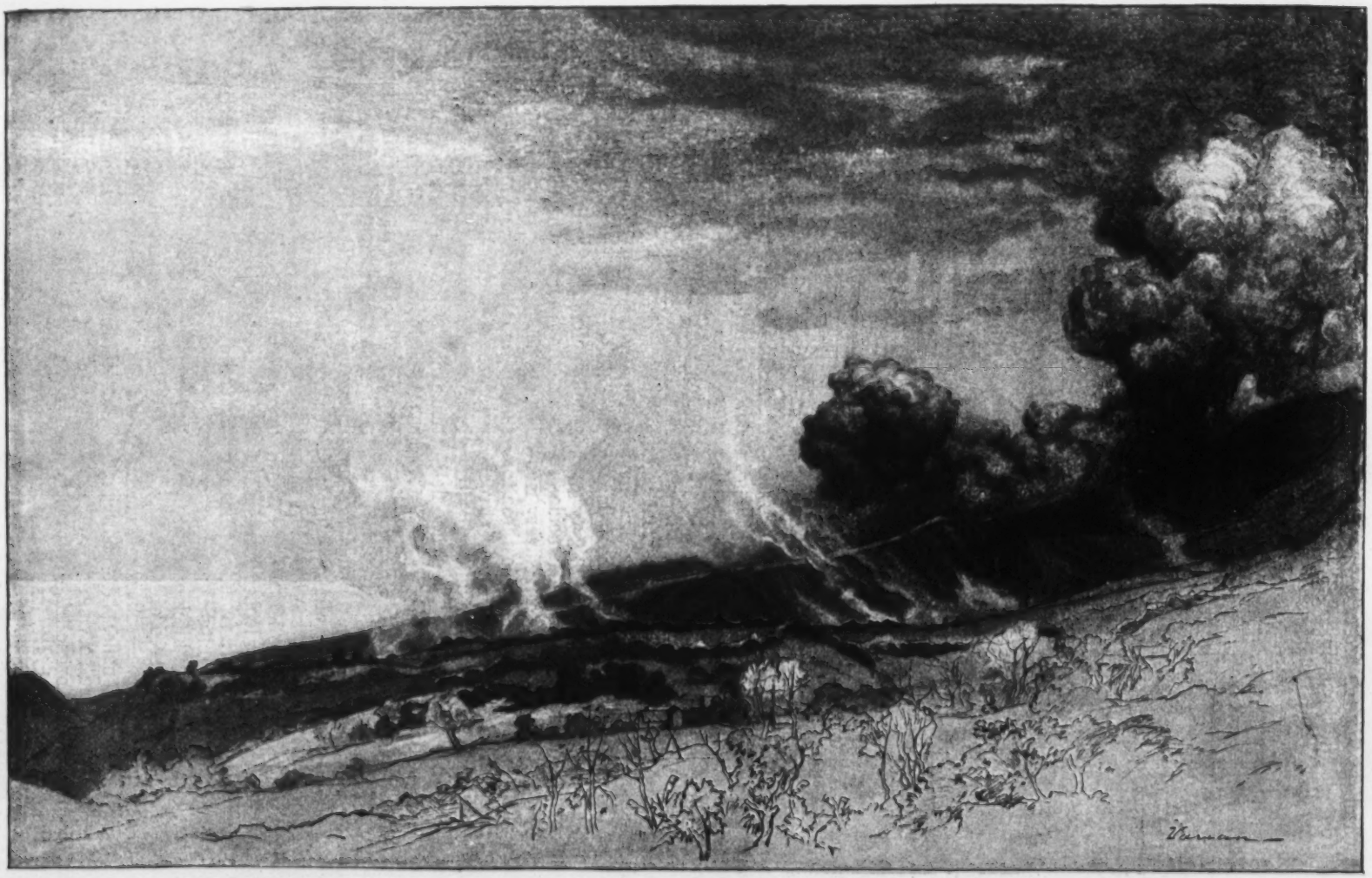
That two and a half mile journey was awful. It was like walking in a Turkish bath. At last we reached the old colonial house of Assier, a place on a hill, safe at least from an overflow of the Falaise. As we stepped in and lit a match, a crowd of refugees followed us. They crouched on the floor, and their eyes, gleaming out of the darkness with that pitiful interrogative expression, were all we could see of them. As soon as we were under shelter, the rain of lapilla began, followed by ashes. It was not heavy, and did not last long. The absolute blackness outside was lit by forked lightning, intensely white. The thunder crashed. Little by little it ceased: the top of the mountain glowed a dull, spent red. The eruption was over.

The Falaise Craters in Action

We left Morne Rouge and ascended the Calabasse road between the melon-shaped Morne Auberge and the rugged twin rocks sticking out of the gray ashes like two huge knees, which are impressive features of the southeast upper slope of Pelée. Our meandering path skirted the crest of the valley from which the headwaters of the Roxalene spring. The beginning of an old rough trail to the summit is marked by a shrine of the Virgin. We looked in its little arched cell, only to find a picture of disaster on a miniature scale. The walls were plastered with ashes, the little statue of the Virgin lying on its face, and its tiny companion statues of saints and angels, the little flower-pots, the crucifix, sharing its ashy bed. We replaced them in a standing position, but we had no oil, and the lamp which faithful hands had kept burning as a ceaseless prayer must still be unlit.

We had hoped for clear weather, but the rain began, and clouds formed around and about us, narrowing our horizon, making us the center of a colorless, shapeless world a few feet big. Through the heavy rain a peak, a range of hills, some clouds, gusts of smoke or steam became visible for a moment, and then disappeared ghost-like. For an instant we saw great stretches of gray wilderness, thickly studded with burnt tree and brush—lamentable charred witnesses of the brute fury of the volcano. In keeping with the weird scene, a brilliant-hued land crab skiddled sideways at our approach. The bit of color brought out in sharp relief the universal dead grayness of our surroundings. In a valley at our feet, some fresh sprouting leaves waved bravely the green flag of hope, a dozen, perhaps, among thousands of tree-tops.

There came a lull in the storm, the air cleared and we saw clouds of smoke and steam escaping all along the outline of Pelée, from the summit down to the Caribbean Sea, and from all the intervening valleys. In the direction of the Roxalene Valley it was so abundant that we made up our minds it must be smoke from burning bodies, but we learned afterwards that it was purely a volcanic phenomenon. There is no doubt that a relation exists between rain and volcanic activity, for invariably, after a heavy rainfall, not only were the craters active, but many vents burst open over the upper slopes and in the upper valleys, which, after spurting steam and hot mud, closed up, leaving behind them a sunken circular or oval impression, like a big saucer. It seems that there is but a thin crust covering all the top of the mountain and the beds of the valleys, and that after the water percolates through this crust it comes in contact with molten matter at very high temperature, with the result that steam forms and pushes its way through the points of least resistance. It is a fact that all of the great eruptions were preceded by a heavy rainfall. (Thirty-



AN ERUPTION AS SEEN FROM THE CHURCH AT MORNE ROUGE

Showing the cauliflower clouds descending from the top toward the lower crater and the steam clouds rising from the intervening valleys

seven millimeters fell on the morning of May 8th between 3.30 and 5 o'clock.)

As we reached the divide and began going down the Atlantic slopes the rain again fell in torrents. The air was strongly impregnated with sulphur, and a sound like the letting out of steam filled our ears, getting louder and more screeching as we proceeded. At a sudden turn of the path the sound burst upon us with extraordinary violence. It was a deafening roar like a hundred Niagaras, and came from the upper gorges of the Falaise at our feet. In order to get a more extensive and direct view, we climbed up the Morne Calabasse. All the vents I had seen in the beds of the two headwaters of the Falaise on my previous excursion were now in full blast, vomiting steam. The wildness of the precipitous gorges in their uniform dead color, with the steam and the rain, is indescribable, and so terrifying was the tumult that one instinctively expected the mountain to blow to pieces the next instant.

Straight before us, four miles away, a bit of the eastern coast was of ethereal loveliness. That vision of the exquisitely soft blue Atlantic, and the undulating cane fields smiling in the distance, made the gorge of the Falaise all the more ghastly and hellish.

As we came back, the path of the early morning was transformed into a torrent bed. Streams of water ran and leaped headlong down the slope. On the crest of the divide we saw the clearest object lesson in geology—the cutting of the slopes on each side in a thousand furrows, carrying the silvery rivulets which hurry down, becoming those torrents whose raging waters snatch great rocks from the banks and toss them along, destroy bridges, and lay waste the villages and fields of the lowlands.

The Rivière Blanche Region

As we looked at the river Blanche region from the steamer, there was nothing that could possibly indicate the scenes of less than a month ago. Enough is left to tell where St. Pierre was and how it looked; streets and houses can be identified; from the ruins the intimate life of its inhabitants can be reconstructed. I remember a kitchen particularly, where the utensils, covered with ashes, are all in their familiar places—saucepans, colanders, etc., hanging on nails, plates, bowls, and glasses ready on the serving tray, charcoal in the stove—in short, all the preparations for the morning breakfast, just as they were left at that fateful moment. We saw living things in St. Pierre which survived the catastrophe—green sprouts, new leaves on plants growing in pots. The pots were shattered, but the earth had retained its shape. We even picked up three bluebells in full bloom in the cemetery of the Mouillage.

One can imagine what the city was; but not a bit of stone, not a single blade of grass, is left to tell of the highroad by the shore, lined with houses and the factories of the Guérin sugar works, the most important of the island, with their extensive buildings and private harbor; of the great plantation mansions of old days back of it, with their far-famed gardens, their rare flower trees and shrubs, a riotous feast of color; and of the whole background of mountain, the tangle of luxuriant primeval forests, of trees, lianas, giant ferns, through which the traveler had literally to cut his way, marching over roots and never on the soil. All this is now a barren desert, and it is something worse, for if ever a spot on earth looked like Dante's Inferno, it is this one, and its uniform mouse-color only emphasies its tragic, forbidding character. Where the Guérin works stood, the avalanche of mud coming down to the sea covers an immense area, a sort of turtle-back shaped glacier, which opens up through a narrow gorge between straight cliffs. Above it two sharp shoulders or arêtes line a sort of gigantic trough which comes down from the top crater almost to the opening of the gorge. The lower crater, from which issued the cloud which annihilated St. Pierre, is near the bottom of the trough, and just above the gorge. The gray color of the mountain, from base to summit, is fantastic and unreal; it shines at times, so as to recall vaguely some desolate ice and snow scene in the high Alps; at other times it has that fascinating, airy look of the Atlas Mountains, seen from the Sahara Desert. But there is something grim and malignant that stamps this chaos as a thing unique of its kind. The thing is quivering with uncanny, devilish life; it spurts its venom in those wreaths of smoke curling and wandering over it, in the puffs of steam coming out here and there, and one feels that it may at any moment start again on its destructive work.

An Eruption at Close View

We at length undertook an expedition to the river Blanche. Landing near the mouth, we cautiously approached some little steam jets coming out of the pell-mell jumble of stones and solidified mud two feet from the shore. Their temperature was very high, and we could hear the sizzling and rumbling of the mighty steam factory beneath.

THE RIVER BLANCHE REGION

We followed the meandering course of the river, walking on the mud which covers the Guérin works to a depth of seventy to one hundred and fifty feet. It looked like solidified boiling mud in which huge boulders and stones were imbedded; and small river pebbles lay over it, just as if children had carefully placed them in small circles. The many vents giving out little jets of steam showed that the crust alone had become cool and solid, and that underneath the mud was still

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boiling. At a point where the river disappeared and ran underground, it evidently came in contact with superheated matter, for there was that large spurt of steam which is one of the features of the mountain noted by all recent observers. The river banks being of soft mud, into which one would have sunk out of sight (stones thrown in it disappeared at once), we could not ascertain the temperature of the water. Having now walked a mile inland we decided to retrace our steps, for it was the middle of the afternoon, and we could not reach the gorge and come back before dark. Hardly had we begun to retrace our steps when a rain squall came, and the top crater began to pour out volumes of the dark cauliflower smoke characteristic of the big eruptions. Huge masses of volcanic rock rolled out of the main crater and came bounding and leaping down the cañon that cuts the upper slope of the mountain almost in twain, like incarnated spirits of destruction. Clouds of steam swirled in the wake of each one. Almost immediately, belching along that mile-and-a-half long trough on the mountain side, which is probably a fissure, the cauliflower smoke welled up, till in a short time, from the whole length of the trough the dense stuff was coming out in solid, boiling convolutions. Our steamer was half a mile from shore, and the captain, who knew as well as we did the meaning of this smoke, put straight out to sea. Fortunately, the two sailors, who were in our rowboat waiting by the shore, came for us, took us aboard, and pulled out for dear life.

It was a wonderful opportunity to see the different phases of an eruption at close range. As we embarked, the lower crater in turn sent its warning column of smoke, and simultaneously threw up its burden of boiling mud that came bounding and racing through the gorge and down the river bed, its progress marked by gigantic columns of steam, and at places by mud geysers spurting a hundred feet high. The spot where we had been, and in fact the whole surface of the glacier, was full of steam jets. The river Sèche (its boundary toward St. Pierre) was steaming. From all the adjoining valleys and the upper gorge of the mountain vapor-clouds arose. The whole mountain was in an uproar. Five minutes more and we should have been its victims. As it was, we could stop at a little distance from shore and watch the mud reach the mouth of the river. It was a fierce and magnificent sight as it came thundering down like horses in a wild race, to precipitate itself into the sea, where, hissing and roaring, it disappeared amidst a tumult of waves. The fury and power of the outburst was stupendous and fascinating. It gave us one of those rare emotions when there is no thought of self.

Our friends on board had made the captain turn back for us. At a safer distance, and from the deck of the steamer, we watched three successive complete eruptions. We left the whole mountain shrouded in smoke, while ashes were falling thickly over Precheur, and far out to sea.

THE RIVER BOSS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Westerners," "The Blazed Trail," etc.

"OBEY orders if you break owners," is a good motto, but a really efficient river boss knows a better. It runs, "Get the logs out. Get them out peaceably, if you can, but *get them out.*" He needs no instructions from headquarters to tell him how to live up to this rule. That might involve headquarters.

Jimmy was such a river boss. Therefore when Mr. Daly, of the firm of Morrison & Daly, unexpectedly found himself contracted to deliver 5,000,000 feet of logs at a certain date, and the logs an impossible number of miles up-stream, he called in Jimmy.

Jimmy was a small man, changeless as the Egyptian Sphinx. A number of years ago a French comic journal published a series of sketches supposed to represent the Shah of Persia influenced by various emotions. Under each was an appropriate label, such as Surprise, Grief, Anger, or Astonishment. The portraits were identically alike, and uniformly impassive.

Well, that was Jimmy. He looked always the same. His hair, thick and black, grew low on his forehead; his beard, thick and black, mounted over the ridge of his cheek bones; and his eyebrows, thick and black, extended in an uninterrupted straight line from one temple to the other. Whatever his small, compact, muscular body might be doing, the mask of his black and white imperturbability remained always unchanged. Generally he sat clasping one knee, staring directly in front of him, and puffing regularly on a "meerschaum" pipe he had earned by saving the tags of Spearhead tobacco. Whatever you said to him sank without splash into this almost primal calm, and was lost to view forever. Perhaps after a time he might do something about it, but always without explanation, calmly, with the lofty inevitability of fate. In fact, he never explained himself, even to his employers.

Daly swung his bulk back and forth in the office chair. Jimmy sat bolt upright, his black hat pendent between his knees.

"I want you to take charge of the driving crew, Jimmy," said the big man. "I want you to drive those logs down to our boom as fast as you can. I give you about twenty days. It ought to be done in that. Sanders will keep time for you, and Merrill will cook. You can get a crew from the East Branch, where the drive is just over."

When Daly had quite finished his remarks, Jimmy got up and went out without a word. Two days later he and sixty men were breaking rollways forty-five miles up-stream.

Jimmy knew as well as Daly that the latter had given him a hard task. Twenty days was too brief a time. However, that was none of his business.

The logs, during the winter, had been piled in the bed of the stream. They extended over three miles of rollways. Jimmy and his crew began at the down-stream end to tumble the big piles into the current. Sometimes only two or three of the logs would rattle down; at others the whole deck would bulge outwards, hover for a moment, and roar into the stream like grain from an elevator. Shortly

the narrows below the rollways jammed. Twelve men were detailed as the "jam crew." Their business was to keep the stream free in order that the constantly increasing supply from the rollways might not fill up the river. It was not an easy business, nor a very safe. As the "jam" strung out over more and more of the river, the jam crew was constantly recruited from the men on the rollways. Thus some of the logs, a very few, the luckiest, drifted into the dam pond at Grand Rapids within a few days; the bulk jammed and broke, and jammed again at a point a few miles below the rollways, while a large proportion stranded, plugged, caught, and tangled at the very rollways themselves.

Jimmy had permitted himself two days in which to break out the rollways. It was done in two. Then the "rear" was started. Men in the rear crew had to see that every last log got into the current, and stayed there. When a jam broke, the middle of it shot down-stream in a most spectacular fashion, but along the banks "winged out" distressingly. Sometimes the heavy sticks of timber had been forced right out on the dry land. The rear crew lifted them back. When an obstinate log grounded they jumped cheerfully into the water—with the rotten ice swirling around them—and pried the thing off bottom. Between times they stood upright on single unstable logs and pushed mightily with poles while the ice water sucked in and out of their spiked river shoes.

As for the compensations. Naturally there was a good deal of rivalry as to which wing should advance fastest; and one experiences a certain physical thrill in venturing under thirty feet of jammed logs for the sole purpose of teasing the whole mass to cascade down on one; or of shooting a rapid while standing upright on a single timber. I believe, too, it is considered a mighty honor to belong to the rear crew. Still, the water is cold, and the hours long, and you have to sleep in tents.

It can readily be seen that the progress of the rear measures the progress of the drive. Some few logs in the "jam" may run fifty miles a day—and often do—but if the sacking has gone slowly at the rear, the drive may not have gained more than a thousand yards. Therefore Jimmy stayed at the rear.

Jimmy was a mighty good riverman. Of course he had nerve, and could do anything with a log and a peevie, and would fight at the drop of a hat—any "bully boy" would qualify there;—but he also had judgment. He knew how to use the water, how to recognize the key log of jams, where to place his men—in short, he could get out the logs. Now Jimmy also knew the river from one end to the other, so he had arranged in his mind a sort of schedule for the twenty days. Forty-eight hours for the rollways; a day and a half for the upper rapid; three days into the dam pond; one day to sluice the drive through the dam; three days to the crossing, and so on. If everything went well, he could do it, but there could be no hitches in the programme.

Even from this imperfect fragment of the schedule the inexperienced might imagine that Jimmy had allowed an altogether disproportionate time to cover the mile or so from the upper rapid to the dam pond. As it turned out, however, he found he had not allowed enough, for at this point the river was peculiar and very trying.

The backwater of the dam extended upstream half a mile; then occurred a rise of five feet to the mile, down the slope of which the water whirled and tumbled, only to spread out over a broad fan of gravel shallows. These shallows did the business. When the logs had bumped through the tribulations of the rapid, they seemed to insist obstinately on resting in the shallows, like a lot of wearied cattle. The rear crew had to wade in. They heaved and pried and pushed industriously, and at the end of it had the satisfaction of seeing a single log slide reluctantly into the current. Sometimes a dozen of them would clamp their peevies on either side, and by sheer brute force carry the stick to deep water. When you reflect that there were over 40,000 pieces in the drive, and that a good fifty per cent. of them balked below the rapids, you can see that the rear crew had its work cut out for it.

Jimmy's allotted three days were almost gone, and his job had not advanced beyond the third of completion. McGann, the sluice boss, did a little figuring.

"She'll hang over thim twinty days," he confided to Jimmy. "Shure!"

Jimmy replied not a word, but puffed piston-like smoke from his pipe. McGann shrugged in Celtic despair.

But the little man had been figuring, too, and his arrangements were more elaborate and more nearly complete than McGann suspected. That very morning he sauntered leisurely out over the rear logs, his hands in his pockets. Every once in a while he stopped to utter a few low-voiced comments to one or another of the men. The person addressed first looked extremely astonished, then shoul-

dered his peevie and started for camp, leaving the diminished rear crew a prey to curiosity. Soon the word went about, "Day and night work," they whispered, though it was a little difficult to see the difference in ultimate effectiveness between a half crew working all the time and a whole crew working half the time.

About this stage Daly began to worry. He took the train to Grand Rapids, anxiety written deep in his brows. When he saw the little inadequate crew pecking in a futile fashion at the logs winged out over the shallows, he swore fervidly and sought Jimmy.

Jimmy appeared calm.

"We'll get 'em out all right, Mr. Daly," said he.

"Get 'em out!" growled Daly. "Sure! but when? We ain't got all summer this season. Those logs have got to hit our booms in fourteen days or they're no *good* to us!"

"You'll have 'em," assured Jimmy.

Such talk made Daly tired, and he said so.

"Why, it'll take you a week to get her over those infernal shallows," he concluded. "You got to get more men, Jimmy."

"I've tried," answered the boss. "They ain't no more men to be had."

"Suffering Moses!" groaned the owner. "It means the loss of a fifty-thousand-dollar contract to me. You needn't tell *me*. I've been on the river all my life. I *know* you can't get them off inside of a week."

"I'll have 'em off to-morrow morning, but it'll cost a little something," asserted Jimmy calmly. Daly stared to see if the man was not crazy. Then he retired in disgust to the city, where he began to adjust his ideas to a loss on his contract.

At sundown the rear crew quit work, and swarmed to the white encampment of tents on the river bank. There they hung wet clothes over a big skeleton framework built around a monster fire and ate a dozen eggs apiece as a side dish to supper and smoked pipes of strong "Peerless" tobacco and swapped yarns and sang songs and asked questions. To the latter they received no satisfactory replies. The crew that had been laid off knew nothing. It supposed it was to go to work after supper. After supper, however, Jimmy told it to turn in and get a little more sleep. It did turn in, and speedily forgot to puzzle.

At midnight Jimmy entered the big tent quietly with a lantern, touching each of the fresh men on the shoulder. They arose without comment, and followed him outside. There they were given tools. Then the little band defiled silently down river under the stars. Jimmy led them, his hands deep in his pockets, puffing white steam-clouds at regular intervals from his "meerschaum" pipe. After twenty minutes they struck the Water Works, then the board walk of Canal Street. The word passed back for silence. Near the Oriole Factory their leader suddenly dodged in behind the piles of sawed lumber, motioning them to haste. A moment later, a fat and dignified officer passed, swinging his club. After the policeman had gone, Jimmy again took up his march at the head of a crew of men now thoroughly aroused to the fact that something unusual was afoot.

Soon a faint roar lifted the night silence. They crossed Fairbanks Street, and a moment after stood at one end of the power dam.

The long smooth water shot over, like fluid steel, silent and inevitable, mirroring distorted flashes that were the stars. Below, it broke in white turmoil, shouting defiance at the calm velvet rush above. Then seconds later the current was broken. A man, his heels caught against the combing, midleg in water, was braced back at the exact angle to withstand the rush. Two other men passed down to him a short heavy timber. A third, plunging his arms and shoulders into the liquid, nailed it home with heavy inaudible strokes. As though by magic a second timber braced the first, bolted solidly through sockets already cut for it. The workers moved on eight feet, then another eight, then another. More men entered the water to pass the timbers. A row of heavy slanted supports grew out from the shoulder of the dam, dividing the waters into long, arrow-shaped furrows of light. At half-past twelve Tom Clute was swept over the dam into the eddy. He swam ashore. Purdy took his place.

When the supports had reached out over half of the river's span, and the water was dotted with the shoulders of men gracefully slanted against the current, Jimmy gave orders to begin placing the flash-boards. Heavy planks were at once slid across the supports, where the weight of the racing water at once clamped them fast. The smooth, quiet river, interrupted at last, murmured and snarled and eddied back, only to rush with increased vehemence around the end of the rapidly growing obstruction.

The policeman passing back and forth on Canal Street heard no sound of the labor going on. If he had been an observant policeman he would have noted an ever-changing tone in the volume of sound roaring up from the eddy below the dam. After a time even

he remarked on a certain obvious phenomenon.

"Sure," said he, "now that's funny!"

He listened a moment, then passed on. The vagaries of the river were, after all, nothing to him. He belonged on Canal Street, East Side; and Canal Street, East Side, seemed peaceful.

The river had fallen abruptly silent. The last of Jimmy's flash-boards was in place. Back in the sleeping town the clock in Pierce's Tower struck two.

Jimmy and his men, having thus raised the level of the dam a good three feet, emerged dripping from the west side canal, and cheerfully took their way northward to where, in the chilly dawn, their comrades were sleeping. As they passed the riffles they paused. A heavy grumbling issued from the logs jammed there, a grumbling brutish and sullen, as though the reluctant animals were beginning to stir. The water had already banked up from the raised dam.

Of course the affair, from a river driver's standpoint, at once became exceedingly simple. The slumbering twenty were aroused to astounded drowsiness. By three, just as the dawn was beginning to streak the east, the regular *clank, clank, click* of the peevies proclaimed that due advantage of the high water was being seized. From then until six was a matter of three hours more. A great deal can be accomplished in three hours with flood water. The last little jam "pulled" just about the time the first citizen of the West Side discovered that his cellar was full of water. When that startled freeman opened the front door to see what was up, he uttered a tremendous ejaculation; and so, shortly, came to the construction of a raft.

Well, the newspapers got out extras with scare heads about "Outrages" and "High-Handed Lawlessness"; and factory owners by the canals raised up their voices in bitterness over flooded fire-rooms; and property owners of perishable cellar goods howled of damage suits; and the ordinary citizen took to bailing out the hollow places of his domain. Toward nine o'clock—after the first excitement had died and the flash-boards had been indignantly yanked from their illegal places—a squad of police went out to hunt up the malefactor. The latter they discovered on a boom pole directing the sluicing. From this position he declined to stir. One fat policeman ventured a toppling yard or so on the floating timber, threw his shaky hands aloft, and with a mighty effort regained the shore, where he sat down panting. To the appeals of the squad to come and be arrested, Jimmy paid not the slightest attention. He puffed periodically on his "meerschaum," and directed the sluicing. Through the twenty-four-foot gate about a million an hour passed. Thus it came about that a little after noon Jimmy stepped peaceably ashore and delivered himself up.

"You won't have no more trouble below," he observed to McGann, his lieutenant, watching reflectively the last log as it shot through the gate. "Just tie right into her and keep her a-hustling." Then he refilled his pipe, lit it, and approached the expectant squad.

At the station house he was interviewed by reporters. That is, they asked questions. To only one of them did they elicit a reply.

"Didn't you know you were breaking the law?" inquired the "Eagle" man. "Didn't you know you'd be arrested?"

"Sure!" replied Jimmy with obvious contempt.

The next morning the court-room was crowded. Jimmy pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to a fine of $500 or ninety days in jail. To the surprise of everybody he fished out a tremendous roll and paid the fine. The spectators considered it remarkable that a river boss should carry such an amount. They had not been present at the interview on the boom poles between Jimmy and his principal the day before.

The latter stood near the door as the little man came out.

"Jimmy," said Mr. Daly distinctly so that everybody could hear, "I am extremely sorry to see you in this trouble, but perhaps it may prove a lesson to you. Next time you must understand that you are not supposed to exceed your instructions."

Thus did the astute Daly publicly disclaim liability.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy meekly. "Do you think you will get the logs in time, Mr. Daly?"

They looked at each other steadily. Then for the first and only time the black and white mask of Jimmy's inscrutability melted away. In his left eye appeared a faint glimmer. Then the left eyelid slowly descended.

Love Poems

BY MARIE VAN VORST

IN THE WINDOW

OH, . . my love comes to me to-night,
After the weary days,
And I must trim the candle bright
And light a cheerful blaze.

Then close within the window stand,
As down the silent streets
My heart shall hear his coming, and—
How it knows, and beats!

His footsteps fall from stair to stair,
(Oh, my love is my own!)
I wear a ribbon in my hair
That only he has known.

His kiss upon my palms he left;
I hold its message, still.
Long days have made his soul bereft;
To-night . . he takes his fill!

In winter-time, in summer too,
In sunshine and in rain,
Love waits for Love, the wide world thro'.
(Alas . . for watches vain!)

As in my window hid I stand
(Would all so blest might be!)
His step is on the threshold, and
My love has come to me.

TO-MORROW

WHERE is all the sunlight gone,
Dearest heart and dearest?
Will it come again with dawn,
Dearest heart and dearest?
Will it, stealing after night,
Fold the waking hours, till bright
To-morrow breaks the clearest,
Best, of every day we've had,—
Fresh and gay and good and glad,
Dearest heart and dearest?

THOUGH ALL BETRAY

DEAREST, give your love to me.
I will keep it well,
Cradle as it does the sea
Hold the shell—
Deep, unseen, and secretly.

Dearest, give your kiss to me.
I will keep tho' all assail:
As the temple prayerfully
Holds the Grail.
Altars then my lips shall be!

Dearest, give to me your trust.
I will not betray . . .
Hold it as the beacon must
Hold the ray,
Till the lighthouse stones are dust.

OLD-TIME MELODY

I'M pining away for the way I'd go,
I'm pining away for the things I've seen,
For the joy of the fall of the first white snow,
And the sweep of the forest green.

But it's not for the home-land, broad and fair,
The house on the hill, or the old ways spread;—
For why should I wander here or there,
Since you went down to the dead?

I'm pining away for the love you gave,
For the world that you maae when your life lay here;
And the path to the country beyond the grave
Is the way that I pine for, dear!

THE SIGN

LAST night I felt your kisses on my face,
Softer than April fall of wind flowers;
Sweeter than summer rain upon the grass;
Sweeter than the light wind, that in the South
Wakes, and in groves of myrrh and cassia stirs.
I bent with parted lips to kiss your mouth—
Straightway there fell a fine, thin veil between.
There stood the trees in level rows,
The sunlight filled the trembling green
Of the leaf-sea, in the fair close.

By these straight boles, under these slender boughs,
Throughout the days of midsummer, I stand,
Until God part the veil with shining hand

And show me where you sit within His house,
Holding the seven-sparred star, whose name is Love.
The time, though long, I know comes fast apace,
Because of the sweet sign you told me of,—
Last night I felt your kisses on my face.

THE HAPPIEST TIME

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens

"AREN'T you coming to church with me this morning?"

"Well—not *this* morning, I think, petty."

"You *said* you would."

"Yes, I know I did, but I have a slight cold. I don't think it would be best for me, really, petty. I've been working pretty hard this week." Mr. Belmore carefully deposited a pile of newspapers beside his armchair upon the floor of the little library, removing and opening the top layer for perusal as he spoke, his eyes already glued to the headlines. "A quiet day will do me lots of good. I'll tell you what it is—I'll promise to go with you next Sunday, if you say so."

"You always promise you'll go next Sunday." Mrs. Belmore, a brown-haired, clear-eyed young woman in a blue and white spotted morning gown, looked doubtfully, yet with manifest yielding, at her husband. Mr. Belmore presented the radiantly clean and peaceful aspect of the man who has risen at nine o'clock instead of the customary seven, and bathed and dressed in the sweet unhurried calm that belongs only to the first day of the week, poking dilatorily among chiffonier drawers, discovering hitherto forgotten garments in his closet, and leisurely fumbling over a change of shirt-studs before coming down to consume the breakfast kept waiting for him.

"Of course I know it's your only day at home—" Mrs. Belmore reverted to her occupation of deftly setting the chairs in their rightful places, and straightening the books on the tables. "I suppose I *ought* to insist on your going—when you promised—but still—" She gave a sigh of relinquishment. "I suppose you *do* need the rest," she added. "We can have a nice afternoon together, anyway. You can finish reading that story aloud, and we'll go out and take a good look at the garden. I think the beans were planted too close under the pear tree last year—that was the reason they didn't come up right. Edith Barnes and Alan Wilson are coming out from town after dinner for the rest of the day, but that won't make any difference to us."

"*What?*"

"Now, Herbert, how could I help asking them? You know the boarding house she and her mother live in. Edith never gets a chance to see him alone. They're saving up now to get married—they've been engaged a year—so he can't spend any more money for theaters and things, and they just have to walk and walk the streets, unless they go visiting, and they've been almost everywhere, Edith says. She wrote and asked me to have them for this Sunday; he's been away for a whole week somewhere up in the State. I think it's pathetic." In the warmth of explanation Mrs. Belmore had unwittingly removed the pile of newspapers from the floor to an ottoman at the farther end of the room. "Edith says she knows it's the happiest time of their lives, and she does want to get some of the benefit of it, poor girl."

"What do they want to be engaged for, anyway?"

"*Herbert!* How ridiculous! You are the most unreasonable man at times for a sensible one that I ever laid my eyes on. Why did *we* want to be engaged?"

"That was different." Mr. Belmore's tone conveyed a permanent satisfaction with his own case. "If every woman were like you, petty—I never *could* stand Edith, she's one of your clever girls; there's something about

"'I wish you were going, too'"

her that always sets my teeth on edge. As for Wilson—oh, Wilson's just a usual kind of a fool, like myself. Hello, where are my newspapers—and what in thunder makes it so cold? You don't mean to say you've got the window open?"

Mrs. Belmore had a habit of airing the rooms in the morning, which her husband approved of theoretically, and combated intensely in practice. After the window was banged shut she could hear him rattling at the furnace below to turn on an extra flow of heat before settling down once more in comfort. Although the April sun was bright, there was still a chill in the air.

She looked in upon him, gowned and bonneted for church, sweet and placid of mien, followed by two little girls, brave in their Sunday best, all big hats and ribboned hair, and little starchy ruffles showing below their brown coats. Mrs. Belmore stooped over her husband's chair to kiss him good-bye.

"You won't have to talk to Edith and Alan at all," she said, as if continuing the conversation from where they had left off. "All we have to do is to let them have the parlor or the library. They'll entertain each other."

"Oh, don't you bother about that. Now go ahead or you'll be late, and don't forget to say your prayers for me, too. That's right, always go to church with your mother, girlies."

"I *wish* you were going, too." Mrs. Belmore looked at her husband lingeringly.

"I wish I were, petty," said Mr. Belmore with a prompt mendacity so evidently inspired by affection that his wife condoned it at once.

She thought of him more than once during the service with generous satisfaction in his comfortable morning. She wished she had thought it right to remain at home, too, as she did sometimes, but there were the children to be considered. But she and Herbert would have the afternoon together, and take part of it to see about planting the garden, a plot twenty feet square in the rear of the suburban villa.

The Sunday visit to the garden was almost a sacrament. They might look at it on other days, but it was only on Sunday, beginning with the early spring, that husband and wife strolled around the little patch together, first planning where to start the summer crop of vegetables and afterwards watching the green things poking their spikes up through the mold, and growing, growing. He did the planting and working in the long light evenings after he came home, while she held the papers of seeds for him; but it was only on Sunday that he could really watch the green things grow, and learn to know each separate leaf intimately, and count the blossoms on the beans and the cucumbers. From the pure pleasure of the first radish, through all the various wiltings and shrivelings incident to amateur gardening in summer deluge and drought, to the triumphant survival of tomato plants and cucumber vines, running riot over everything in the fall of the year, the little garden played its old part as paradise to these two, who became more fully one in the watching of the miracle of growth. When they gathered the pears from the little tree in the corner of the plot, before the frost, and picked the few little green tomatoes that remained on the dwindling stems, it was like garnering a store of peaceful happiness. Every stage of the garden was a romance. Mrs. Belmore could go to church without her husband, but to have him survey the garden without her would have been the touch beyond.

It must be horrid, anyway, she thought, to have to go every morning into town in those smoky cars and crowded ferryboats; just to run into town twice a week tired her out. Now he would have finished his paper—now little Dorothy would have come in, red cheeked from her walk, to kiss daddy before her nap—now he must be pottering around among his possessions and looking out for her. She knew so well how he would look when he came to the door to meet her. The sudden sight of either one to the other always shed a reflected light, like the glow of the sun. It was with a feeling of wonder that she marked its disappearance, after a brief gleam, as he not only opened the door, but came out on the piazza to greet her, and closed it behind him.

"They're in there—Edith and Alan." He pointed over his shoulder with his thumb. "I thought they weren't coming until after dinner."

"Why, they weren't."

"Well, they're in the parlor, just the same. Came out over an hour ago. Great Scott, I wished I'd gone with you. I'm worn out."

"You don't mean to say you've stayed with them all the time!" Mrs. Belmore looked scandalized.

"I should say I had; I couldn't lose 'em. Whichever room I went to they followed; at least she did, and he came after. I went from pillar to post, I give you my word, petty, but Edith had me by the neck; she never let go her grip for an instant. They won't speak to each other, you see; only to me. I haven't

had a chance to even finish the paper. I've had the deuce of a time! I don't know what you are going to do about it."

"Never mind; it will be all right now," said Mrs. Belmore reassuringly. She pushed past him into the parlor, where sat a tall, straight girl with straight, light brows, a long straight nose, and a straight mouth with a droop at the corners. In the room beyond, a thick set, dark young man with glasses and a nervous expression was looking at pictures. It did not require a Solomon to discover at a glance how the land lay.

If Mrs. Belmore had counted easily on her powers of conciliation she was disappointed this time. After the dinner, whereat the conversation was dragged laboriously round four sides of a square, except when the two little girls made some slight diversion, and the several futile attempts when the meal was over to leave the lovers alone together, Mrs. Belmore resigned herself, perforce, to the loss of her cherished afternoon.

"It's no use; we'll have to give up the reading," she said to her husband rapidly, in one of her comings and goings. "Perhaps later, dear. But it's really dreadful; here we've been talking of religion and beet-root sugar and smallpox, when any one can see that her heart is breaking."

"I think he is getting the worst of it," said Mr. Belmore impartially.

"Oh, it won't hurt *him*."

"With tear-stained face and closed eyes, her head upon a young man's shoulder"

"Well, you've given them plenty of opportunities to make up."

"Yes; but he doesn't know how."

She added in a louder tone, "You take Mr. Wilson up to your den for a while, Herbert;

Ethel and I are going to have a cozy little time with the children, aren't we, dear?"

"Have a cigar?" said Mr. Belmore as the two men seated themselves comfortably in a couple of wooden armchairs in the sunny little apartment hung with a miscellaneous collection of guns, swords, and rods, the drawing of a bloated trout, and a dusty pair of antlers.

"Thank you; I'm not smoking now," said Mr. Wilson with a hungry look at the open box on the table beside him.

"Oh!" said his host genially, "so you're at that stage of the game. Well, I've been there myself. You have my sympathy. But this won't last, you know."

"Does your wife like smoking?"

"Loves it," said Mr. Belmore, sinking the fact of his official limit to four cigars a day. "That is, of course, she thinks it's a dirty habit, and unhealthy, and all that sort of thing, you know; but it doesn't make any *difference* to her—not a pin's worth. Cheer up, old fellow; you'll get to this place, too."

"Looks like it," said the other bitterly. "Here I haven't seen her for a week—I came two hundred miles on purpose yesterday, and now she won't even look at me. I don't know what's the matter—haven't the least idea—and I can't *get* her to tell me. I have to be off to-morrow at seven o'clock, too—I call it pretty hard lines."

"Let me see," said Mr. Belmore judicially, knitting his brows as if burrowing into the past as he smoked. "Perhaps I can help you out. What have you been writing to her? Telling her all about what you've been doing, and just sending your love at the end? They don't like that, you know."

Mr. Wilson shook his head. "No; upon my soul I've done nothing but tell her how I—how I was looking forward to—oh, hang it, Belmore, the letters have been all *right*, I know that."

"H'm," said Mr. Belmore, "there's got to be *something* back of it, you know. Seen any girls since you've been gone?"

Mr. Wilson hastened to shake his head more emphatically than before. "Not one," he asseverated with the relief of complete innocence. "Didn't even meet a soul I knew, except Brower—you remember Dick Brower? I went into a jeweler's to get my glasses mended and found him buying a souvenir spoon for his *fiancée*."

"O—o—h!" said Mr. Belmore intelligently, "and did you buy a present for Edith?"

"No, I didn't. She made me promise not to buy anything more for her; she thinks I'm spending too much money, and that I ought to economize."

"And did you tell her about Brower?"

"Why, of course I did—as we were coming out this morning."

Mr. Wilson stared blankly at his friend.

"Chump!" said Mr. Belmore. He bit off the end of a new cigar and threw it away. "Wilson, my poor fellow, you're so besotted in ignorance that I don't know how to let the light in on you. A man is a fool by the side of his *fiancée*, anyhow."

"I don't know what you mean," said the bewildered Wilson stiffly. "*I* don't know what I'm to do."

"No, of course you don't—but Edith does—you can just trust her for that. A girl *always* knows what a man ought to do—she can give him cards and spades and beat him every time."

"Then why doesn't she *tell* me what she wants? I asked her to, particularly."

"Oh, no! She'll tell you everything the opposite—that is, half the time. She'll put every obstacle possible in your way, to see if you're man enough to walk over 'em; that's what she wants to find out; if you're man enough to have your own way in spite of her; and, of course, if you aren't, you're an awful disappointment."

"Are you sure?" said Mr. Wilson deeply, after an awestruck pause. "Half the time, you say. But how am I to find out when she means—I give you my word, Belmore, that I thought—I suppose I could have brought her a small present, anyway, in spite of what she said; a souvenir spoon—but she hates souvenir spoons."

"You'll have to cipher it out for yourself, old man," said Mr. Belmore. "*I* don't set out to interpret any woman's moods. I only give you cold, bare facts. But if I were you," he added impartially, "I'd go down after a while and try and get her alone, you know, and say something. You can, if you try." A swish of skirts outside of the open door made Mr. Wilson jump forward as Mrs. Belmore came in sight with her friend. The latter had her arm around the older woman, and her form drooped toward her as they passed the two men. The eyes of the girl were red, and her lips had a patient quiver. Mr. Wilson gave an exclamation and sprang forward as she disappeared in the farther room.

It was some hours later that the husband and wife met unexpectedly upon the stairs with a glad surprise.

"You don't mean to say it's you—alone!" he whispered.

"Wait—is she coming up?" They clutched each other spasmodically as they listened to the sound of a deflecting footstep. There was a breathless moment, and then the chords of a funeral march boomed forth upon the air. The loud pedal was doing its best to supplement those long and strenuous fingers.

The listeners breathed a sigh of relief.

"He's gone to the station for a time table," whispered the husband with a delighted grin; "though I can stand *him* all right. We had a nice walk with the little girls, after he got tired of playing hide and seek. I wished you were with us. You must be about used up. How are you getting along with her?"

"Oh, pretty well." She let herself be drawn down on the hall window seat at the top of the landing. "You see, Edith really feels dreadfully, poor girl."

"What about?"

"Herbert, she isn't really sure that she loves him."

"Isn't sure! After they've been engaged for a year!"

"That's just it. She says if they had been married out of hand, in the first flush of the novelty, she wouldn't have had time, perhaps, to have any doubts. But it's the seeing him all the time that's made her think."

"Made her think *what?*"

"Whether she loves him or not; whether they are really suited. I remember that I used to feel that way about you, dear. Oh, you know, Herbert, it's a very serious thing for a girl. She says she knows her whole life is at stake; she thinks about it all the time."

"How about his?"

"Well, that's what I said," admitted Mrs. Belmore. "She says that she feels that *he* is so rational and self-poised that she makes little difference in his life either way—it has come to her all at once. She says his looking at everything in a matter-of-fact way just chills her; she longs for a whole-souled enthusiasm that can sweep everything before it. She feels that if they are married she will have to keep up the ideal for both of them, and she doesn't know whether she can."

"No, she can't," said Mr. Belmore.

"She says she could if she loved him enough," pursued Mrs. Belmore. "It's the *if* that kills her. She says that when she wakes up in the morning that she feels as if she'd die if she didn't see him before night, and when she *does* see him it's all a dreadful disappointment to her; she can't talk to him at all, she feels perfectly hard and stony; then, the moment he's gone, she's crazy to have him back again. She cries herself thin over it."

"She's pretty bony, anyway," said Mr. Belmore impartially.

"Even his appearance changes to her. She says sometimes he looks like a Greek god, so that she could go down on her knees to him, and at other times— Once she happened to catch a glimpse of him in a horrid red sweater, polishing his shoes, and she said she didn't get over it for weeks; he looked positively *ordinary*—like some of the men you see in the trolley cars."

"Oh, good gracious!" protested Mr. Belmore feebly. "Oh, good *gracious*, petty! This is *too* much."

"Hush—don't laugh so loud—be quiet," said his wife anxiously.

"If Wilson *ever* looks like a Greek god to her, she's all right, she loves him—you can tell her so for me. *Wilson!* Here are we sitting up here like a pair of lovers, and they—Hello!"

The hall door opened and shut, the piano lid closed simultaneously with a bang, and there was a swirl of skirts again toward the staircase that scattered the guilty pair on the landing. The hostess heaved a patient sigh.

"They *shall* speak," said Mrs. Belmore when another hour had gone with the situation still unchanged. Her gentle voice had a note of determination. "I can't understand why he doesn't *make* her. She is literally crying her eyes out, because the whole day has been lost. Why didn't you send him into the parlor for a book as I told you to, when I came up to take care of Dorothy?"

"He wouldn't go—he said he wasn't doing the kindergarten act any more. Hang it, I don't blame him. A man objects to being made a fool of before people, and he's tired of it. Here he goes off again to-morrow for two weeks, and she with no more heart than——"

"Where is he now?" asked Mrs. Belmore.

"Upstairs in my room, smoking."

"*Smoking!* I thought he'd promised her solemnly not to smoke."

"Yes, he did; but he says he doesn't care a—red apple; he's going to have some comfort out of the day. I've left him with a box of cigars; good ones, too. He's having the time of his life."

"O—o—h!" said Mrs. Belmore, with the rapt expression of one who sees beyond the veil. When she spoke it was with impressive slowness. "When you hear me come downstairs with Edith and go in the parlor, you wait a moment and then bring him down—*with his cigar*—into the library. Do you understand?"

"No," said Mr. Belmore.

"Oh, Herbert! If she sees him *smoking*—! There's no time to lose, for I have to get tea to-night. When I call you, leave him and come at once, do you hear? Don't stop a minute—just come, before they get a chance to follow."

"You bet I'll come," said Mr. Belmore, "like a bird to its—I will, really, petty."

That he nearly knocked her down by his wildly tragic rush when she called from the back hall, "Herbert, please come at once! I can't turn off the water," was a mere detail—they clung to each other in silent laughter, behind the enshrouding portières, not daring to move. The footfall of the deserted Edith was heard advancing from the front room to the library, and her clear and solemn voice, as of one actuated only by the lofty dictates of duty, penetrated distinctly to the listeners.

"Alan Wilson, is it possible that you are *smoking?* Have you broken your promised word?"

"Well, they're at it at last," said Mr. Belmore, relapsing into a chair in the kitchen with a sigh of relief, and drawing a folded newspaper from his pocket. "I wouldn't be in his shoes for a farm."

"Oh, it will be all right now," said Mrs. Belmore serenely. She added with some irrelevancy, "I've left the children to undress each other; they've been *so* good. It's been such a different day, though, from what we had planned."

"It's too bad that you have to get the tea."

"Oh, I don't mind that a bit."

She had tucked up the silken skirt of her gown and was deftly measuring out coffee—after the swift, preliminary shaking of the fire with which every woman takes possession of a kitchen—pouring the water into the coffee-pot from the steaming kettle, and then vibrating between the kitchen closet and the butler's pantry with the quick, capable movements of one who knows her ground thoroughly. "Really, it isn't any trouble. Margaret leaves half of the things ready, you know. If you'll just lift down that dish of salad for me—and the cold chicken is beside it. I hate to ask you to get up, but— Thank you. How good the coffee smells! I know you always like the coffee I make."

"You bet I do," said Mr. Belmore with fervor. "Say, petty, you don't think you could come out now and take a look at the garden? I'm almost sure the peas are beginning to show."

"No; I'm afraid there isn't time. We'll have to give it up for this Sunday." She paused for a great effort. "If you'd like to go by yourself, dear——"

"Wouldn't you mind?"

She paused again, looking at him with her clear-eyed seriousness.

"I don't think I mind now, but I might—afterwards."

If he had hesitated, it was for a hardly appreciable second. "And I don't want to go," he protested stoutly, "it wouldn't be the same thing at all without you."

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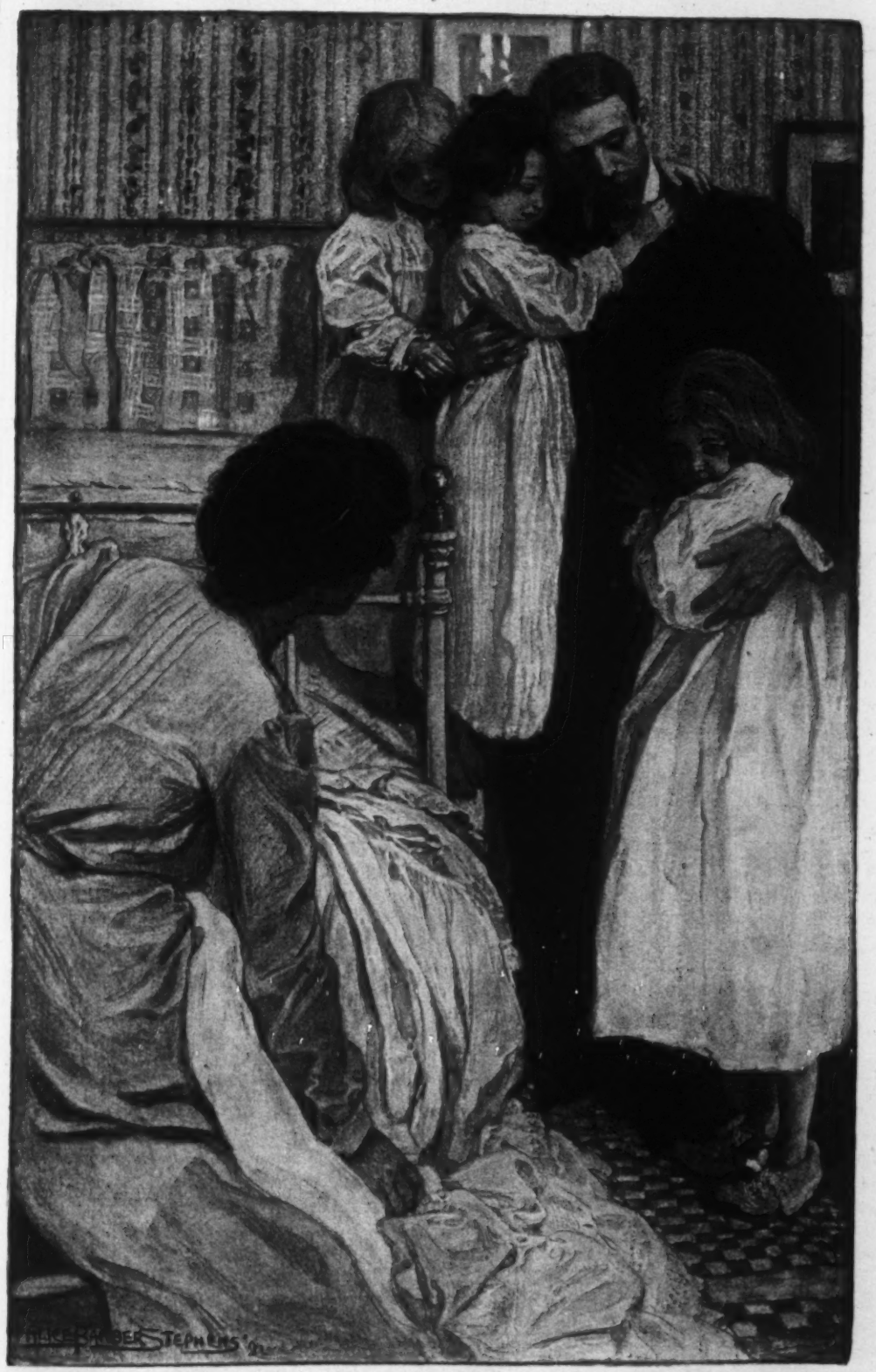
"Everything is ready now," said his wife. "Though I do hate to disturb Edith and Alan. I'll just run up and hear the children say their prayers before I put those things on the table. If you would just take a look at the furnace"—it was the sentence Mr. Belmore had been dreading—"and then you can come up and kiss the children good night."

Mr. Belmore, on his way up from stoking, caught a glimpse projected from the parlor mirror through an aperture in the doorway which the portières had left uncovered. The reflection was of a girl, with tear-stained face and closed eyes, her head upon a young man's shoulder, while his lips were touchingly pressed to her hair. The picture might have been called "After the Storm," the wreckage was so plainly apparent. As Mr. Belmore turned after ascending the flight of stairs he came full in sight of another picture, spread out to view in the room at the end of the hall. He stood unseen in the shadow regarding it.

His wife sat in a low chair near one of the two white beds; little Dorothy's crib was in their room beyond. The three children were perched on the foot of the nearest bed, white-gowned, with rosy faces and neatly brushed hair. While he looked, the youngest child gave a birdlike flutter and jump, and lighted on the floor, falling on her knees, with her bowed head in the mother's lap, her hands upraised. As she finished the murmured prayer, helped by the tender mother-voice, she rose and stood to one side, in infantine seriousness, while the next one spread her white plumes for the same flight, waiting afterwards in reverent line with the first as the third hovered down.

It was plain to see from the mother's face that she had striven to put all earthly thoughts aside in the performance of this sacred office of ministering to innocence; her eyes must be holy when her children's looked up at her on their way to God.

This was the little inner chapel, the Sanctuary of Home, where she was priestess by Divine right. It would have been an indiffer-



"He kissed the laughing children as they clung to him"

ent man, indeed, who had not fallen upon his knees in spirit, in company with this little household of faith, in mute recognition of the love and peace and order that crowned his days.

He kissed the laughing children as they clung to him, before she turned down the light. When she came out of the room he was waiting for her. He put his arm around her as he said, with the darling tenderness that made her life:

"Come along, old sweetness. We've got to go down and stir up those lunatics again. Call *that* 'the happiest time of your life!' *We* know better than that, don't we, petty? I'll tell you what it is: I'll go to church with you next Sunday, if you say so!"

VENUS OR MINERVA?

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Illustrated by C. L. Hinton

IT was gratifying to be attached to a name again. As a Freshman, personality had been lost in the High School by reason of overwhelming numbers. The under-world seems always to be over populated and valued accordingly. But progress in the High School, by rigorous enforcement of survival of the fittest, brings ultimately a chance for identity. Emmy Lou, a survivor, found a personality awaiting her in her Sophomore year. Henceforth she was to be Miss MacLaurin.

The year brought further distinction. Along in the term Miss MacLaurin received notification that she had been elected to membership in the Platonian Society.

"On account of recognized literary qualifications," the communication set forth.

Miss MacLaurin read the note with blushes, and because of the secret joy its perusal afforded, she re-read it in private many times more. The first-fruits of fame are sweet; and as an Athenian might have regarded an invitation into Olympus, so Miss MacLaurin looked upon this opening into Platonia.

As a Freshman, on Friday afternoons, she had noted certain of the upper pupils strolling about the building after dismissal, clothed, in lieu of hats and jackets, with large importance. She had learned that they were Platonians, and from the out courts of the un-elect she had watched them, in pairs and groups, mount the stairs with laughter and chatter and covert backward glances. She did not wonder; she would have glanced backward too, for wherein lies the satisfaction of being elect but in a knowledge of the envy of those less privileged?

And mounting the stairs to the mansard, their door had shut upon the Platonians; it was a secret society.

And now this portal stood open to Miss MacLaurin.

She took her note to Hattie and to Rosalie, who showed a polite but somewhat forced interest.

"Of course if you have time for that sort of thing," said Hattie.

"As if there was not enough of school and learning, now, Emily," said Rosalie.

Miss MacLaurin felt disconcerted, the bubble of her elation seemed pricked, until she began to think about it. Hattie and Rosalie were not asked to become Platonians; did they make light of the honor because it was not their honor?

Each seeks to be victor in some field of achievement, but each is jealous of the other's field. Hattie thought Rosalie frivolous, and Rosalie scribbled notes under the nose of Hattie's brilliant recitations. Miss MacLaurin, on the neutral ground of a non-combatant, was expected by each to furnish the admiration and applause.

Hattie's was the field of learning, and she stood, with obstacles trod under heel, crowned with honors. Hattie meant to be valedictorian some day, nor did Miss MacLaurin doubt Hattie would be.

Rosalie's was a different field. Hers was strewn with victims; victims whose name was Boys.

It was Rosalie's field Miss MacLaurin in her heart longed to enter. But how did Rosalie do it? She raised her eyes and lowered them and the victims fell. But every one could not be a Rosalie.

And Hattie looked pityingly upon Rosalie's way of life, and Rosalie laughed lightly at Hattie.

Miss MacLaurin admired Hattie, but secretly she envied Rosalie. If she had known how, she herself would have much preferred Boys to Brains; one is only a Minerva as second choice.

To be sure there was William. Oh, William! He is taken for granted, and besides, Miss MacLaurin is becoming sensitive because there is no one but William.

The next day she was approached by Hattie and Rosalie, who each had a note. They mentioned it casually, but Hattie's tone had a ring. Was it satisfaction? And Rosalie's laugh was touched with gratification, for the notes were official, inviting them, too, to become Platonians.

"Thinking it over," said Hattie, "I'll join; one owes something to class-spirit."

"It's so alluring—the sound," said Rosalie, "a secret anything."

Miss MacLaurin, thinking it over herself after she reached home that day, suddenly laughed.

It was at dinner. Uncle Charlie looked up at his niece, whom he knew as Emmy Lou, not, as yet, having met Miss MacLaurin. He had heard her laugh before, but not just that way; generally she had laughed because other people laughed; now she seemed to be doing it of herself. There is a difference.

Emmy Lou was thinking of the changed point of view of Hattie and Rosalie, "It's—it's funny—" she explained in answer to Uncle Charlie's look.

"No!" said Uncle Charlie. "And you see it? Well!"

What on earth was Uncle Charlie talking about?

"I congratulate you," he continued. "It will never be so hard again."

"What?" asked Emmy Lou.

"Anything," said Uncle Charlie.

What was he talking about?

"A sense of humor," said Uncle Charlie, as though one had spoken.

Emmy Lou smiled absently. Some of Uncle Charlie's joking which she was used to accepting as mystifying.

But it was funny about Rosalie and Hattie; she was smiling again, and she felt patronizingly superior to them both.

Miss MacLaurin was still feeling her superiority as she went to school the next morning. It made her pleased with herself. It was a frosty morning; she drew long breaths, she felt buoyant, and scarcely conscious of the pavements under her feet.

At the corner she met William with another boy. She knew this other boy, but that was all; he had never shown any disposition to have her know him better. But this morning

"At the High School gate Miss MacLaurin raised her eyes again"

things were different. William and the other boy joined her, William taking her books, while they all walked along together.

Miss MacLaurin felt the boy take a sidewise look at her. Something told her she was looking well, and an intuitive consciousness that the boy, stealing a look at her, thought so too, made her look better.

Her spirits soared intoxicatingly. This was a new sensation. Miss MacLaurin did not know herself, the sound of her gay chatting and laughter was strange in her ears. Perhaps it was an unexpected revelation to the others, too. William was not looking pleased, but the other boy was looking at her.

Something made Miss MacLaurin feel daring. She looked up—suddenly—and met the other boy's glance. To be sure, she looked down quicker, that part being involuntary, as well as the blush that followed. The blush was disconcerting, but the sensation on the whole was pleasurable.

At the High School gate Miss MacLaurin raised her eyes again. The lowering and the blush could be counted on, the only hard part was to get them raised.

She was blushing as she turned to go in; she was laughing too, to hide the blush. And this was the Elixir of which Rosalie drank; it mounted the brain. Intuitively Miss MacLaurin knew, if she could, she would drink of it again. She looked backward over her shoulder, the boy was looking backward, too. Hattie had said that Rosalie was frivolous, that her head was turned; no wonder her head was turned.

The next Friday the three newly elect mounted the stairs to the Platonian doorway.

Lofty altitudes are expected to be chilly, and the elevation of the mansard was as nothing to the mental heights upon which Platonia was established. Platonian welcome had an added chilliness besides, by reason of its formality.

The new members hastily found seats.

On a platform sat Minerva enthroned; no wonder, for she was a Senior as well as a President. The lesser lights, on each side, it developed, were Secretary and Treasurer; they looked coldly important. The other Platonians sat around.

The Society was asked to come to order. The Society came to order. There was no settling and re-settling and rustling and tardy subsidal, as in the class room, perhaps because the young ladies, in this case, wanted the order.

It went on, though Miss MacLaurin was conscious that, for her part, she comprehended very little of what it was all about, though it sounded impressive. You called it Parliamentary Ruling. To an outsider this seemed almost to mean the longest way round to an end that everybody had seen from the beginning. Parliamentary Ruling also seemed apt to lead its followers into paths unexpected even by them, from which they did not know how to get out, and it also lead to revelations humiliating to new members.

The report of the treasurer was called for.

It showed a deficit.

"Even with the initiation fees and dues from new members?" asked the President.

Even so.

"Then," said the President, "we'll have to elect some more. Any new names for nomination?"

Names, it seemed, were unflatteringly easy to supply, and were rapidly put up and voted upon for nomination.

But suddenly a Platonian was upon her feet; she had been counting. The membership was limited and they had over-stepped that limit. The nominations were unconstitutional.

The treasurer at this was upon her feet, reading from the Constitution: "The revenues of said Society may be increased only by payment of dues by new members"—she paused, and here reminded them that the Society was in debt.

Discussion waxed hot. A constitution had been looked upon as invulnerable.

At last a Platonian arose. She called attention to the fact that time was passing, and moved that the matter be tabled, and the Society proceed with the programme for the day.

Fiercer discussion ensued at this. "Business before pleasure," said a sententious member. "What's a programme to a matter concerning the Constitution itself?"

The sponsor for the motion grew sarcastic. (It developed later she was on the programme.) "Since the business of the Society was only useful as a means of conducting the programme, which was the primary object of the Society's being, she objected to the classing of the programme as unimportant."

But the programme was postponed. When people begin to handle red tape, there is always a chance that they get enmeshed in its voluminous tangles.

It was dark when the Society adjourned. Platonians gave up dinner and Friday afternoons to the cause, but what Platonian doubted the worth of it?

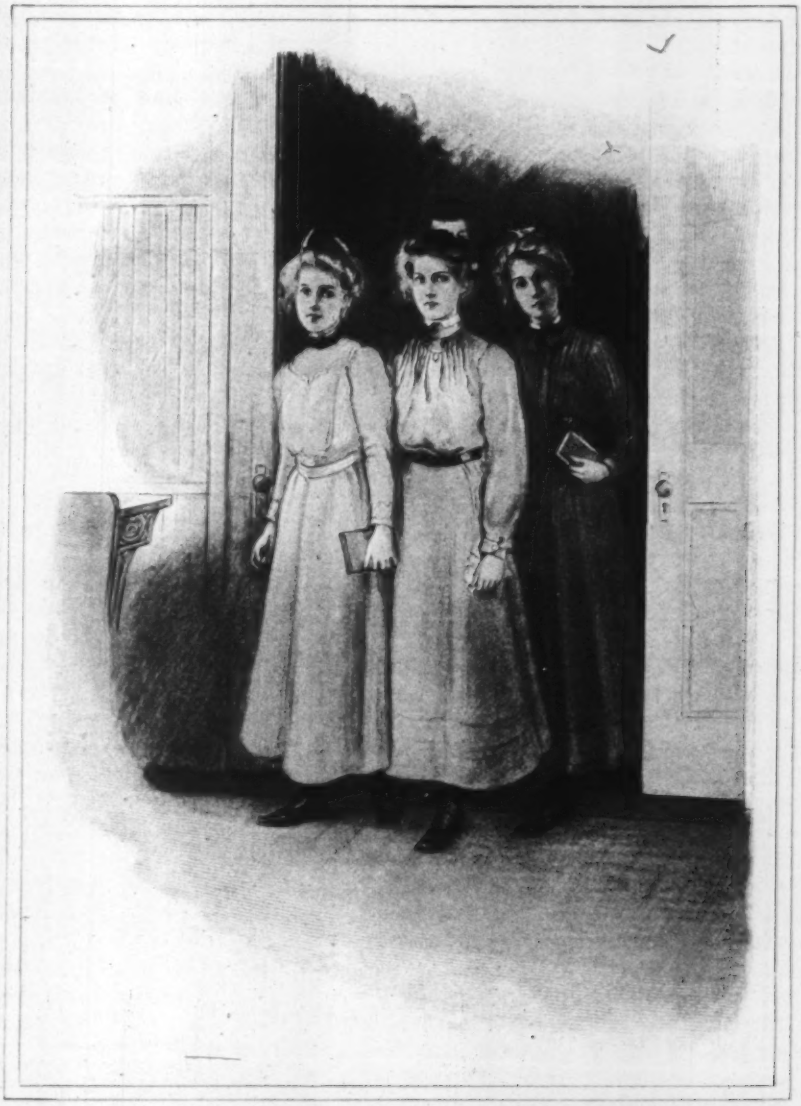
Miss MacLaurin and Hattie walked home together. At the corner they met a boy. It

was the other boy whose name, as it chanced, was Chester. He joined them and they walked along together. Something made Miss MacLaurin's cheek quite red; it was her blush when the boy joined them.

A few steps farther on they met Miss Kilrain, the new teacher at the High School. It was just as Miss MacLaurin was laughing an embarrassed laugh to hide the blush. Miss Kilrain looked at them coldly; one was conscious of her disapproval.

Miss Kilrain's name had been up that very afternoon in the Society for honorary membership. All teachers were made honorary members.

With the Sophomore year High School pupils had met several new things. Higher Education was one of them. They met it in the person of Miss Kilrain. It looked forbidding. She lowered her voice in speaking of it and brought the words forth reverently, coupling it with another impressively uttered thing, which she styled Modern Methods.



"The three newly elect mounted the stairs to the Platonian doorway"

Miss Kilrain walked mincingly on the balls of her feet. She frequently called the attention of her classes to this, which was superfluous, for so ostentatiously did she do her walking one could not but be aware of some unnatural quality in her gait. But Miss Kilrain, that they might remember to do the same, reminded her classes so often, they all took to walking on their heels. Human nature is contrary.

She also breathed from her diaphragm, and urged her pupils to try the same.

"Don't you do it," Rosalie cautioned Emily; "look at her waist."

Miss Kilrain came into the High School with some other new things—the new text-books.

There had been violent opposition to the new books and as violent a fight for them. The papers had been full of it and Emmy Lou had read the particulars of it.

A Mr. Bryan had been in favor of the change. Emmy Lou remembered him as a Principal way back in the beginning of things. Mr. Bryan was quoted in the papers as saying: "Modern methods are the oil that lubricate the wheels of progress."

Professor Koenig, who was opposed to the change, was Principal at the High School. He said that the text-books in use were

standards, and that the Latin Series were classics.

"Just what is a classic?" Emmy Lou had asked, looking up from the paper.

Uncle Charlie had previously been reading it himself.

"Professor Koenig is one," said he.

Professor Koenig was little, his beard was grizzled, and the dome of his head was bald. He wore gold spectacles, and he didn't always hear, at which times he would bend his head sideways and peer through his glasses. "Hey?" Professor Koenig would say. But he knew, one felt that he knew, and that he was making his classes know, too. One was conscious of something definite behind Professor Koenig's way of closing the book over one forefinger and tapping upon it with the other. It was a purpose.

What then did Uncle Charlie mean by calling Professor Koenig a classic?

"Just what does it mean, exactly—classic?" persisted Emmy Lou.

"That which we are apt to put on the shelf," said Uncle Charlie.

Oh—Emmy Lou had thought he was talking about Professor Koenig; he meant the textbooks—she understood now, of course.

But the old books went and the new ones came, and Miss Kilrain with them.

She entered mincingly on the balls of her feet the opening day of school, and took her place on the rostrum of the chapel with the faculty. Once one would have said with "the teachers," but in the High School one knew them as the faculty. Miss Kilrain took her place with them, but she was not of them. The High School populace, gazing up from the groundling's point of view, in serried rank below, felt that. It was as though the faculty closed in upon themselves and left Miss Kilrain with her Modern Methods outside and alone.

But she showed a proper spirit, and proceeded to form her intimacies elsewhere, becoming quite intimate and friendly with certain of the girls.

And now her name had come up for honorary membership in the Platonian Society.

"We've always extended it to the faculty," a member reminded them.

"Besides, she won't bother us," remarked another. "They never come."

Miss Kilrain was accorded the honor.

But she surprised them. She did come; she came tipping up on the balls of her feet the very next Friday. They heard her deprecating little cough as she came up the stairs. When one was little, one had played "let's pretend." But in the full illusion of the game, if grown-up people had appeared, the play stopped—short.

It was like that, now—the silence.

"Oh," said Miss Kilrain, in the doorway, "go on, or I'll go away."

They went on lamely enough, but they never went on again. Miss Kilrain, ever after, went on for them, and perforce they followed.

But to-day they went on. The secretary had been reading a communication. It was from the Literary Society of the Boy's High School, proposing a debate between the two; it was signed by the secretary, who chanced to be a boy named Chester.

Miss MacLaurin, in spite of herself, grew red; she had been talking about the Platonians and their debates with him quite recently.

The effect of the note upon the Platonians was visible. A tremendous fluttering agitated the members. It was a proposition calculated to agitate them.

Rosalie was on that side opposed to the matter. Why was obvious, for Rosalie preferred to shine before boys, and she would not shine in debate.

Hattie was warmly in favor of it, for she was one who would shine.

Miss MacLaurin did not express herself, but when it came to the vote, Miss MacLaurin said "Aye."

The "Ayes" had it.

Then, all at once, the Platonians became aware of Miss Kilrain, whom they had momentarily forgotten. Miss Kilrain was sitting in deprecating silence, and the Platonians had a sudden consciousness that it was the silence of disapproval. She sat with the air and the compressed lips of one who could say much, but since her opinion is not asked——

But just before adjournment her lips unclosed, as she arose apologetically and begged permission to address the chair. She then acknowledged her pleasure at the compliment of her membership, and expressed herself as gratified with the earnestness with which some of the members were regarding this voluntarily chosen opportunity for self-improvement. These, she was sorry to see, were in the minority; as for herself, she must express disapproval of the proposed Debate with the young gentleman of the Male High School. It could but lead to frivolity, and she was sorry to see so many in favor of it. Young ladies whose minds are given to boys and frivolity, are not the material of which to make a literary society.

As she spoke, Miss Kilrain looked steadily

at two members sitting side by side. Both had voted for the Debate, and both had been seen by Miss Kilrain, one, at least, laughing frivolously, in company with—a boy. The two members moving uneasily beneath Miss Kilrain's gaze were Hattie and Miss MacLaurin.

Miss Kilrain then went on to say that she had taught in another school, a school where the ideals of Higher Education were being realized by the use of Modern Methods. The spirit of this school had been Earnestness, and this spirit had found voice in a school paper. As a worthier field for the talent she recognized in the Platonian Society, Miss Kilrain now proposed that this society start a paper, which should be the organ for the School.

It was only a suggestion; but did it appeal to the talent she recognized before her, they could bear in mind that she stood ready to assist them with the advice and counsel of one experienced in the work.

Going down stairs Miss Kilrain put her arm about one of the girls, and said it was a thing she admired—an earnest young spirit. The girl was Rosalie, who blushed and looked embarrassed.

That meeting was the last of the Platonian gatherings that might be called personally conducted. The Platonians hardly knew whether they wanted a paper or not, when they found themselves full in the business of making one. Miss Kilrain was the head and front of things. She marshalled her forces with the air of one who knows what she wants. Her forces were that part of the Society which had voted against the Debate. Miss Kilrain was one who must lead, at something; if she could not be leader on the rostrum she descended to the ranks.

Miss MacLaurin was deeply interested and felt she had a right to be, for these things, newspapers and such, were in her family. Considering her recognized literary qualifications she even had secret aspirations toward a position on the staff. On a scrap of paper in class she had surreptitiously tried her hand on a tentative editorial, after this fashion:

"It is our desire to state at the start that this paper does not intend to dabble in the muddy pool of politics."

Miss MacLaurin heartily endorsed the proposed paper, and like Miss Kilrain, felt that it would be a proper field for unused talent.

"She stood, fingering the window curtain, irresolute"

But her preference for a staff position was not consulted. Rosalie, however, became part of that body. Rosalie was a favorite with Miss Kilrain. Hattie, the hitherto shining light, was detailed to secure subscribers. Was this all that honors in Algebra, Latin, and Chemistry could do for one?

Miss MacLaurin found herself on a committee for advertisements. By means of advertisements, Miss Kilrain proposed to make the paper pay for itself.

The treasurer, because of a proper anxiety over this question of expenditure, was chairman; in private life the treasurer was Lucy —Lucy Berry.

"Write to this address," said Miss Kilrain to the committee, giving them a slip of paper. "I met one of the firm when he was in the city last week to see a friend of mine, Professor Bryan, on business." Miss Kilrain always gave the details of her private happenings to her listeners. "Just mention my name in writing, and say I told you to ask for an advertisement."

The Chairman gave the slip to Miss MacLaurin to attend to. Miss MacLaurin had seen the name before on all the new text-books this year introduced into the High School.

"How will I write this?" Emmy Lou inquired of Uncle Charlie that night. "This letter to the International School Book Company?"

"What's that?" asked Uncle Charlie.

Emmy Lou explained.

Uncle Charlie looked interested. "Here to see Professor Bryan, was he? H'm. Moving against Koenig faster even than I predicted."

Miss Kilrain had instructed her committee further as to what to do.

"You meet me on Saturday," said Lucy to Emily, "and we will do Main Street together."

She met Lucy on Saturday. Lucy had a list of places.

"You—you're chairman," said Emmy Lou, "you ask——"

It was at the door of the first place on the list, a large, open doorway, and it and the sidewalk were blocked with boxes and hogsheads and men rolling things into drays.

Lucy and Emmy Lou went in; they went on going in, back through a lane between sacks and things stacked high; it was dark and cellar-like, and smelled of sugar and molasses. At last they reached a glass door, which was open. Emmy Lou stopped and held back; so did Lucy.

"You—you're chairman—" said Emmy Lou. It was mean, she felt it was mean, she never felt meaner.

Lucy went forward; she was pretty, her cheeks were bright and her hair waved up curly despite its braiding. She was blushing.

A lot of men were at desks, dozens of men it seemed at first, though really there were four, three standing, one in his shirt sleeves. They looked up.

The fourth man was in a revolving chair; he was in shirt sleeves, too, and had a cigar in his mouth; his face was red, and his hat was on the back of his head.

"Well?" said the man, revolving just enough to see them. He looked cross.

Lucy explained. Her cheeks were very red now.

At first the man was testy, he did not seem to understand.

Lucy's cheeks were redder, so Emmy Lou came forward, thinking she might make it plainer. She was blushing, too. They both explained; they both gazed at the man eagerly while they explained; they both looked pretty, but then they did not know that.

The man wheeled round a little more and listened. Then he got up. He pushed his hat back and scratched his head and nodded as he surveyed them. Then he put a hand in his pocket and pursed his lips as he looked down on them.

"And what am I to get, if I give you the advertisement?" he inquired. He was smiling jocosely, and here he pinched Lucy's cheek playfully between a thumb and forefinger.

Emmy Lou had kept her wits. She carried much paraphernalia under her arm. Miss Kilrain had posted them thoroughly as to their business.

"And what, then, do I get?" repeated the man.

Emmy Lou was producing a paper. "A receipt," said Emmy Lou.

The man shouted. So did the other men.

Emmy Lou and Lucy were bewildered.

"It's worth the price," said the man. He promised them the advertisement, and walked back through the cellar-like store with them to the outer door.

"Come again," said he.

On the way to the next place they met Emmy Lou's Uncle Charlie. It was near his office. He was a pleasant person to meet down-town, as it usually meant a visit to a certain alluring candy place. He was feeling even now in his change pocket as he came up.

"How now," said he, "and where to?"

Emmy Lou explained. She had not happened

to mention this part about the paper at home.

"What?" said Uncle Charlie, "you have been— Say that over again——"

Emmy Lou said it over again.

No more advertisements were secured that morning. No more were solicited. Emmy Lou found herself going home with a lump in her throat. Uncle Charlie had never spoken to her in that tone before.

Lucy had gone on to her father's store, as Uncle Charlie had suggested she ask permission before she seek business farther.

There were others of Uncle Charlie's way of thinking. On Monday the Platonians were requested to meet Professor Koenig in his office. Professor Koenig was kindly but final. He had just heard of the paper and its methods. He had aimed to conduct his school on different lines. It was his request that the matter be dropped.

Miss Kilrain was indignant. She was excited; she was excited and unguarded. Miss Kilrain said more, perhaps, than she realized.

"He's only helping to pull the roof down on his own head," said Miss Kilrain; "it's only another proof of his inability to adapt himself to Modern Methods."

Next month was December. The High School adjourned for the holidays. But the Platonians were busy. They were preparing for a debate, a debate with the High School boys. Professor Koenig had thought it an excellent thing, and offered his library to the Society for use in preparation, saying that a friendly rivalry between the two schools would be an excellent and stimulating thing.

These days Miss Kilrain was holding aloof from the Society and its deteriorating tendencies. She shook her head and looked at the members sorrowfully.

The debate was set for the first Friday in the new year.

One morning in the holidays Uncle Charlie looked up from his paper. "You are going to have a new Principal," said he.

"New Principal—" said Emmy Lou, "and Professor Koenig?"

"Like other classics," said Uncle Charlie, "he is being put on the shelf. They have asked him to resign."

"And who is the new one?" asked Emmy Lou.

"The gentleman named as likely is Professor Bryan."

"Oh," said Emmy Lou, "no."

"I am of the opinion, therefore," said Uncle Charlie, "that the 'Platonian's Mercurial Gazette' will make its appearance yet."

"If it is Professor Bryan," said Emmy Lou, "there's no need of my working any more on the Debate."

"Why not," said Uncle Charlie.

"If it's Mr. Bryan, he'll never let them come, he thinks they are awful things—boys."

Miss MacLaurin was right about it; the debate did not take place. Platonian affairs seemed suddenly tame. Would a strictly feminine Olympus pall?

She came into Aunt Cordelia's room one afternoon. "There's to be a dancing club on Friday evenings," she explained, "and I'm invited."

Which was doubly true, for both William and Chester had asked her. She was used to having William say he'd come round and go along; she had had a boy join her and walk home—but this——

"You can't do it all," said Aunt Cordelia positively. "That Society keeps you till dark."

Emmy Lou knew when Aunt Cordelia's tones were final. She had feared this. She stood, fingering the window curtain, irresolute. In her heart she felt her literary qualifications were not being appreciated in Platonian circles anyway. A dancing club—it sounded alluring. The window was near the bureau with its mirror—she stole a look. She was—yes—she knew now she was pretty.

Late that afternoon Miss MacLaurin dropped a note in the post. It was a note tendering her resignation to the Platonian Society.

"A buzz of whispering . . followed Miss Carewe and her partner around the room"

Drawn by HENRY HUTT

See page 441

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-IX—In the spring of the year that saw the outbreak of the Mexican War, Miss Betty Carewe, the daughter of the rich old widower, Robert Carewe, comes home to Rouen, Indiana, from the Convent school, and captures the hearts of all the young men in town. Most sorely smitten of all are the two law partners, Tom Vanrevel and Crailey Gray. Vanrevel, however, has had a bitter political quarrel with Miss Betty's father, who has threatened to shoot him should he ever catch him trespassing on Carewe property. Crailey Gray, on his side, finds as serious an obstacle to the furtherance of his suit, in the fact that he is already engaged to Miss Fanchon Bareaud. The situation is futher complicated by the circumstance of Miss Betty's having confused the two gentlemen in her mind—mistaking each of them for the other.

This mistake Crailey Gray is the first to discover—being apprised of it by the young lady herself, as he is escorting her home from the great fire, at which she had saved both his life and Vanrevel's. Instead of undeceiving her, he takes adroit advantage of the opportunity, to make love to her in the character of Vanrevel.

The next morning Miss Betty's father flies into a fearful rage over the account in the Rouen "Journal" of his daughter's heroism and rescue of his bitterest foe. His denunciations naturally serve only further to raise in Miss Betty's estimation the gentleman whom she supposes to be the subject of them. Mr. Carewe leaves that day for the country, and an old friend of the family, Mrs. Tanberry, arrives to chaperon his daughter during his absence. That evening Vanrevel serenades Miss Betty from her garden. Miss Betty recognizes the voice, and very properly despises the serenader for what she considers his infidelity to his betrothed, Miss Bareaud.

CHAPTER X

Echoes of a Serenade

MORE than three gentlemen of Rouen wore their hearts in their eyes for any fool to gaze upon; but three was the number of those who told their love before the end of the first week of Mr. Carewe's absence, and told it in spite of Mrs. Tanberry's utmost effort to preserve, at all times, a conjunction between herself and Miss Betty. For the good lady, foreseeing these declarations much more surely than did the subject of them, wished to spare her lovely charge the pain of listening to them.

Miss Carewe honored each of the lorn three with a few minutes of gravity; but the gentle refusal prevented never a swain from being as truly her follower as before; not that she resorted to the poor device of half-dismissal, the every-day method of the schoolgirl flirt, who thus keeps the lads in dalliance, but because, even for the rejected, it was a delight to be near her. For that matter, it is said that no one ever had enough of the mere looking at her. And her talk was enlivening even to the lively, being spiced with surprising turns and amiably seasoned with the art of badinage. Also, to use the phrase of the time, she possessed the accomplishments—an antiquated charm now on the point of disappearing, so carefully has it been snubbed under wherever exhibited. The pursuing wraith of the young, it comes to sit, a ghost, at every banquet, driving the flower of our youth to unheard-of exertions in search of escape, to dubious diplomacy, to dismal inaction, or to wine; yet time was when they set their hearts on "the accomplishments."

Miss Betty Carewe at her harp, ah! it was a dainty picture: the clear profile, with the dark hair low across the temple, silhouetted duskily, in the cool, shadowy room, against the open window; the slender figure, one arm curving between you and the strings, the other gleaming behind it; the delicate little sandal stealing from the white froth of silk and lace to caress the pedal; the nimble hands fluttering across the long strands,

"Like white blossoms
Borne on slanting lines of rain,"

and the great gold harp rising to catch a thin javelin of sunshine that pierced the vines at the window, where the honeysuckles dipped to the refrain—it was a picture to return many a long year afterward, and thrill the reveries of old men who were young then. And, following the light cascading ripples of the harp, when her low contralto lifted in one of the "*old* songs," she often turned inquiringly to see if the listener liked the music, and her brilliant dark eyes would rest on his with an appeal that blinded his entranced soul. She meant it for the mere indication of a friendly wish to suit his tastes, but it looked like the divine humility of love. Nobody wondered that General Trumble should fall to verse-making in his old age.

She sketched magnificently. Frank Chenoweth and Tappingham Marsh agreed with tears of enthusiasm that "magnificently" was the only word. They came to this conclusion as they sat together at the end of a long dinner (at which very little had been eaten) after a day's picnic by the river. Miss Carewe had been of their company, and Tappingham and Chenoweth each found his opportunity in the afternoon. The party was small, and no one had been able to affect a total unconsciousness of the manœuvres of the two gentlemen. Even Fanchon Bareaud comprehended languidly, though she was more blurred than ever, and her far-away eyes belied the mechanical vivacity of her manner, for Crailey was forty miles farther down the river, with a fishing-rod neatly packed in a leather case.

Mr. Vanrevel, of course, was not invited; no one would have thought of asking him to join a small party of which Robert Carewe's daughter was to be a member. But it was happiness enough for Tom, that night, to lie hidden in the shrubbery, looking up at the stars between the leaves, while he listened to her harp, and, borne through the open window on enchanted airs, the voice of Elizabeth Carewe singing "Robin Adair."

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It was now that the town indulged its liveliest spirit; never an evening lacked its junketing, while the happy folk of Rouen set the early summer to music. Serenade, dance, and song for them, the light hearts, young and old making gay together! It was all laughter, either in sunshine or by candle-light, undisturbed by the far thunder below the southern horizon, where Zachary Taylor had pitched his tents upon the Rio Grande.

One fair evening, soon after that excursion which had proved fatal to the hopes of the handsome Tappingham and of the youthful Chenoweth, it was the privilege of Mr. Thomas Vanrevel to assist Miss Carewe and her chaperon from their carriage, as they drove up to a dance at the Bareauds'. This good fortune fell only to great deserving, for he had spent the last hour lurking outside the house in the hope of performing such office for them.

Heaven was in his soul, and the breath departed out of his body, when, after a moment of hesitation, Miss Betty's little lace-gauntleted glove was placed in his hand, and her slender white slipper shimmered out from the lilac and white flounces of her dress, to fall like a benediction, he thought, on each of the carriage steps.

It was the age of wreaths; they wreathed the muses, the seasons, and their speech; so the women wore wreaths in their hair, and Miss Betty's that night was of marguerites. "Read your fortune in them all," whispered Tom's heart, "and of whomsoever you wish to learn, every petal will say 'He loves you,' and none declare 'He loves you not!'"

She bowed slightly, but did not speak to him, which was, perhaps, a better reception than that accorded the young man by her companion. "Oh, it's *you*, is it!" was Mrs. Tanberry's courteous observation as she canted the vehicle in her descent. She looked sharply at Miss Betty, and even the small glow of the carriage lamps showed that the girl's cheeks had flushed very red. Mr. Vanrevel, on the contrary, was pale.

They stood for a moment in awkward silence, while, from the lighted house where the flying figures circled, came the waltz, "*I dreamt that I dwe-helt in ma-har-ble halls.*" And Tom's own dreams were much wilder than the gypsy girl's. He knew they were; yet he spoke out bravely:

"Will you dance the first two with me?"

Miss Betty bit her lip, frowned, turned away, and, vouchsafing no reply, walked toward the house with her eyes fixed on the ground; but just as they reached the door she flashed over him a look that scorched him from head to foot and sent his spirits down through the soles of his boots to excavate a grotto in the depths of the earth, so charged it was with wrathful pity and contempt.

"Yes!" she said abruptly, and followed Mrs. Tanberry to the dressing-room.

The elder lady shook her head solemnly as she emerged from the heroic folds of a yellow silk cloak. "Ah, Princess," she said, touching the girl's shoulder with her jeweled hand, "I told you I was a very foolish wom-

an, and I am, but not so foolish as to offer advice often. Yet, believe me, it won't do. I think that is one of the greatest young men I ever knew, and it's a pity—but it won't do."

Miss Betty kept her face away from her guardian for a moment. No inconsiderable amount of information had drifted to her, from here and there, regarding the career of Crailey Gray; and she thought how intensely she would have hated any person in the world except Mrs. Tanberry for presuming to think she needed to be warned against the charms of this serenading lady-killer who was the property of another girl.

"You must teach him so, I think," ventured Mrs. Tanberry gently.

At that Betty turned to her and said sharply: "I will. After this, please let us never speak of him again."

A slow nod of the other's turbaned head indicated the gravest acquiescence. She saw that her companion's cheeks were still crimson. "I understand," said she.

A buzz of whispering like a July beetle followed Miss Carewe and her partner about the room during the next dance. How had Tom managed it? Had her father never told her? Who had dared to introduce them? Fanchon was the only one who knew; and, as she whirled by them with Will Cummings, she raised her absent glance long enough to give Tom an affectionate and warning shake of the head.

Tom did not see this; Miss Carewe did. Alas! She smiled upon him instantly and looked deep into his eyes. It was the third time.

She was not afraid of this man-flirt; he was to be settled with once and forever; she intended to avenge both Fanchon and herself; and yet it is a hazardous game, this piercing of eye with eye, because the point which seeks to penetrate may soften and melt, and leave one defenseless. For perhaps ten seconds that straight look lasted, while it seemed to her that she read clear into the soul of him, and to behold it, through some befooling magic, as strong, tender, wise, and true, as his outward appearance would have made an innocent stranger believe him; for he *looked* all these things, she admitted that much; and he had an air of distinction and resource beyond any she had ever known; even in the wild scramble for her kitten he had not lost it. And so, for ten seconds, which may be a long time, she saw a man such as she had dreamed; and she did not believe her sight, because she had no desire to be as credulous as the others, to be as easily cheated as that poor Fanchon!

It was now that the luckless Tom found his own feet beautiful on the mountains, and, treading the heights with airy steps, appeared to himself as a wonderful and glorified being—he was waltzing with Miss Betty! He breathed the entrancing words to himself, over and over; it was true, he was waltzing with Miss Betty Carewe! Her glove lay warm and light within his own; his fingers clasped that ineffable lilac and white brocade waist. At times her hair came within an inch of his cheek, and then he rose outright from the hilltops and floated in a golden mist. The glamor of which the Incroyable had planned to tell her some day surrounded Tom, and it seemed to him that the whole world was covered with a beautiful light like a carpet, which was but the radiance of this adorable girl whom his gloves and coat-sleeve were permitted to touch. When the music stopped, they followed in the train of other couples seeking the coolness of out of doors for the interval, and Tom's soul laughed at all other men with illimitable condescension.

"Stop here," she said as they reached the open gate. He was walking out of it, his head in the air, and Miss Betty on his arm. Apparently he would have walked straight across the state. It was the happiest moment he had ever known.

He wanted to say something wonderful to her; his speech should be like the music and glory and fire that was in him; therefore it was a shock to hear himself remarking, with an inanity of utterance that sickened him, "Oh, here's the gate; isn't it?"

Her answer was a short, scornful laugh. "You mean you wish to persuade me that you had forgotten it was there?"

"I did not see it," he protested lamentably.

"No?"

"I wasn't thinking of it."

"Indeed! You were lost in thoughts of ——"

"Of you!" he said before he could check himself.

"Ah!" Her tone was as quietly contemptuous as she could make it. "How very candid of you! May I ask are you quite convinced that speeches of that sort are always to a lady's liking?"

"No," he answered humbly, and hung his head. Then she flung the question at him abruptly:

"Was it you who came to sing in our garden?"

There was a long pause, and then a profound sigh came tremulously from the darkness, like a sad and tender confession. "Yes."

"I thought so!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Tanberry thought it was some one else; but I knew that it was you."

"Yes, you are right," he said quietly. "It was I. It was my only way to tell you what you know now."

"Of course!" She set this aside with the two words and the slightest gesture of her hand. "It was a song made for another girl, I believe?" she asked lightly, and, with an icy smile, inquired farther: "For the one—the one before the last, I understand?"

He lifted his head, surprised. "What has that to do with it? The music was made for you, and it was the music that spoke for me. But then, I think all music was made for you."

"Leave the music out of it, if you please," she said impatiently. "Your talents make you modest. No doubt you consider it unmaidenly in me to have referred to the serenade before you spoke of it; but I am not one to cast down my eyes and let it pass. No, nor one too sweet to face the truth either!" she cried with sudden passion. "To sing that song in the way you did, meant—oh, you thought I would flirt with you! What right had you to come with such a song to me?"

Tom meant only to disclaim the presumption, so far from his thoughts, that his song had moved her; for he could see that her attack was prompted by her inexplicable impression that he had assumed the attitude of a conqueror; but his explanation began unfortunately.

"Forgive me," he begged. "I think you have completely misunderstood; you thought it meant something I did not intend at all, and——"

"What!" she exclaimed, and her eyes blazed, for at that moment she beheld him as the arrant sneak of the world. He, the lady-killer, with his hypocritical air of strength and melancholy sweetness, the leader of drunken revels, and, by reputation, the town Lothario and Light-o'-Love, under promise of marriage to Fanchon Bareaud, had tried to make love to another girl, and now his cowardice in trying to disclaim what he had done lent him the insolence to say to this other: "My child, you are betrayed by your youth and conceit; you exaggerate my meaning. I had no intention to distinguish you by coquetting with you!" This was her interpretation of him, and her indignation was not lessened by the inevitable conclusion that he, who had been through so many scenes with women, secretly found her simplicity diverting. Miss Betty had a little of her father in her; while it was part of her youth, too, that of all things she could least endure the shadow of a smile at her own expense.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, her voice trembling with anger. "I suppose your bad heart is half choked with your laughter at me."

She turned from him swiftly, and left him. She almost ran into the house, and hurried to a seat by Mrs. Tanberry, nestling to her like a young sapling on a hillside. Instantaneously, several gentlemen, who had hastily acquitted themselves of various obligations in order to seek her, sprang forward to greet her, so that when the stricken Tom, dazed and confounded by his evil luck, followed her at about five paces, he found himself confronted by an impenetrable abatis formed by the spiked tails of the coats of General Trumble, Madrillon, Tappingham Marsh, Cummings, and Jefferson Bareaud. Laughter and sally from Miss Carewe rang out within this fortification; her color was high and her eyes sparkled never more brightly.

Flourish and alarums sounded for a quadrille. Each of the semicircle, firmly elbowing his neighbor, begged the dance of Miss Betty, but Tom was himself again, and laid a long, strong hand on Madrillon's shoulder, pressed him quietly aside, and said:

"Forgive me. Miss Carewe has honored me by the promise of this quadrille."

He bowed, offering his arm; and none of them was too vain to envy that bow and gesture.

For a moment he remained waiting. Miss Carewe rose slowly, and, directly facing him, said in composed and even voice: "You force me to beg you never to address me again."

She placed her hand on the General's arm, turning her back squarely upon Tom.

In addition to those who heard, many persons in that part of the room saw the affront, and paused in arrested attitudes; others, observing these, turned inquiringly, so that sudden silence fell, broken only by the voice of Miss Betty as she moved away, talking cheerily to the General. Tom was left standing alone in the broken semicircle.

Every eye wandered from her to him and back again; then every one began to talk hastily about nothing. The young man's humiliation was public.

He went to the door under cover of the movement of the various couples to find places in the quadrille, yet every sidelong glance in the room still rested upon him, and he knew it. He remained in the hall, alone, through that dance, and at its conclusion walked slowly through the rooms, speaking

to people here and there, as though nothing had happened; but when the music sounded again he went to the dressing-room, found his hat and cloak, and left the house. For a while he stood on the opposite side of the street, watching the lighted windows, and twice he caught sight of the lilac and white brocade, the dark hair, and the wreath of marguerites. Then, with a hot pain in his breast, and the step of a grenadier, he marched down the street.

In the carriage Mrs. Tanberry took Betty's hand in hers. "I'll do as you wish, child," she said, "and never speak to you of him again as long as I live—except this once. I think it was best for his own sake as well as yours, but——"

"He needed a lesson," interrupted Miss Betty wearily. She had danced long and hard; and she was very tired.

Mrs. Tanberry's staccato laugh came out irrepressibly. "*All* the vagabonds do, Princess," she cried. "And I think they are getting it."

"No, no; I don't mean——"

"We've turned their heads, my dear, between us—you and I—and we'll have to turn 'em again, or they'll break their necks looking over their shoulders at us, the owls!" She pressed the girl's hand affectionately. "But you'll let me say something just once, and forgive me because we're the same foolish age, you know. It's only this: the next young man you suppress, take him off in a corner. Lead him away from the crowd, where he won't have to stand and let them look at him afterwards. That's all, my dear, and you *mustn't* mind."

"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty hotly. "I'm not sorry."

"No, no," said Mrs. Tanberry soothingly. "It was better this time to do just what you did. I'd have done it myself, to make quite sure he would keep away—because I like him."

"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty again, and "I'm not sorry," she repeated and reiterated to herself after Mrs. Tanberry had gone to bed. She sank into a chair in the library with a book, and "I'm not sorry," she whispered, as the open, unread page blurred before her. "I'm not sorry." He had needed his lesson; but she had to bear the recollection of how white his face went when he received it. Her affront had put about him a strange loneliness; the one figure with the stilled crowd staring; it had made a picture from which her mind's eye had been unable to escape, danced she never so hard and late. Unconsciously, Robert Carewe's daughter had avenged the other lonely figure which had stood in lonely humiliation before the staring eyes.

"I'm not sorry!" Ah, did they think it was in her to hurt any living thing in the world? The book dropped from her lap, and she bowed her head upon her hands. "I'm not sorry!"—and tears upon the small lace gauntlets.

She saw them, and with an incoherent exclamation, half self-pitying, half impatient, ran out to the stars above her garden.

She was there for perhaps half an hour, and just before she returned to the house she did a singular thing.

Standing where all was clear to the sky, where she had stood after her talk with the Incroyable, when he had bid her look to the stars, she raised her arms to them again, and her face, pale with a great tenderness, uplifted.

"*You, you, you!*" she whispered. "*I love you!*"

And yet it was to nothing definite, to no man, nor outline of a man, to no phantom, nor dream-lover, that she spoke; neither to him she had affronted, nor to him who had bidden her look to the stars. Nor was it to the stars themselves.

She returned slowly and thoughtfully to the house, wondering what she had meant.

CHAPTER XI

A Voice in a Garden

CRAILEY returned the next day, with a new poem, but no fish. He came, late in the afternoon, humming cheerfully to himself, and, dropping his rod in a corner of Tom's office, laid the poem on the desk before his partner, produced a large, newly-replenished flask, opened it, stretched himself comfortably upon a capacious horse-hair sofa, drank a deep draught, chuckled softly, and requested Mr. Vanrevel to set the rhymes to music immediately.

"Try it on your instrument," he said. "It's a simple verse about nothing but stars, and you can work it out in twenty minutes with the guitar."

"It is broken," said Tom, not looking up from his work.

"Broken! When?"

"Last night."

"Who broke it?"

"It fell from the table in my room."

"How? Easily mended, isn't it?"

"I think I shall not play it soon again."

Crailey swung his long legs off the sofa and abruptly sat upright. "What's this?" he asked gravely.

Tom pushed his papers away from him, rose and went to the dusty window that looked to the west, where, at the end of the long street, the sun was setting behind the ruin of charred timbers on the bank of the shining river.

"It seems that I played once too often," he said.

Crailey was thoroughly astonished. There was no pettishness in Tom, he knew, and it was therefore difficult to accept his declaration seriously. He took a long affectionate pull at the flask, and offered it to his partner.

"No," said Tom, turning to him with a troubled face, "and if I were you I wouldn't, either. These fishing trips of yours——"

"Fishing!" Crailey laughed. "Trips of a poetaster. It's then I write best, and write I will. There's a poem, and a damned good one, too, old preacher, in every gill of whiskey, and I'm the lad that can extract it. And what's better than to be out in the open—all by yourself in the woods, or on the river? Think of the long nights alone with the glory of heaven and a good demijohn. Why, a man's thoughts are like actors performing in the air, and all the crowding stars for audience. You know in your soul you'd rather have me out there, going it all by myself, than raising thunder over town. And you know, too, it doesn't tell on me; it doesn't show! You couldn't guess, to save your life, how much I've had to-day, now could you?"

"Yes," returned the other, "I could."

"Well, well," said Crailey good-naturedly, "we weren't talking of me." He set down the flask, went to his friend, and dropped a hand lightly on his shoulder. "What made you break the guitar? Tell me."

"What makes you think I broke it?" asked his partner sharply.

"Tell me why you did it," said Crailey.

And Tom told him, pacing the room, while Crailey stood in silence, looking him eagerly in the eye whenever Tom turned his way. The listener interrupted seldom; once it was to exclaim:

"But you haven't really explained why you broke the guitar?"

"'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out!' I ought to have cut off the hands that played to her."

"And cut your throat for singing to her?"

"She was right," the other answered, striding up and down the room. "Right—a thousand times!—in everything she did. That I should even approach her was an unspeakable insolence. I had forgotten, and so, possibly, had she; but I have not even been properly introduced to her."

"No, you hadn't; that's true," observed Crailey reflectively. "You don't seem to have much to reproach her with, Tom."

"Reproach her!" cried the other. "That I should dream she would have anything to do with me, speak to me, or countenance me in any way, was to cast a doubt on her loyalty as a daughter. From her point of view it was nothing short of an insult. She was right, I say! And she did the only thing she could do—rebuked me before them all. No one ever merited what he got more roundly than I deserved that. Who was I, in her eyes, that I should come besieging her with my importunities; who but her father's worst enemy? She was right—right in everything! I deserved far worse at her hands than she gave me!"

Deep anxiety knitted Crailey's brow. "I understood she knew of the quarrel," he said thoughtfully. "I saw that, the other evening when I helped her out of the crowd. She spoke of it on the way home, I remember; but how did she know that you were Vanrevel? No one in town would be apt to mention you to her."

"No; but she did know, you see."

"Yes," he returned slowly. "So it seems! Probably her father asked her to avoid you, and described you, so that she recognized you as the man who caught the kitten." He paused, picked up the flask, and again applied himself to its contents, his eyes peering over the uptilted vessel at Tom, who continued to pace up and down the length of the office. After a time, Crailey, fumbling in his coat, found a long cheroot, and, as he lit it, inquired casually:

"Do you remember if she addressed you by name?"

"I think not," Tom answered, halting. "What does it matter?"

Crailey drew a deep breath.

"It doesn't," he returned.

"She knew me well enough," Tom said sadly, as he resumed his sentry go.

"Yes," repeated Crailey deliberately. "So it seems; so it seems!" He blew a long parasol of smoke up into the air above him, and softly murmured again, "So it seems; so it seems!"

Silence fell, broken only by the sound of Tom's footsteps, until, presently, some one informally shouted his name from the street

below. It was Will Cummings, passing the time of day; and when Tom turned from the window, after answering him, Crailey, his poem and his flask were gone.

That evening Vanrevel sat in the dusty office, driving himself to his work with a sharp goad. He had a hard problem before him, a case in which he would have preferred the opposite side, and as he took up the details, one by one, each that he surmounted was at the cost of a battle with himself. For there was a face that came between him and all else in the world, and a voice that sounded always in his ears. But he fought the fight, to an end, and the work was done before he rose from his chair, though he showed a haggard visage as he bent above his candles to blow them out.

It was eleven o'clock. Crailey had not come back, and Tom knew that his light-hearted friend would not return for many hours; and so, having no mind to read, and no belief that he could if he tried, he went out to walk the streets. He went down to the river first, and stood for a little while gazing at the ruins of the two warehouses, and that was like a man with a headache beating his skull against a wall. As he stood on the blackened wharf, he saw how the charred beams rose above him against the sky, like a gallows, and it seemed to him that nothing could have been a better symbol, for here he had hanged his self-respect. "Reproach her!" *He*, who had so displayed his imbecility before her! Had he been her father's best friend, he should have had too great a sense of shame to dare to speak to her after that night when her quiet intelligence had exhibited him to himself, and to all the world, as naught else than a fool —and a noisy one at that!

He retraced his steps—a tall, gray figure moving slowly through the blue darkness, and his lips formed the heartsick shadow of a smile when he found that he had unconsciously turned into Carewe Street. Presently he came to a gap in a hedge, through which he had sometimes stolen to hear the sound of a harp and a girl's voice singing; but he did not enter there to-night, though he paused a moment, his head bowed on his breast.

There came the sound of voices. They seemed to be moving toward the hedge, toward the gap where he had paused—one, a man's, eager, quick, but very musical; the other, a girl's, a rich and clear contralto that passed into Tom's soul like a psalm of rejoicing and like a scimitar of flame. He shivered, and moved away quickly, but not before the man's voice, somewhat louder for the moment, came distinctly from the other side of the hedge:

"After all," said the voice, with a ripple of laughter, "after all, weren't you a little hard on that poor Mr. Gray?"

Tom did not understand; but he knew the voice. It was that of Crailey Gray.

He heard the same voice again, that night, and again stood unseen. Two hours later he was still tramping the streets on his lonely rounds, when he chanced to pass the Rouen House, which hostelry bore, to the uninitiated eye, the appearance of having closed its doors upon all hospitalities for the night, in strict compliance with the law of the city fathers; yet a slender wand of bright light might be discovered underneath the bar-room street door. From within the merry retreat issued an uproar of shouting, raucous laughter, and the pounding of glasses on tables, heralding all too plainly the hypocrisy of the landlord, and possibly that of the city fathers also. Tom knew what company was gathered there—gamblers, truckmen, drunken farmers, men from the river steamers making riot while their boats lay at the wharf, with a motley gathering of good-for-nothings of the back-alleys and tippling clerks from the Main Street stores. There came loud cries for a song, and in answer the voice of Crailey rose over the general din, somewhat hoarse, and never so musical when he sang as when he spoke, yet so vibrant with dramatic tenderness that the noise fell away at once, and the roysterers sat quietly to listen. This was not the first time Ben Jonson's song had stilled a disreputable company.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine."

Perhaps, just then, Vanrevel would have wished to hear him sing anything in the world rather than that, for on Crailey's lips it carried too much meaning to-night, after the voice in the garden. And Tom lingered no more near the betraying sliver of light beneath the door than he had by the gap in the hedge, but went steadily on his way.

Not far from the hotel he passed a small building brightly lighted and echoing with unusual clamors of industry—the office of the "Rouen Journal." The presses were going, and Mr. Cummings's thin figure crossed and re-crossed the windows, while his voice could be heard energetically bidding his assistants to "look alive," so that Tom imagined that something might have happened between the Neuces River and the Rio Grande; but he did not stop to ask the journalist, for he desired

to behold the face of none of his friends until he had fought out some things with himself. So he strode on toward nowhere.

▾▾▾

Day was breaking when Mr. Gray climbed the stairs to his room. There were two flights, the ascent of the first of which occupied about half an hour of Crailey's valuable time; and it might have taken more of it, or possibly consumed the greater part of the morning, had he received no assistance. But, as he reclined to meditate upon the first landing, another man entered the hallway from without, ascended quickly, and Crailey became pleasantly conscious that two strong hands had lifted him to his feet, and, presently, that he was being borne aloft upon the newcomer's back. It seemed quite a journey, yet the motion was soothing, so he made no effort to open his eyes, until he found himself gently deposited upon the couch in his own chamber, when he smiled amiably, and, looking up, discovered his partner standing over him.

Tom was very pale, and there were deep violet scrawls beneath his eyes. For once in his life he had come home later than Crailey.

"First time, you know," said Crailey with difficulty. "You'll admit first time *completely* incapable? Often needed guiding hand, but never—quite—before."

"Yes," said Tom quietly, "it is the first time I ever saw you quite finished."

"Think must be growing old, and constitution refuses to bear it. Disgraceful be seen in condition, yet celebration justified. H'rah for the news!" He waved his hand wildly. "Old red, white, and blue! American eagle, now kindly proceed to scream! Star-spangled banner intends streaming to all the trade winds! Sea to sea! Glorious victories on political thieving exhibition—no, expedition! Everybody not responsible for the trouble to go and get himself patriotically killed!"

"What do you mean?"

"Water!" said the other feebly. Tom brought him the pitcher, and Crailey, setting his hot lips to it, drank long and deeply; then, with his friend's assistance, he moistened a towel heavily and tied it round his head. "All right very soon, and sober again," he muttered, and lay back upon the pillow, with eyes tightly closed in an intense effort to concentrate his will. When he opened them again, four or five minutes later, they had marvelously cleared, and his look was self-contained and sane.

"Haven't you heard the news?" He spoke much more easily now. "It came at midnight to the 'Journal.'"

"No; I've been walking in the country."

"The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande on the 26th of last month, captured Captain Thornton, and murdered Colonel Crook. That means war is sure."

"It has been sure for a long time," said Tom. "Polk has forced it from the first."

"Then it's a devil of a pity he can't be the only man to die."

"Have they called for volunteers?" asked Tom, going toward the door.

"No; but if the news is true they will."

"I hope so," said Tom, and as he reached the hallway he paused. "Can I help you to undress?"

"Certainly not." Crailey sat up indignantly. "Can't you see that I'm perfectly sober? It was the merest temporary fit, and I've shaken it off. Don't you see?" He got upon his feet, staggered, but shook himself like a dog coming out of the water, and came to the door with infirm steps.

"You're going to bed, aren't you?" asked Tom. "You'd much better."

"No," answered Crailey. "Are you?"

"No. I'm going to work."

"You've been up all night, too, haven't you?" Crailey put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Were you hunting for me?"

"No; not last night."

Crailey lurched suddenly, and Tom caught him about the waist to steady him.

"Sweethearting, tippling, *vingt-et-un*, or poker, eh, Tom?" he shouted thickly with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha, old smug-face, up to my bad tricks at last!" But, recovering himself immediately, he pushed the other off at arm's length, and slapped himself smartly on the brow. "Never mind; all right, all right—only a bad wave now and then. A walk will make me more a man than ever."

"You'd much better go to bed, Crailey."

"I can't. I'm going to change my clothes and go out."

"Why?"

Crailey did not answer, but at that moment the Catholic church bell, summoning the faithful to mass, pealed loudly on the morning air, and the steady glance of Tom Vanrevel rested thoughtfully upon the reckless eyes of the man beside him, as they listened together to its insistent call. Tom said gently, almost timidly:

"You have an—engagement?"

This time the answer came briskly. "Yes. I promised to take Fanchon to the cemetery before breakfast, to place some flowers on the grave of the little brother who died. This happens to be his birthday."

It was Tom who averted his eyes, not Crailey.

"Then you'd best hurry," he said hesitatingly. "I mustn't keep you," and went downstairs to his office with flushed cheeks, a hanging head, and an expression which would have led a stranger, seeing him thus, to believe that he had just been caught in a lie.

He went to the Main Street window, and seated himself upon the ledge, the only one in the room not too dusty for occupation, for here, at this hour, Tom had taken his place every morning since Elizabeth Carewe had come from the convent. The window was a coign of vantage commanding the corner of Carewe and Main Streets. Some distance west of the corner, the Catholic church cast its long shadow across Main Street, and, in order to enter the church, a person who lived upon Carewe Street must pass this corner, or else make a half-mile detour and approach from the other direction—which the person never did. Tom had thought it out the first night that the image of Miss Betty had kept him awake (and that was the first night Miss Carewe spent in Rouen). The St. Mary's girl would be sure to go to mass every day, and that was why the window ledge was dusted the next morning.

The glass doors of the little corner drug store caught the early sun of the hot May morning and became like sheets of polished brass. A farmer's wagon rattled down the dusty street. A group of Irish waitresses from the hotel made the board walk rattle under their hurried steps as they went toward the church, talking busily one to another; and a blinking youth in his shirt sleeves, who wore the air of one newly, and unwillingly, risen, began to throw open the shutters of Madrillon's bank. A moment later Tom heard Crailey come lightly down the stairs, sure of foot and humming lightly to himself. The door of the office was closed; Crailey did not look in, but presently appeared, smiling, trim, immaculate, all in white linen, on the opposite side of the street, and offered badinage to the boy who toiled at the shutters.

The bell had almost ceased to ring when a lady, dressed plainly in black, but graceful and tall, came rapidly out of Carewe Street, turned at the corner by the little drug store, and went toward the church. The boy was left staring, for Crailey's banter broke off in the middle of a word.

He overtook her on the church steps and they went in together.

That afternoon Fanchon Bareaud told Tom how beautiful her betrothed had been to her; he had brought her a great bouquet of violets and lilies, and had taken her to the cemetery to place them on the grave of her baby brother, whose birthday it was. Tears came to Fanchon's eyes as she spoke of her lover's goodness, and of how wonderfully he had talked as they stood beside the little mound.

"He was the only one who remembered that this was poor tiny Jean's birthday," she said, and sobbed. "He came just after breakfast and asked me to go out there with him."

CHAPTER XII

The Room in the Cupola

MR. CAREWE returned one warm afternoon by the six o'clock boat, which was sometimes a day late and sometimes a few hours early, the latter contingency arising, as in the present instance, when the owner was aboard. Nelson drove him from the wharf to the bank, where he conferred briefly, in an undertone, with Eugene Madrillon, after which Eugene sent a note containing three words to Tappingham Marsh. Marsh tore up the note and sauntered over to the club, where he found General Trumble and Jefferson Bareaud amicably discussing a pitcher of cherry bounce.

"He has come," said Tappingham, pleased to find the pair the only occupants of the place. "He saw Madrillon, and there's a session to-night."

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed the stout General, rising to his feet. "I'll see old Chenoweth at once. My fingers have the itch."

"And mine too," said Bareaud. "I'd begun to think we'd never have a go with him again."

"You must see that Crailey comes. We want a full table. Drag him by the hair of his head if you can't get him any other way."

"He won't need urging," said Jefferson.

"But he cut us last time."

"He won't cut to-night. What hour?"

"Nine," answered Tappingham. "It's to be a full sitting, remember."

"Don't fear for us," laughed Trumble.

"Nor for Crailey," added Jefferson. "After so long a vacation you couldn't keep him away if you chained him to the court-house pillars; he'd tear 'em in two!"

"Here's to our better fortune, then!" said the old soldier, filling a glass for Tappingham; and "Here's to our better fortunes!" echoed the young men, pouring off the gentle liquor heartily. Having thus made libation to their particular god, the trio separated.

But Jefferson did not encounter the alacrity of acceptance he expected in Crailey, when he found him half an hour afterward at the hotel bar. Indeed, at first Mr. Gray not only refused outright to go, but seriously urged the same course upon Jefferson; moreover, his remonstrance was offered in such evident good faith that Bareaud, in the act of swallowing one of his large doses of quinine, paused with only half the powder down his throat, gazing, nonplussed, at his prospective brother-in-law.

"My immortal soul!" he gasped. "Is this Crailey Gray? What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," answered Crailey quietly. "Only, don't go; you've lost enough."

"Well, you're a beautiful one!" Jefferson exclaimed with an incredulous laugh. "You're a master hand; you, to talk about losing enough!"

"I know, I know," Crailey began, shaking his head, "but——"

"You've promised Fanchon never to go again, and you're afraid Miss Betty will see or hear us and tell her you were there."

"I don't know Miss Carewe."

"Then you needn't fear; besides, she'll be out when we come and asleep when we go. She will never know we've been in the house."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Crailey impatiently, and he was the more earnest because he remembered the dangerous geography of the Carewe house, which made it impossible for anyone to leave the cupola room except by the long hall which passed certain doors. "I will not go, and, what's more, I promised Fanchon I'd try to keep you out of it hereafter."

"Lord, but we're virtuous!" laughed the incredulous Jefferson. "I'll come for you at a-quarter to nine."

"I will not go, I tell you."

Jefferson roared. "Yes you will. You couldn't keep from it if you tried!" And he took himself off, laughing violently, again promising to call for Crailey on his way to the tryst, and leaving him still vehemently protesting that it would be a great folly for either of them to go.

Crailey looked after the lad's long, thin figure with an expression as near anger as he ever wore. "He'll go," he said to himself, frowning slightly. "And—ah, well—I'll have to risk it! I'll go with him, but only to try and bring him away early—that is, as early as it's safe to be sure that they are asleep downstairs. And I won't play. No, I'll not play; I'll not play."

He paid his score and went out of the hotel by a side door. Some distance up the street Bareaud was still to be seen, lounging homeward in the pleasant afternoon sunshine; he stopped on a corner and serenely poured another quinine powder into himself and threw the paper to a couple of pigs who looked up from the gutter maliciously.

"Confound him!" said Crailey, laughing ruefully. "He makes me a missionary! For I'll keep my word to Fanchon in that, at least. I'll look after Jefferson to-night. Ah, I might as well be old Tom Vanrevel, indeed!"

Meanwhile Mr. Carewe had taken possession of his own again. His daughter ran to the door to meet him; she was trembling a little, and blushing and smiling, held out both her hands to him, so that Mrs. Tanberry vowed this was the loveliest creature in the world and the kindest. Mr. Carewe bowed slightly, as to an acquaintance, and disregarded the extended hands.

At that the blush faded from Miss Betty's cheeks; she trembled no more, and a salutation as icy as her father's was returned to him. He bent his heavy brows upon her, and shot a black glance her way, being, of course, immediately enraged by her reflection of his own manner; but he did not speak to her.

Nor did he once address her during the evening meal, preferring to honor Mrs. Tanberry with his conversation, to that diplomatic lady's secret anger, but outward amusement. She cheerfully neglected to answer him at times, having not the slightest awe of him, and turned to the girl instead. Nay, she was only prevented from rating him soundly at his own table by the fear that she might make the situation more difficult for her young charge. She made her escape with Miss Betty as soon as it was possible, and they drove away in the twilight to pay visits of duty, leaving Mr. Carewe frowning at his coffee on the veranda.

When they came home, three hours later, Miss Betty noticed that a lustrous fringe of illumination bordered each of the heavily curtained windows in the cupola, and she uttered an exclamation, for she had never known that room to be lighted.

"Look," she said, touching Mrs. Tanberry's arm, as the horses trotted through the gates under a drizzle of rain, "I thought the room in the cupola was empty. It's always locked, and when I came from St. Mary's he told me that old furniture was stored there."

Mrs. Tanberry was grateful for the darkness. "He may have gone there to read," she answered in a queer voice. "Let us go quietly to bed, child, so as not to disturb him."

Betty had as little desire to disturb her fa-

ther as she had to see him; therefore she obeyed her friend's injunction, and went to her room on tiptoe. The house was very silent as she lit the candles on her bureau and began her preparations to retire. Outside, the gentle drizzle and the soothing drip-drop from the roof were the only sounds; within, there was only the faint rustle of garments from Mrs. Tanberry's room. Presently the latter ceased to be heard, and a wooden moan of protest from the four-poster upon which the good lady reposed announced that she had drawn the curtains and wooed the rulers of Nod.

It was one of those nights of which they say "It is a good night to sleep," but Miss Betty was not drowsy. She had half-unfastened one small sandal, but she tied the ribbons again, and seated herself by the open window. The ledge and lintels framed a dim oblong of thin light from the candles behind her, a lonely luster which crossed the veranda and melted shapelessly into the darkness on the soggy lawn. In the softly falling rain and wet black foliage she felt a melancholy that chimed with the sadness of her own spirit, and the night suited her very well, for her father's coming had brought a weight of depression with it. Why could he not have spoken one word to her, even a cross one? She knew that he did not love her, yet, merely as a fellow-being, she was entitled to a measure of courtesy, and the fact that she was his daughter could not excuse his failure to render it. Was she to continue to live with him on their present terms? She had no intention to make another effort to alter them; but to remain as they were would be intolerable, and Mrs. Tanberry could not stay forever, to act as a buffer between her and her father. She peered out into the dismal night, finding her own future as black, and it seemed no wonder that the Sisters loved the convent life, that the pale nuns forsook the world wherein there was so much unkindness, and where women were petty and jealous, like that cowardly Fanchon, and men who looked great were tricksters, like Fanchon's betrothed. Miss Betty clenched her delicate fingers. She would *not* remember his white shocked face again!

Another face helped her to shut out the recollection—that of the man who had gone to mass to meet her yesterday morning, and with whom she had taken a long walk afterwards. He had shown her a quaint old German gardener who lived on the bank of the river, had bought her a bouquet, and she had helped him to select another to send to a sick friend. How beautiful the flowers were and how happy he had made the morning for her, with his gaiety, his lightness and his odd wisdom. Was it only yesterday? Her father's coming had made yesterday seem a fortnight old.

But the continuously pattering rain and the soft drip-drop from the roof, though as mournful as she chose to find them, began, afterwhile, to weave their somnolent spells, and she slowly drifted into reveries of unhappy sorts, and into half dreams in which she was still aware she was awake, yet slumber, heavy-eyed, softly stirring from the curtains beside her with the small night breeze, breathed strange distortions upon familiar things, and drowsy impossibilities moved upon the surface of her thoughts. Her chin, resting upon her hand, sank gently, until her head almost touched her relaxed arms.

"*That is mine, Crailey Gray!*"

She sprang to her feet, immeasurably startled, one hand clutching the back of her chair, the other tremulously pressed to her cheek, convinced that her father had stooped over her and shouted the sentence in her ear. For it was his voice, and the house rang with the words; all the rooms, halls, and even the outer walls were still murmurous with the sudden sound, like the tingling of a bell after it had been struck. And yet—everything was quiet.

Miss Betty passed a vague hand across her forehead, trying to untangle the maze of dreams which had evolved this shock for her: the sudden clamor in her father's voice of a name she hated and hoped never to hear again, a name she was trying to forget. But she was unable to find trace of anything which had led to it; therefore there remained only the conclusion that her nerves were not what they should be. The vapors having become obsolete for young ladies as an explanation for all unpleasant sensations, they were instructed to have "nerves." This was Miss Betty's first consciousness of her own, and, desiring no further acquaintance with them, she told herself it was unwholesome to fall asleep in a chair by an open window when the night was as sad as she.

She turned to a chair in front of the small oval mirror of her bureau, unclasped the brooch that held her lace collar, and, seating herself, began to unfasten her hair. Suddenly she paused, her uplifted arms remaining mechanically as they were.

Some one was coming through the long hall with a soft, almost inaudible step, a step which was not her father's. She knew at once, with instinctive certainty, that it was not he. Nor was it Nelson, who would have shuffled; nor could it be the vain Mamie, nor one of the

other servants, for Nelson was the only one of them who slept in the house. It was a step more like a woman's, though certainly it was not Mrs. Tanberry's.

Betty rose, took a candle, and stood silent for a moment, the heavy tresses of her hair, half unloosed, falling upon her neck and left shoulder like the soft folds of a dark drapery. At the slight rustle of her rising, the steps ceased instantly. Her heart set up a wild beating, and the candle shook in her hand. But she was brave and young, and, following an irresistible impulse, she ran across the room, flung open the door, and threw the light of the candle into the hall, holding it at arm's length before her.

She came almost face to face with Crailey Gray.

The blood went from his cheeks as a swallow flies down from a roof. He started back against the opposite wall with a stifled groan, while she stared at him blankly, and slowly grew as deathly pale as he.

He was a man of great resource in all emergencies which required a quick tongue, but, for the moment, this was beyond him. He felt himself lost, toppling backward into an abyss, and the uselessness of his destruction made him physically sick. For he need not have been there; he had not wished to come; he had well counted the danger to himself; and this one time in his life had gone to the cupola room out of good nature. But Bareaud had been obstinate and Crailey had come away alone, hoping that Jefferson might follow. And here he was, poor trapped rat, convicted and ruined because of a good action. At last he knew consistency to be a jewel, and that a greedy boy should never give a crust; that a fool should stick to his folly, a villain to his deviltry, and each hold his own; for the man who thrusts a good deed into a life of lies is wound about with perilous passes, and in his devious ways a thousand unexpected damnations spring.

Beaten, stunned, hang-jawed with despair, he returned her long dumbfounded gaze hopelessly, and told the truth like an inspired dunce.

"I came to bring another man away," he whispered hoarsely, and at the very moment several heavy, half-suppressed voices broke into eager talk overhead.

The white hand that held the candle wavered, and the shadows glided in a huge, grotesque dance. Twice she essayed to speak before she could do so, at the same moment motioning him back, for he had made a vague gesture toward her.

"I am not faint. Do you mean—away from up there?" She pointed to the cupola stairs.

"Yes."

"Have—have you seen my father?"

The question came out of such a depth of incredulousness that it was more an articulation of the lips than a sound, but he caught it, and with it, not hope, but the shadow of a shadow of hope, a hand waving from the far shore to the swimmer who has been down twice. Did she fear for his sake?

"No—I have not seen him." He was groping blindly.

"You did not come from that room?"

"No."

"How did you enter the house?"

The draft through the hall was blowing upon him; the double doors upon the veranda had been left open for coolness. "There," he said, pointing to them.

"But—I thought—I heard you come from the other direction."

He was breathing quickly. He saw his chance—if Jefferson Bareaud did not come now. "But you did not hear me come down the stairs." He leaned toward her, risking it all on that.

"No."

"Ah!" A sigh that was almost a gasp burst from Crailey. His head lifted a little, and his eyes were luminous with an eagerness that was almost anguish. He set his utmost will at work to collect himself and to think hard and fast.

"I came here resolved to take a man away—come what would," he said. "I found the door open, went to the foot of that stairway; then I stopped. I remembered something, turned, and was going away when you opened the door."

"You remembered what?" Her strained attitude did not relax, nor, to his utmost scrutiny, was the complete astonishment of her distended gaze altered one whit; but a hint of her accustomed high color was again upon her cheek, and her under lip trembled a little, like that of a child about to weep. The flicker of hope in his breast suddenly increased prodigiously, and the wild rush of it took the breath from his throat and choked him. Good God! Was she going to believe him?

"I remembered—you!"

"What?" she said wonderingly.

Art returned with a splendid bound, full-pinioned, his beautiful and treacherous Familiar, who had deserted him at the crucial instant; but she made up for it now, folding him in protective wings and breathing through

his spirit. In rapid and vehement whispers he poured forth rushing words upon the girl in the doorway.

"I have a friend, and I would lay down my life to make him what he could be. He has always thrown everything away—his life, his talents, all his money, and all of mine, for the sake of—throwing them away. Some other must tell you about that room; but it has ruined my friend. To-night I discovered that he had been summoned here, and I made up my mind to come and take him away. Your father has sworn to shoot me if I set foot in his house or on ground of his. But my duty was clear, and I came to do it. And yet—I stopped at the foot of the stair—because—because I remembered that you were Robert Carewe's daughter. What of you—if I went up and harm came to me from your father? For I swear I would not have touched *him!* You bade me not to speak of 'personal' things, and I have obeyed you; but you see I must tell you one thing now: I have cared for this friend of mine more than for all else under the stars, but I turned and left him to his ruin, and would a thousand times, rather than bring trouble upon you! 'A thousand times?' Ay! I swear it should be a thousand times a thousand!"

He had paraded in one speech from the prisoner's dock to Capulet's garden; and her eyes were shining into his with a great light when he finished.

"Go quickly," she whispered. "Go quickly! Go quickly!"

"But, do you understand?"

"Not yet, but I shall. Will you go? They might come—my father might come—at any moment."

"But——"

"Do you want to drive me quite mad? Please go!" She laid a trembling, urgent hand upon his sleeve.

"Never, until you tell me that you understand," replied Crailey firmly, listening intently for the slightest sound from overhead.

"Never—until then!"

"When I do I shall tell you; now I only know that you must go."

"But tell me——"

"You must go!"

There was a shuffling of chairs on the floor overhead, and Crailey went. He went even more hastily than might have been expected from the adamantine attitude he had just previously assumed, and, realizing this as he reached the wet path, he risked stealing round to her window.

"*For your sake!*" he breathed; and, having thus forestalled any trifling imperfection which might arise in her recollection of his exit from the house, he disappeared, kissing his hand to the rain that fell upon him as he ran down the street.

Miss Betty locked her door and pulled close the curtains of her window. A numerous but careful sound of footsteps came from the hall, went by her door, and out across the veranda. Silently she waited until she heard her father go alone to his room.

She took the candle and went in to Mrs. Tanberry. She set the light upon a table, pulled a chair close to the bedside, and placed her cool hand lightly on the great lady's forehead.

"Isn't it very late, Princess? Why are you not asleep?"

"Mrs. Tanberry, I want to know why there was a light in the cupola room to-night."

"What!" Mrs. Tanberry rolled herself as upright as possible, and sat with blinking eyes.

"I want to know what I am sure you know, what I am sure everybody knows except me. What were they doing there to-night, and what was the quarrel between Mr. Vanrevel and my father that had to do with Mr. Gray?"

Mrs. Tanberry gazed earnestly into the girl's face. After a long time she said in a gentle voice:

"Child, has it come to matter *that* much?"

"Yes," said Miss Betty.

(To be continued)

HOW I BECAME AN AËRONAUT AND MY EXPERIENCE WITH AIR-SHIPS

PART II

BY ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

THE next year I built a new air-ship, which Paris at once christened the "Santos-Dumont No. 2." It had the same length as the first and about the same form; but its radius was greater—1 meter .90 (6 feet, 4 inches) instead of 1 meter .75 (6 feet)—which brought the volume up to 200 cubic meters (7,062 cubic feet) and gave me 44 pounds more ascensional force. I had taken account of the insufficiency of the air-pump which had all but killed me; and I added a little aluminium ventilator, to make surer of stability in the form of the balloon.

The first trial was fixed for Thursday, May 11, 1899, the Feast of the Ascension. Unfortunately a steady rain came on, making the balloon of the air-ship heavy, and depriving me of the ascensional force requisite for undertaking the journey in sufficient security. I, therefore, contented myself with going through evolutions at the end of a cord. The trial, nevertheless, ended in the neighboring trees.

The balloon had doubled up under the combined action of the contraction of the hydrogen and the force of the wind.

My friends began again at me now, saying: "You must understand that it is impossible to keep the shape of your cylindrical balloon rigid. You must not risk your life again by taking a petroleum motor into the air."

I said to myself: "Errors do not count. Little by little I shall correct the defects that have been revealed by my accidents; and I shall end in complete success."

The First Flight Around the Eiffel Tower

Accordingly, during the same year, I built a new balloon, the "Santos-Dumont No. 3." Its principal measurements were: Capacity, 500 cubic meters (17,655 cubic feet); length, 20 meters (66 feet); middle diameter, 7 meters. 50 (25 feet). The basket and machine remained the same; but I suppressed the little air-balloon that had worked so badly in my previous experiment. As will be noted from the dimensions, this balloon differed greatly from the others in shape; and its increased capacity permitted me to employ illuminating gas instead of hydrogen. When inflated thus, it lifted 231 pounds of ballast together with myself and the machine, basket, rigging, and utensils.

I started for the first time in the "Santos-Dumont No. 3" from the Parc d'Aërostation, at Vaugirard, on November 13, 1899, at 3.30 P.M. The Eiffel Tower made the center for my evolutions. Around that wonderful landmark, for twenty minutes, I had the immense satisfaction of describing circles, figure eights, and whatever other manœuvers it pleased me to undertake, and in all directions, diagonally up and down as well as laterally. I had at last realized my fullest expectations. Very faithfully the air-ship obeyed the impulse of propeller and steering-rudder, fixed to the rear suspension-cord which served it as a hinge.

From the Eiffel Tower I took my course to the Parc des Princes, and then, making a great loop, passed over the training-fields at Bagatelle, near Longchamps. I had, indeed, decided to come down there again, where I had landed so unwillingly before; and this landing I effected under the best conditions—at the exact spot where "Santos-Dumont No. 1" had fallen.

Had the air been calm, my speed on this trip might have reached 25 kilometers (15½ miles) an hour. That day, however, the wind was so strong that a return to the starting-place appeared to me to present great difficulties, considering the small size of the Parc d'Aërostation at Vaugirard, surrounded on all sides by the houses of the *quartier*. Landing in Paris, in general, is something next to impossible for any kind of balloon.

Considerations of this order made it desirable for me to have a plant of my own. The Aëro Club had acquired some land on the newly opened Côteaux de Longchamps, at Saint-Cloud; and I decided to become my own master by building on it a great shed, high enough to contain my air-ship with the balloon fully inflated, and furnished with a hydrogen generator. This Aërodrome, which I built at my own expense, was 30 meters (99 feet) long, 7 meters (23 feet) wide, and 11

meters (36 feet) high. While it was in the course of erection I made other successful trips in the "Santos-Dumont No. 3," the last time losing my rudder and landing, luckily, on the plain at Ivry. I did not repair it. The balloon was too clumsy in form, and the motor was too weak. I now had my own Aërodrome and gas-plant; I would no longer be obliged to empty the balloon after each trip; I would be able, therefore, to experiment for longer periods and with more method.

Making Ready for the Deutsch Prize

The summer of the Universal Exposition was approaching; and I wished, too, to win the 100,000 franc *Grand Prix d'Aërostation* that had just been founded in Paris by M. Deutsch (de la Meurthe). The winning of this prize demanded that the trip from the Saint-Cloud Parc d'Aërostation to the Eiffel Tower, around it, and back to the starting-place should be made within half an hour. The regulations obliged the contestant to convoke, on the eve of each trial, the committee that made up the jury of the prize. I had good hopes of winning, but my chief aim was to continue, in any case, the trials which had already given such good results. So I did not hesitate to begin building an air-ship much more important than the previous ones. It was finished on August 1, 1900.

The measurements of the "Santos-Dumont No. 4" were: Volume, 420 cubic meters (14,830 cubic feet); length, 29 meters (95 feet); middle diameter, 5 meters .60 (18½ feet). Beneath it hung a pole-keel of bamboo, 9 meters .40 (31 feet) long; and to the middle of this was attached the saddle, pedals, and part of the frame of an ordinary bicycle. Astraddle of the bicycle saddle I had under my feet the starting-pedals of a 9-horse-power motor, driving a propeller with two wings, 4 meters (13 feet) across. These were made of silk, stretched over a steel frame. With its aluminium hub the propeller, which was attached to the stem (instead of to the stern) of the pole-keel, weighed 28 kilos (61½ pounds). It turned with a velocity of 100 revolutions to the minute and produced, *au point fixe*, an effort of 30 kilos (66 pounds). The pole-keel and mechanism weighed altogether 300 kilos (660 pounds). A hexagonal rudder—silk stretched over wooden rods—in spite of its great surface of 7 square meters, was light enough to be placed quite at the extremity of the balloon, on the stuff of the envelope itself. The balloon was rather elliptical in form; and though not at all a return to the slender straightness of No. 1, it had so little of No. 3's podgy compactness that I thought it prudent to put the compensating air-balloon inside it again, this time fed by a rotary ventilator. Being smaller than No. 3, it would have less lifting-power; but this I would make up by going back to hydrogen gas.

Near the saddle on which I sat were the ends of the cords and other means for controlling the different parts of the mechanism—the electric lighting of the motor, the regulation of the carburator, the handling of the rudder, ballast, and the shifting weights (consisting of the guide-rope and bags of sand), the managing of the balloon's valves, and the emergency rope for tearing open the balloon. It may easily be gathered from this enumeration that an air-ship, even as simple as my own, is a very complex organism; and the work incumbent on the aëronaut is no sinecure.

With this air-ship I made almost daily trials from the Parc d'Aërostation at Saint-Cloud; but my most remarkable trial took place on September 19, 1900, in the presence of the International Congress of Aëronauts. Although an accident to the rudder prevented my making a free ascension, I held my own against the wind, and gave a clear proof of the effective working of an aërial propeller, driven by a petroleum motor. I then resolved to double the power of my motor, by adopting the four-cylinder type, but always without the water-jacket—which had just been invented. On account of this increase in weight, I was obliged to lengthen my balloon 3 meters (10 feet). The Aërodrome itself then became 10 feet too short; and so I added to it and prepared a lodging for the "Santos-Dumont No. 5," which I was to build in the beginning of 1901.

Inside the Aërodrome, with a velocity of 140 turns per minute, the propeller furnished a traction-power of 55 kilos (121 pounds). It worked so well that I contracted a severe cold in its current of cold air.

To get rid of this I went to the Riviera, where I constructed the keel of the "Santos-Dumont No. 5"—a very light and rigid framework measuring 18 meters (60 feet) in length, and weighing but 50 kilos (110 pounds). It was—as it remains—a combination of curved pine scantlings, held together by aluminium joints, with cross-pieces of wood, and consolidated by a web of steel wires. The cross-section of the keel is an isosceles triangle, 1 meter (3 3/10 feet) high, and 80 centimeters (2 feet, 7 inches) at the base. At its rear was attached the propeller, driven by a 16-horse-power motor. The shaft was of hollow steel. The whole was suspended, attached by steel wires, in the axis of the frame-

work, like a spider in the midst of its web. The rudder was in the rear again, while the guide-rope hung from the front of the keel.

When I had finished its construction, in April, 1901, the Scientific Commission of the Deutsch Prize encouraged me to continue my experiments by awarding me, for my labors of 1900, the interest on the 100,000 francs, which had not been won by any one during the preceding year. To encourage other experimenters, I left this sum (4,000 francs) at the disposition of the Aëro Club, to found a new prize. I made its conditions very simple:

"The Santos-Dumont prize shall be awarded to the aëronaut, a member of the Aëro Club, who, between May 1 and October 1, 1901, starting from the Parc d'Aërostation of Saint-Cloud, shall turn round the Eiffel Tower and come back to the starting-point, at the end of whatsoever time, but without touching ground, and without other agency than the motive power carried on board the balloon.

"If the Santos-Dumont prize is not won in 1901, it shall remain open for the following year—and so on, until the problem is solved."

I did not wish to complicate such a trial. I was sure that even under the most favorable conditions, it would be a great deal to come back to the starting-point after having reached a post determined in advance—an exploit, indeed, unheard of before 1901.

The conditions also left the competitors free to choose the state of the air most favorable to them.

The Aëro Club signified its approval by deciding to give its highest reward to the one who should win the prize I had founded. Since then the 4,000 francs have remained in the treasury of the club; one competitor only has been entered; and he has not tried to fulfill the conditions.

As I had excluded myself from trying for my own prize, I wished at least to show that these were possible. This I did for the first time, July 13, 1901, after a practice-flight the day before. At 4.30 P.M. I had my air-ship brought to the Longchamps race-course. I did not take time to ask permission from the Jockey Club which, however, a few days later, placed this admirable open space at my disposition for future trials. Ten times in succession I made the circuit of Longchamps, stopping each time at a point which I had designated beforehand. After these first evolutions, which altogether made up a distance of about 35 kilometers (22 miles), I set out for Puteaux; and, after an excursion of some 3 kilometers, done in nine minutes, I came back again to Longchamps.

A Luncheon in the Tree Tops

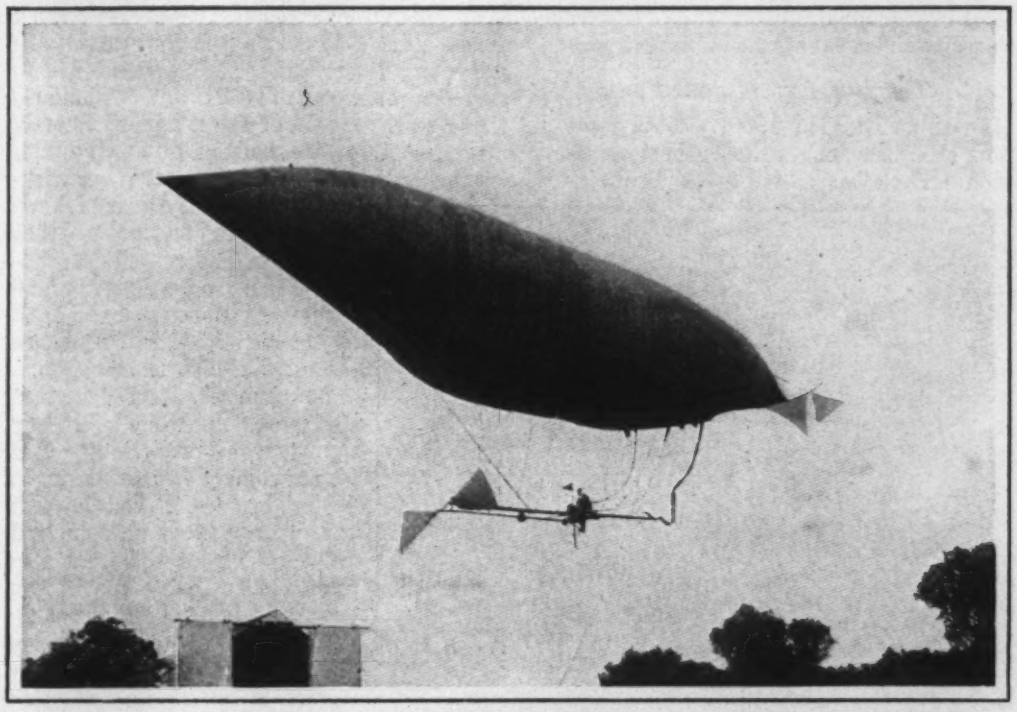
I was now so satisfied with the results that I began looking for the Eiffel Tower. It had disappeared in the mists of the morning; but its direction was fairly known to me, and I steered toward it as well as I could. In ten minutes I had come to within 200 meters ($\frac{1}{8}$ mile) of the Champ de Mars. There one of the cords managing my rudder broke; and I was obliged to navigate diagonally downward and land in the Trocadero Gardens. A ladder was brought to me; and a few men at my request held it upright. I climbed up to its highest round and repaired the damage. Then I started off again, turned hastily round the Eiffel Tower, and came back to Longchamps after a trip, which, including the stop, had lasted one hour and six minutes. After a few minutes rest, I took a flight over to my Aërodrome, crossed the Seine at an altitude of 200 meters, and brought back my air-ship to its habitation.

The next day, July 13th, in presence of the committee, which had been regularly convoked, I set out at 6.41 A.M. I turned round the Eiffel Tower in the tenth minute, and came back against a head-wind to the Parc d'Aërostation, which I reached at the fortieth minute at an altitude of 200 meters, after a terrific struggle with the element. Just at this moment my capricious motor stopped and the air-ship drifted until it fell, with comparatively little damage and without the least scratch to myself, on the tallest chestnut tree in the park of M. Edmond de Rothschild. This was near the *hotel* of Princesse Ysabel, Comtesse d'Eu, who sent up to me in my tree a champagne lunch, with an invitation to come and tell her the story of my trip.

When my story was over, she said to me: "Your evolutions in the air made me think of the flight of our great birds of Brazil. I hope that you will succeed for the glory of our common country."

The First Serious Mishap

And now I come to a terrible day—August 8, 1901. At 6.30 A.M., I started for the Eiffel Tower again, in the presence of the committee, duly convoked. I turned the goal at the end of nine minutes, and took my way back to Saint-Cloud; but my balloon was losing hydrogen through the automatic valves, the spring of which had been accidentally weakened; and it shrank visibly. All at once, while over the fortifications of Paris, near La Muette, the screw-propeller touched and cut the suspension-cords, which were sagging



SANTOS-DUMONT NO. 4

behind. I was obliged to stop the motor instantly; and at once I saw my air-ship drift straight back to the Eiffel Tower. I had no means of avoiding the terrible danger, except to wreck myself on the roofs of the Trocadero quarter. Without hesitation I opened the manœuver-valve, and sent my balloon downward.

At 32 meters (106 feet) above the ground, and with the noise of an explosion, it struck the roof of the Trocadero Hotels. The balloon-envelope was torn to rags, and fell into the courtyard of the hotels, while I remained hanging 15 meters (50 feet) above the ground in my wicker basket, which had been turned almost over, but was supported by the keel. The keel of the "Santos-Dumont No. 5" saved my life that day.

After some minutes a rope was thrown down to me; and helping myself with feet and hands up the wall (the few narrow windows of which were grated like those of a prison), I was hauled up to the roof. The firemen from Passy had watched the fall of the air-ship from their Observatory. They, too, hastened to the rescue. It was impossible to disengage the remains of the balloon-envelope and suspension apparatus except in strips and pieces.

My escape was narrow; but it was not from the particular danger always present to my mind during this period of my experiments. The position of the Eiffel Tower as a central landmark, visible to everybody from considerable distances, makes it a unique winning-post for an aërial race. Yet this does not alter the other fact that the feat of rounding the Eiffel Tower possesses a unique element of danger. What I feared when on the ground—I had no time to fear while in the air—was that, by some mistake of steering, or by the influence of some side-wind, I might be dashed against the Tower. The impact would burst my balloon, and I should fall to the ground like a stone. Though I never seek to fly at a great height—on the contrary, I hold the record for low altitude in a free balloon,—in passing over Paris I must necessarily move above all its chimney-pots and steeples. The Eiffel Tower was my one danger—yet it was my winning-post!

But in the air I have no time to fear. I have always kept a cool head. Alone in the air-ship, I am always very busy. I must not let go the rudder for a single instant. Then there is the strong joy of commanding. What does it feel like to sail in a dirigible balloon? While the wind was carrying me back to the Eiffel Tower, I realized that I might be killed; but I did not feel fear. I was in no personal inconvenience. I knew my resources. I was excessively occupied. I have felt fear while in the air, yes, miserable fear joined to pain; but

never in a dirigible balloon. The remembrance of it sometimes haunts me in my dreams.

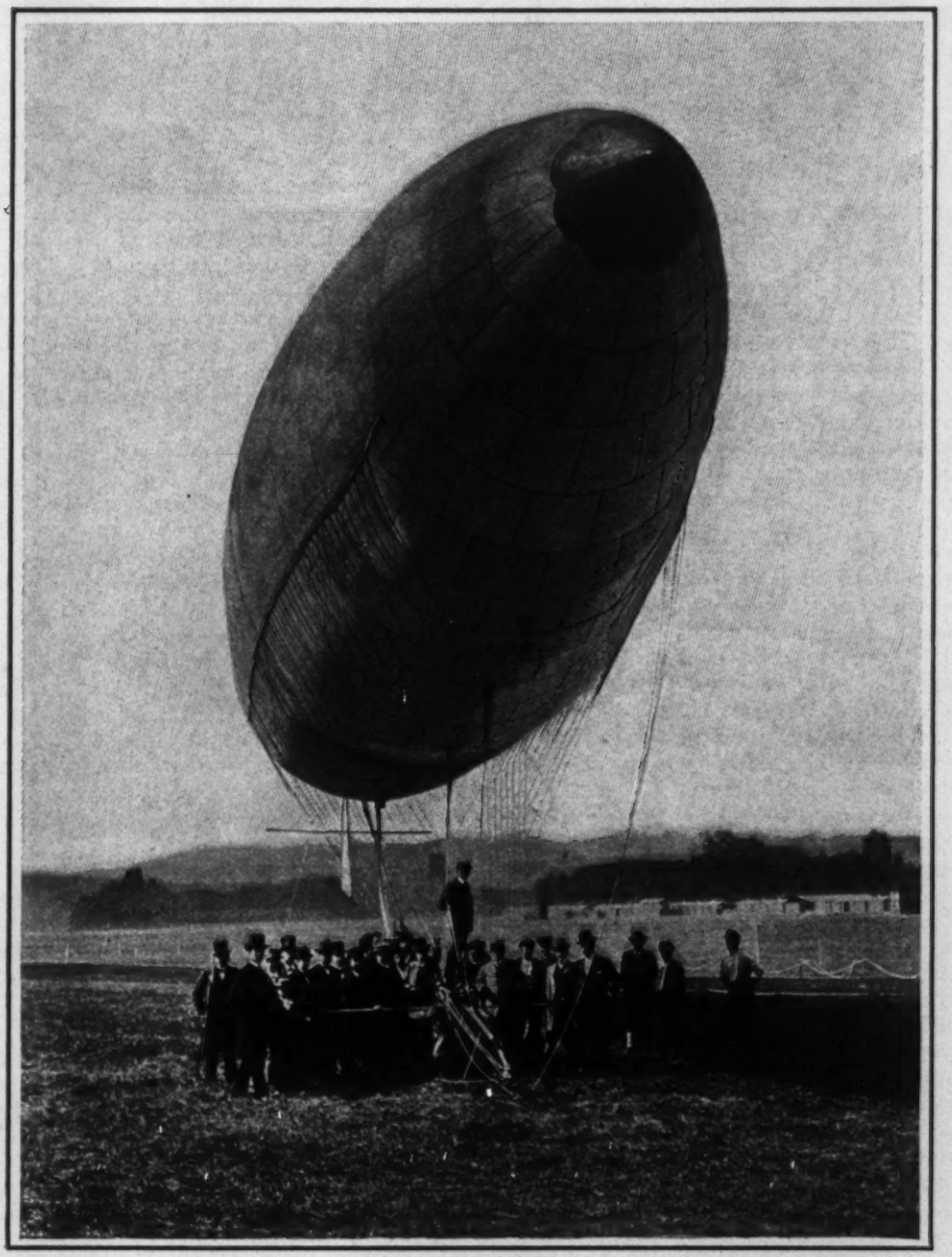
A Terrible Experience at Nice

It was at Nice, in 1900, when I went up from the Place Massena in a spherical balloon on a mere pleasure-trip. The weather was nice; but the barometer was low, which meant storm. I went in the direction of Cimiez for a time; but the wind threatened to carry me out to sea and I threw out ballast, rising to the height of about a mile. Shortly after this I let the balloon go down again, hoping to find a safer air-current. When within 300 yards of the ground, however, near the Var, I noticed that the balloon had ceased descending. As I had determined to land in any case, I opened the valve and let out some more gas. And here the terrible experience began.

THE FALL INTO THE COURTYARD OF THE TROCADERO HOTELS. SANTOS-DUMONT NO. 5

The barometer assured me that I was going up, while I felt—by the wind and everything—that I was going down, as I ought to be, because I had let out gas. To my great uneasiness I presently discovered what was wrong. I was being lifted by an enormous column of air rushing upward. I opened the valve again: the balloon was surely having a great fall through the column; still the barometer showed that I had attained a higher altitude above the ground, and I could now take account of it by the way the land was disappearing under me. I now closed the valve to save my gas and waited to see what would happen.

The upward-moving column of air continued to lift me to a height of 3,000 meters (almost 2 miles). At last the balloon stopped rising; and soon the barometer showed that the balloon was descending toward the earth. When I began to see land, I threw out ballast, not to come down too quickly. I could now perceive the storm beating the trees and shrubbery; up in the storm itself I had felt nothing. Carried along at a terrific rate, knocking against the tops of trees, and continually threatened with a painful death, I threw out my anchor. It caught in trees and shrubs and broke away. The basket itself caught and broke away. Had it been in heavy timber, it would have been all over with me. As it was, I was dragged through the small trees and yielding shrubbery, my face



SANTOS-DUMONT NO. 6

a mass of cuts and bruises, my clothes torn from my back, in pain and strain, fearing the worst and able to do so little to save myself. Just as I had given myself up for lost, the guide-rope wound itself round a tree and held. I was precipitated from the basket and fell to the ground unconscious. When I came to, some peasants were standing there looking at me. They helped me back to Nice, where I went to bed and had the doctors sew me up.

When I fell to the roofs of the Trocadero Hotels, the danger was as real, but I had none of these emotions. Seeing that I must fall, I had chosen my spot—the Gardens of the Trocadero—and I was busily engaged in my attempt to fall as gently as possible upon it.

On the very evening of the catastrophe I gave the order for a "Santos-Dumont No. 6," and in twenty-two days it was finished

and inflated. The new balloon had the shape of an elongated ellipsoid, 32 meters (105 feet) on its great axis, and 6 meters (20 feet) on its short axis, terminated fore and aft by cones. Its capacity was 605 cubic meters (21,362 cubic feet), giving it a lifting-power of 620 kilos (1,362 pounds). Of this, 1,100 pounds were represented by keel, machinery, and my own weight, leaving a net lifting-power of 120 kilos (261 pounds). I eliminated every pound of this with ballast, so that while the system belongs to the category of aërial machines lighter than the air (because it can be made to rise by throwing out ballast), it at the same time resembles flying-machines heavier than the air (because it is regularly raised by its propeller, and descends as soon as its propeller stops). The propeller was moved by an 18-horse-power Buchet motor, cooled automatically by the circulation of water round its cylinders. This arrangement would permit me to utilize, without fear of over-heating or jamming *en route*, the full power of the motor, which communicated to the propeller (when the bow of the balloon was pointed upward) an added ascensional force of 30 kilos (66 pounds).

Among the peculiarities of the air-ships which I built in 1901, were the steel piano wires $\frac{8}{10}$ of a millimeter in diameter, to sustain the keel. Possessed of a high coëfficient of rupture and slight surface, they advantageously replace the hempen cords of all previous dirigible balloons. The resistance of such cords to movement through the air might be compared to the resistance of the balloon-envelope itself.

For the first time, also, I made use of liquid ballast—two brass reservoirs, very thin and holding together 54 liters (60 quarts), placed between the motor and propeller, and provided with two spigots, which can be opened or closed from my basket by means of two steel wires.

Inside the balloon, sewed to the middle of the lower part of its envelope, was an air-balloon holding 60 cubic meters (2,118 cubic feet), fed with air by an aluminium ventilator. This air-balloon had a valve underneath opening into the balloon, while the balloon proper had two such valves communicating with the outer air. These valves were automatic, opening outward from within under pressure from either the air or the hydrogen, as the case might be. Their springs were regulated so that the valves of the air-balloon always opened first, to allow the air in it to escape, while the valves of the balloon could lose their hydrogen only afterward, if the pressure demanded it.

Dumont's Theory of Severo's Fall

One of the hypotheses to account for the terrible accident to the unhappy Severo's dirigible "Pax,"* is concerned with this very delicate problem of valves. I have three valves, including the manœuver-valve; the "Pax" as originally constructed by M. Lachambre, had two. M. Severo, who was a theoretical but certainly not a practical aëronaut, actually stopped up one of these valves with wax before starting on his first and last voyage. In view of the decreasing pressure of the air as one goes higher, the ascent of a dirigible balloon should always be slow; gas will expand on the rise of a few yards. It is quite different from a spherical balloon in which there is no pressure. A dirigible, whose envelope is held as tight as a drum-head, depends entirely on these valves not to burst by reason of mere gas-expansion. With one of its valves stopped with wax, the "Pax" was allowed to shoot up from the earth; and immediately its occupants seem to have lost their heads. Instead of checking the rise of the balloon, one or other of them threw out ballast. Think of it—a handful of sand will send a great spherical balloon up perceptibly. Severo's mechanician, in his excitement, is said to have thrown out a whole bag. Up shot the air-ship higher and higher—and the expansion, the explosion, and the awful fall, came as the consequence.

On September 6, 1901, a series of successful evolutions over Longchamps were ended by an accident of my own. The balloon was reinflated by September 15th; and four days later it crashed against a tree. Such slight accidents I have always regarded as, in a way, a kind of insurance against more terrible ones. Were I to give a single word of caution to all dirigible balloonists, it would be: "Keep close to earth!" The place of the air-ship is not in high altitudes.

On October 19, 1901, I was prepared to make another trial—which this time proved successful. The day before, I sent out the necessary telegrams convoking the Committee, but at 2 P.M., the hour announced for the trial, the atmospheric conditions were so unfavorable that, of the twenty-five members, only five were present. A southeast wind was blowing at a speed of 6 meters (20 feet)

* In the early morning of May 12, 1902, M. Augusto Severo, a Brazilian like M. Santos-Dumont, accompanied by his mechanician, Sachet, started from Paris on a first trial trip with the dirigible "Pax," the invention and construction of M. Severo. The "Pax" rose at once to a height almost double that of the Eiffel Tower, when, for reasons unknown, it exploded and came crashing down with its two passengers. The fall took eight seconds to accomplish, and the luckless passengers were picked up shapeless and broken masses.—EDITOR.

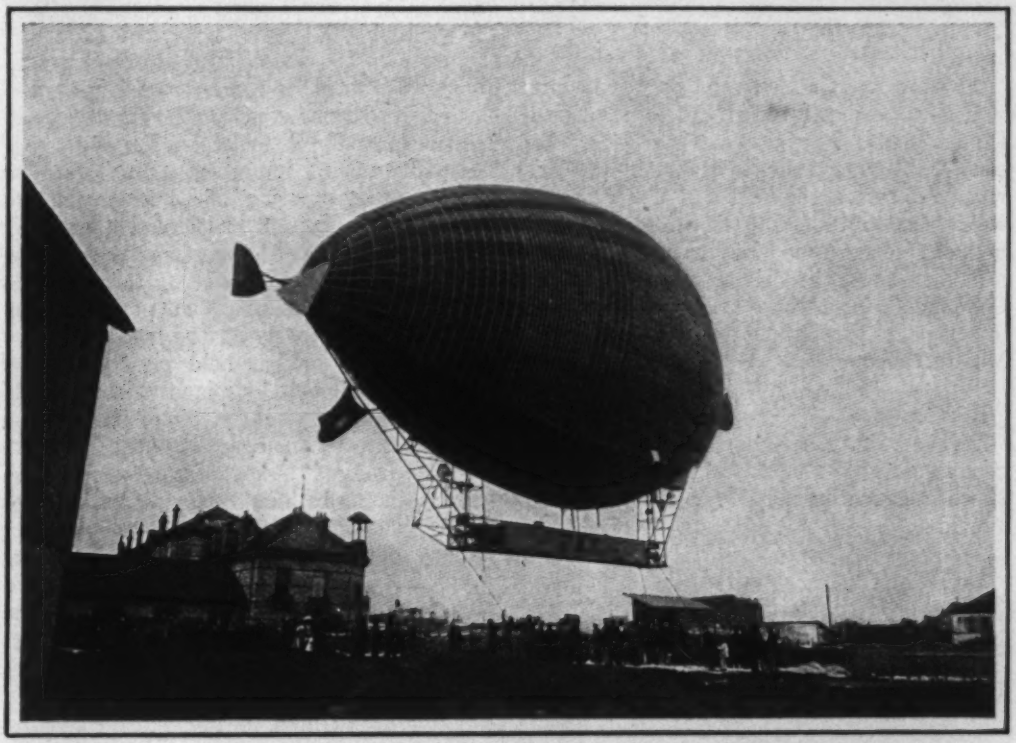
per second, at the altitude of the Eiffel Tower. My first air-ship, in 1898, developed *au point fixe* the promise of a speed of 8 meters (26 feet) per second. I therefore was now setting out to win a difficult race against a time limit, in a wind blowing almost as fast as the highest theoretical speed that I had hoped to realize with my first air-ship.

Winning the Great Prize

The official start took place at 2.42 P.M. In spite of the side-wind, I held my course straight to the goal. I gradually drove the air-ship horizontally upward, to a height of about 15 meters (50 feet) above the flag on the summit of the Eiffel Tower. As I passed it, I turned, bringing the air-ship round the lightning-conductor at a distance of about 50 meters (165 feet). The Tower was thus turned at 2.51 P.M.—the distance of 5½ kilometers (3⅜ miles) having been covered in nine minutes. The return trip was almost directly in the teeth of the wind. During the trip to the Tower, also, the motor had worked fairly well; but a petroleum motor of light construction is a delicate and capricious machine. Five hundred meters (⅓ mile) from the Eiffel Tower, it was actually on the point of stopping, and I had a moment of terrible uncertainty. If the motor stopped the air-ship would undoubtedly be dashed against the Tower. I had to make a quick decision—it was to abandon the steering-wheel for a moment, at the risk of drifting from my course, to devote my attention to the lever controlling the electric spark. The motor began to work again. A second's hesitation might have cost me my life.

Just above the fortifications of Paris, the motor almost failed again. Again I had to devote myself to keeping it in motion. The screw almost came to a stop; and the air-ship, a trifle heavier than the air, was rapidly falling. Up to this moment I had not used my ballast. Now I threw out enough sand to reëstablish my equilibrium. The balloon, buffeted by the wind, advanced with difficulty. From time to time a pitching movement must have been visible to those below. Some day I may be able to correct such pitching by means of a horizontal rudder; it is due to the irregular motion of the petroleum motor. Were the electric motor possible, it would be altogether avoided.

Suddenly the sound of cheering came faintly up to me. It was the applause of the multitude on the Auteuil race-track. The Prix Fin-Picard had just been run, and preparations for the next race were being made. For a moment I looked down on the scene, from my altitude



SEVERO'S BALLOON, THE "PAX," WHICH, ON ITS FIRST ASCENT AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 2,000 FEET, BURST AND EXPLODED, SENDING TO A TERRIBLE DEATH BOTH M. SEVERO AND HIS ASSISTANT

of 80 meters (264 feet). A few minutes later I arrived above Longchamps, crossed the Seine, and passed on at full speed over the heads of the Committee and spectators and around the Saint-Cloud Aërodrome. It was then 11 minutes, 30 seconds past 3 o'clock, making the actual time exactly 29 minutes, 31 seconds. The air-ship, carried by its impetus, passed on across the line like a yacht or a race-horse. I turned and drove myself back to the Aërodrome, to have my guide-rope caught and be drawn down at 12 minutes, 40⅘ seconds past 3 o'clock, 30 minutes, 40 seconds from the start.

I had now won the Deutsch Prize, and winter was approaching. From my friend, the Duc de Dino, and his charming American wife, I had received an invitation to their Monte Carlo villa; while from the Prince of Monaco assurances were sent me that the Prince, himself a man of science, would be pleased to build me a balloon-house directly on the beach of the Condamine, from where I might continue my experiments throughout the winter over the Mediterranean.

Monte Carlo

The story of these experiments has been already told in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.* I will, therefore, add here only a few observations touching on the accident which caused me once again deliberately to wreck my air-ship.

As Mr. Heilig has written,* the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" left the Aërodrome of the Condamine at 2.30 P.M. of February 14, 1902, imperfectly inflated and imperfectly ballasted. The experimenter with dirigible balloons must be continually on his guard against the little errors and neglects of his aids. I have four men who have been with me three years; they are now, in their way, experts, and I have every confidence in them. Yet this thing happened. Imagine, then, what might be the dangers with a set of inexperienced subordinates.

In spite of their simplicity, my air-ships require constant surveillance on a few capital heads. Is the balloon properly filled? Is there possibility of a leak? Is the rigging in condition? Is the motor in condition? Do the cords commanding rudder, motor, water-ballast, and the shifting weights work freely? Is the ballast properly balanced? Looked on as a mere machine, the air-ship requires no more care than an automobile; but, from the point of view of consequences, the need of faithful and intelligent surveillance is simply imperious.

* McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for July, 1902.

In the first years of my experiments I insisted on doing everything for myself. I "groomed" my balloons with my own hands. My present aids understand my present air-ships. Yet were I to begin experiments with a new type, I should have to train them all anew.

The air-ship left the Aërodrome imperfectly balanced, because there was no space outside in which to send it up and ascertain if its ballast were properly distributed. As a consequence, I perceived when over the bay that the whole system was too heavy behind. Thus, the push of the propeller sent the air-ship obliquely upward. It had been cool inside the shaded Aërodrome. Outside the direct rays of the sun immediately expanded the hydrogen. The balloon being imperfectly filled, the gas in its upward-pointing end became heated first, causing an upward rush of still more hydrogen and further exaggerating the inclination. That nothing should be lacking, the effect of all this was to react powerfully on the center of gravity of the whole system: ordinarily the keel is held rigidly parallel with the balloon, by piano wires tightly stretched; but now the strain of the inclined position, already an angle of almost forty-five degrees, dragged the keel downward and backward until the balloon's nose pointed almost vertically to the zenith.

The rigging sagged behind; it caught in the propeller; then the guide-rope caught. I did not dare to stop the propeller, because the strong wind would have dashed me against the houses of Monte Carlo. Yet the propeller was tearing the rigging. There was nothing to do but to pull open the manœuver-valve, let out a quantity of gas, and come down gradually into the water.

Dangers and Difficulties

I have often been asked what present utility is to be expected of the dirigible balloon when it becomes thoroughly practicable. I have never pretended that its commercial possibilities could go far. The question of the air-ship in war, however, is otherwise. Mr. Hiram Maxim has declared that a flying machine in South Africa would have been worth four times its weight in gold. Henri Rochefort has said: "The day when it is established that a man can direct an air-ship in a given direction and cause it to manœuver as he wills . . . there will remain little for the nations to do but to lay down their arms."

Experience with spherical war balloons in South Africa has shown that they may be shot at and pierced with bullets without other

effect than to let out gas very slowly. It must be admitted that the case is not quite the same with dirigibles. The spherical balloon is under no pressure; the dirigible balloon is held tight as a drum-head by the interior pressure. It is therefore possible that a bullet, penetrating it, might cause an explosion. We must wait and see. War-ships on the high seas when struck at the water-line sink with all hands on board; yet this does not prevent the nations from building them.

The danger from storms is likewise shared with the ship at sea. When I experimented with my earlier, smaller air-ships, I knew there was danger of being blown away or dashed against buildings by a sudden storm. The danger is not so great now that my air-ships are larger and more powerful; and when the great ones of the future find themselves in storms, they will do what ships at sea have always done, either hold head against the wind, or else run with it. But it will never be possible to land in a storm.

One of my greatest dangers passed unperceived at the time either by myself or any one else. It was while they were rescuing me over the Bay of Monaco. The air-ship was only a few feet above the smoke-stack of the steam chaloupe engaged in towing me. Now the smoke-stack was belching hot black smoke and red-hot sparks, any one of which might have set fire to my escaping hydrogen and blown my balloon and me to atoms.

As to the danger of suspending a properly working petroleum motor beneath a balloon filled with hydrogen gas, everything depends upon how it is done. There is no danger from illuminating gas in houses, although danger was predicted at the beginning by the scientific men of England and America. I do not fear fire while in the air so long as my motor works properly. Yet it is true that once in a long while an automobile blows up. When this happens on the highway the consequences are not necessarily serious; but I confess that such an explosion of a petroleum reservoir in the air would be a different thing. This, however, is a different risk from that of setting fire to the balloon's hydrogen; that is so remote that I do not consider it.

Poor Severo is dead, as is the unfortunate mechanician who accompanied him; and I would not say a word of unkind criticism of a man who has given up his life in aërial experi-

SANTOS-DUMONT NO. 5 ROUNDING EIFFEL TOWER JULY 13, 1901

mentation. Yet in the interest of others who may be tempted to follow his example I can only say that it is folly for any one to attempt unprepared these ascensions. The plan of M. Severo's air-ship invited disaster. The flame-spitting motor was only about three feet from the envelope.* In my air-ship it is at least sixteen feet below the balloon and far to the rear—a total distance of perhaps fifty feet from possible chances of gas ignition. The moment the gas escaped from M. Severo's balloon, however, it caught fire. M. Lachambre, the balloon constructor, saw the catastrophe. He has told me that the "Pax" shot up with great rapidity, that the gas must have expanded greatly, that there was a detonation, a sheet of fire, and instantly the balloon was in flames; the next second the whole thing came crashing down to earth.

The cause of aërial navigation is injured by such accidents. There have been moments when I have known that, were I to lose my head for an instant, were my skill to fail me for a second, I too should be lost. But we might as well say that because men have gone to their deaths in unsafe vessels, a Columbus should not be encouraged to sail out upon unknown seas.

* The Scientific Committee of the Aëro Club of Paris, in its meeting of May 26, 1902, after a long discussion of the "Pax" disaster, decided that the explosion was due to the proximity of the motor to the escape-valve of the balloon, and that, under such conditions, the Committee would never have admitted M. Severo to the Aëro Club's competitions.

SIX MONTHS AMONG BRIGANDS

BY ELLEN M. STONE

IV

Negotiations for the Payment of the Ransom—The Payment—Disheartening Continuance in Captivity—The Pursuit Closing in

IT must always be kept in mind that this is the story of one of the captives who could know nothing of what the world knew of the stories circulated in the newspapers concerning them, and next to nothing concerning those who were conducting the negotiations, or of the measures taken by them.

On the sixth day after our capture the first attempt was made toward opening negotiations for the raising of the ransom. After eleven days we heard of the failure of that attempt. We felt then that death was inevitable, but they proceeded to command me to write a second time. This time they transferred the field of their negotiations to Bulgaria, having ordered me to write to one of our missionaries in Samokov, stating the fact of our capture and the intention of the brigands to exact a ransom or put us to death.

In each of these communications the brigands set a limit upon our lives, as well as in a third communication which they compelled me to write after they understood, as we guessed, that a movement was on foot in America for raising the ransom. In each instance they added a threat to murder us, which we were fully persuaded they would carry out if the money were not forthcoming at the expiration of the time appointed. The scene in the sheepfold, one of the last Sabbaths in October, when after consultation they took out their revolvers to execute their threats, was proof enough of the inexorable determination of some of them, at least. Their desire for the money, however, caused another postponement. "Think how many liras!" was the remark of one of them, overheard by me during one of the first nights' journeys.

It was also plainly manifest that they were surprised and disappointed when they learned that the case had passed into the hands of the diplomats. It was of no use for them to set a limit of days to our lives after that. They clearly realized this when they said fiercely, but with unshaken determination: "We'll keep you if necessary five years, but we'll show the world we can keep you until we get our money."

Many and many of the waiting days were spent in such dark holes that we could do nothing but talk together, when not eating or sleeping, to while away the interminable hours, and frequently we could talk only in whispers. At one time we were hidden where the wooden shutters covering the windows were not nailed. In our anxiety to gain a little

light, Mrs. Tsilka incautiously opened one shutter a little too far, and the white kerchief upon her head attracted the attention of a shepherd who was passing at a distance. When this came to the knowledge of the brigands, they visited their displeasure upon us in unmeasured terms, and one of them seated himself where we could by no means gain access to the light. Within we sat and sat until we both broke down, and wept bitterly. The confinement tortured Mrs. Tsilka beyond endurance. Finally, in desperation, we bethought ourselves of a plan by which we might gain a little privacy. We took the one piece of stout cord which had been provided for the tying of our blanket during our nightly journeys, and stretched it across one corner of that black place. Over it we hung our homespun blanket, making a secluded corner in which we could hide ourselves to a degree, with our misery. At length we began to interest ourselves in watching the feet of the brigands as they passed in and out, and taught ourselves to distinguish the different guards by the way they wound the straps which held their foot-gear.

The brigands were never to be caught off their guard, to reveal the progress of negotiations, nor to acquaint us with any knowledge which they might have had of what was going on in the great world. Our captors would never tell us the reason why they moved us night after night, sometimes in rain, sometimes in snow, sometimes fording many streams whose rocky beds were so filled with boulders that the captives on their horses with great difficulty held to their pack-saddles, amid the rushing waters. We could only infer from the frequency of these marches, that the pursuit by the troops was constant and unrelenting. During one night of pitchy darkness, when the way led through a region where they would not permit the slightest sound, they came to a place where the ascent was so steep that they dismounted us and led us by the hand. As we crawled along, one after the other, the brigands stepping exactly in our tracks, so that their shapeless moccasin-tread might obliterate every trace of women's feet, the path through the slippery mud leading along the side of a precipice, the foot of the man who was supporting Mrs. Tsilka slipped, and he began to slide down the steep declivity, dragging her after him. Another brigand, with eyes like a cat's, seized her with a grip of iron, and bore her to the summit. Here, in the blackness, they commanded us to mount our horses. After many difficulties, Mrs. Tsilka found herself in her saddle, but when she reached to steady herself by grasping her horse's mane, she found his tail! But there was no laugh-

RILO LAKE

Near where Miss Stone was at one time detained. The region hereabouts is infested with brigands

ing then; the strain of the hour was too tense.

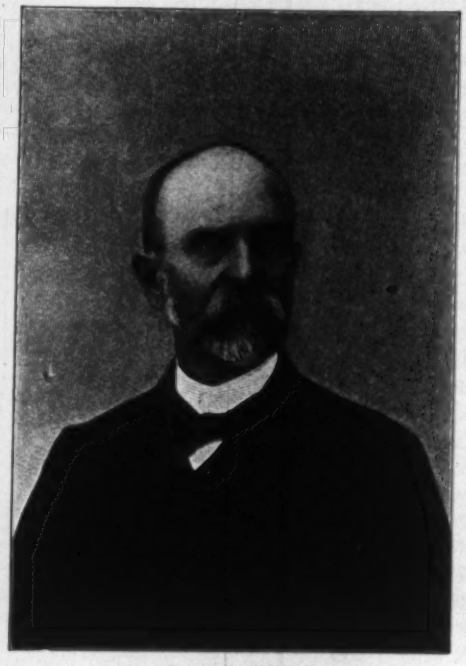
But at length there came the happy day when one of them ordered me to write another authorization for the money, and this time he said: "We have determined to take whatever sum of money has been raised." With a glad heart I wrote the following, which was the receipt finally given by our captors to the ransoming party:

We give the present authorization to its bearer, a member of the band in whose hands we are held captive, on the basis of the one previously given him by us, with the right to receive the ransom demanded for us, but with the added powers to treat the question of our ransom to its final conclusion, in virtue whereof we sign with our own hands.

ELLEN M. STONE.
KATERINA STEPHANOVA TSILKA.

Macedonia, *December* 17–24, 1901.

Events were now moving on. We heard from our captors hints of representations being made by other bands of brigands to Consul-General Dickinson, at Sophia, to the effect that they were the highwaymen who held the captives, and professing their willingness to accept smaller sums of money than that demanded by our real captors. Difficulties were thickening about them, and they finally were persuaded to come to an agreement with the intermediary left by Mr. Dickinson after his return to his post at Constantinople. On the 12th of January their agent once more returned from Sophia, and—joy of joys! was again the bearer of a letter to me! This time it was addressed to Mrs. Tsilka also, and was from a dearly loved pupil of former days.



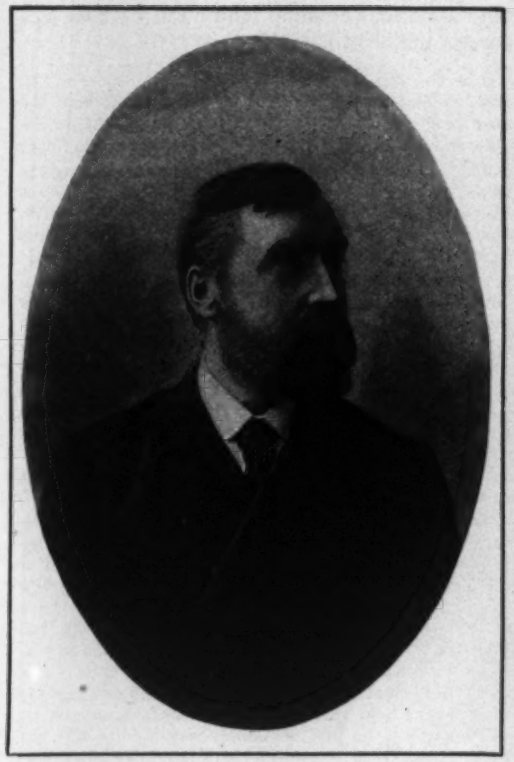
DR. J. H. HOUSE
Of the American Mission at Salonica, and a member of the ransoming committee

He brought me also a copy of the letter which Mr. Dickinson's intermediary had written to Dr. House of Salonica, from which we learned that the writer had been appointed to act on the ransoming committee, to treat with the brigands. From this letter we learned the fact that the brigands had agreed with Mr. Dickinson's intermediary to accept the sum of £14,500 Turkish, and to this agreement they adhered. We supposed that the reason why a copy of this letter was sent to Mrs. Tsilka and to me was in order that Dr. House might have incontrovertible proof that we were still living, and that we were the captives for whose ransom the money had been provided, inasmuch as we were directed to write upon the reverse side information upon certain points which could not have been known to others.

When one of the men who had had a large share in guarding us remarked during the day that his comrade was to start upon his return that same night, and that he also was to go, we were filled with apprehensions. Rightly or wrongly, we had come to feel that to this man we owed, perhaps more than to any other, the saving of our lives on that Sabbath, weeks before, when we had seen the revolvers taken out for our death. Now he was to go, and we were terribly afraid of most of those with whom we were to be left. We urged him, since he must go, to do all in his power to persuade our ransoming committee to pay the money before we were released, saying: "We will take the risks."

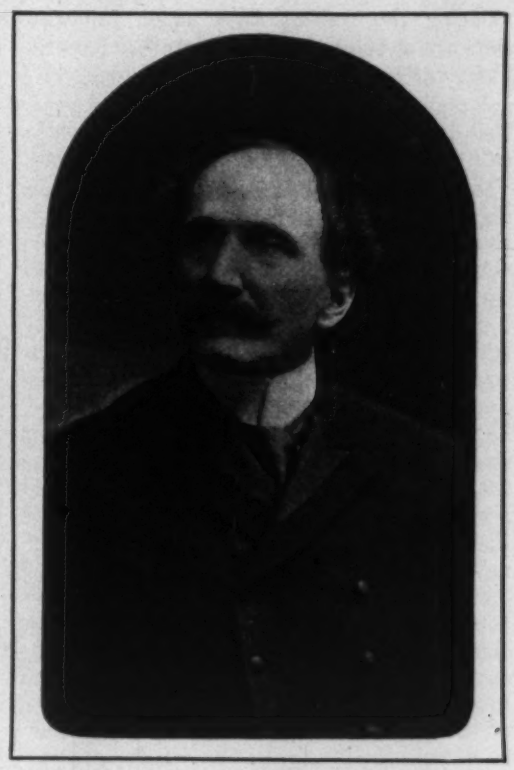
We had long been fully persuaded that there was no other way by which we should ever be freed. The men relentlessly held to their purpose. The money they would have before the captives were ever freed. Often we had wished that by some means we might communicate with those who held this money, and tell them our conviction. Here now had come our opportunity, for when I said, "We will take the risks," that brigand said quickly: "Will you write that?" "Most gladly I will," was my unhesitating answer. "Do you not agree to that?" I inquired of Mrs. Tsilka. Receiving her acquiescence, I seated myself by the light of the fire and the lamp—which in that black place burned day and night,—and wrote the appeal which we hoped would move our friends to act, and act quickly.

On this same Sabbath day the brigands handed to me a copy of a letter from the intermediary of Consul Dickinson, in Sophia. Mrs.



REV. W. W. PEET

Treasurer of Missions to Turkey, and a member of the ransoming committee



CHARLES M. DICKINSON, CONSUL-GENERAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Tsilka and I bent over this letter, and considered what we should say in response to its injunction that we write with our own hands on the reverse side of the sheet. The following is the letter:

December 18–31, 1901.

MR. J. H. HOUSE:

As the authorized agent of Mr. Charles Dickinson to treat with the brigands for the ransoming and freeing of Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, with this present I certify to the following:

1. The agent on the part of the brigands, with an authorization signed by Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka and I, the agent of Mr. Dickinson, have agreed that the captives shall be freed on the payment of a sum collected for this purpose, namely, £14,500 T.

2. As to exact place and manner of delivering the sum and freeing the captives you will agree with the person who will bring this letter from me. He has this right.

3. In order that you may be assured that the captives are alive and well, this, my letter, shall be put before Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, that they may write with their own hands on the other side of this paper; after which it may be given to you.

4. A copy of this letter I am sending you by post.

5. The money may be paid in Napoleons.

Mr. House, receive my best wishes with my signature.

On the reverse occurs the following:

MISS E. STONE:

Write out a few lines concerning things, incidents, or names which you and Mr. House know.

I made the following notes:

DR. HOUSE:

Respected brother and fellow-laborer in the evangelical work in Macedonia:

Last night in my dreams I was talking with Mrs. House, and I asked her whether she remembered that less a few days, *eight months* have passed from the time I gave your family a send-off to France. On this holy Sabbath, this letter has been given me by one of our captors, just arrived from Sophia. Have Mr. Holway and wife arrived? So also our beloved ones who went to America last year. My heart is often with my fellow-laborers in Salonica and other places in the province. We are very sad over the sufferings of Raina Gheorghieva, concerning which we have heard only the fact. May God bless his work, especially during this week of prayer!

With heartfelt salutations, your fellow-laborer,

ELLEN M. STONE.

Saturday evening, January 4, 1902, December 22, 1901 (O. S.), Elena G. Tsilka was born. Everything was and is well with the child and the mother, through God's wonderful mercy. E. M. STONE.

Mrs. Tsilka's question was:

TO MRS. TSILKA:

Answer who your friend was in East Orange, New Jersey, and who was the directress of the hospital in which you were.

The answer was in Mrs. Tsilka's handwriting:

Miss Belle Judd. The directress of the hospital is Miss Anna Maxwell. KATERINA STEPHANOVA TSILKA.

During the waiting days which followed, the care of the baby and her mother gave me plenty of occupation. It was hard enough to complete the most indispensable duties in that dismal, draughty place, and with the pitifully few conveniences to be obtained there. The only way we had of knowing day from night was by the glimmering of light through the cracks around the door, which was nailed up. Once we were amazed by a pale ray of sunshine falling near us, and tracing it back found that it shone through a hole in the earth floor, from some object in the cellar which reflected it! Mrs. Tsilka here devised a unique cloak for her little one, a wadded bag made of stout white cotton cloth, from the scanty supplies which the brigands had furnished. Into this bag, fastened around her neck outside of her swaddling blankets, little Elenchie was put on every subsequent journey.

Many days passed. The nights were now very cold. High winds prevailed, and there was snow on the ground. Nevertheless, not many days elapsed before the brigands again began to move on with us. The stern, set expression of their faces convinced me that they must have weighty reasons for so fearfully exposing those who still needed shelter and care. Morning after morning we questioned in vain whether any one had come. We had no idea where the work was being carried on, nor where we were being hidden. Finally one night there was an arrival. We were awakened from sleep, and a note was handed me; it was from Dr. House. It acknowledged the receipt of my letter, and said further that he would try to persuade the rest of the ransoming committee to think as he did, that the money must be paid before the release of the captives.

What did it mean? Consternation filled our hearts. Consul Dickinson's intermediary had made mention of Dr. House only. Who were these others who remained to be persuaded? We were terribly perplexed, and the brigands were angry beyond all bounds. They crowded about us, huddled trembling in our corner, their fierce faces revealed to us by the firelight. They gave me once more a piece of paper and a pen and ink, with which to write the "last letter," for they said: "If they cannot conclude the business now, they need not expect to hear again from you. We will put the ransom which we demand back to £25,000 T., and we will never abate it!" What was to become of us? The little child lay all unconscious of the agony in the heart of its mother and in mine. A brigand held the miserable little tin kerosene lamp, and I wrote this second letter to Dr. House:

Dear Dr. House:—I thank you for your letter of the 17th, which I have just received. I am glad to hear the good news from home and from your family, but, on the other hand, I am very sad, and even in terror, over your words: "I will endeavor to persuade the men who hold the money to come to the proposals of the brigands." Have you not received the letter of Consul Dickinson's representative at Sophia, and the letter which I sent with it, signed by Mrs. Tsilka and myself? The intermediary said that *you* were empowered to pay the sum agreed upon, £14,500 T. Why, then, this delay? We waited every night for the return of the men sent to you, that we might hear the joyful news that at last we were to be set free; but in place of this, we must still wait longer in great suffering and danger. Now our captors have bidden me to write this "last letter," to say to you that if their propositions are not accepted, and that without delay, they will refuse to receive the reduced sum, and will insist upon the original sum of £25,000 T. They finally agreed to accept the less sum out of pity for Mrs. Tsilka and me, because we are women, and thus suffer in a special degree from this captivity; but *our friends* have prolonged our sufferings to five months, and are continuing to prolong them. For the love of God I pray you to believe all that I wrote you in my previous letter as to the confidence we have in those who come to you on the part of our captors, that they will try to fulfil any pledges they may make to you. We assure you that there is no other way to save our lives. Act, then, as you would if *your* sister or daughter were in our place. Have mercy on the unfortunate child, which during the first seventeen days of its life has been compelled to journey three times, in extreme danger to itself and its mother. Have mercy also, if possible, on me. Nobody can play with the men who hold us. We wonder at their patience up to this point in this matter. We know that it is only through the pitying love of God for us that they have spared our lives to this time.

Here Mrs. Tsilka's feelings of indignation at the oft-repeated delays overcame her; seizing the pen, she wrote:

Who are these people who dare to be the cause of the lengthening out of our sufferings? They are either people without human sympathy with the helpless, or they haven't any Christian love in their hearts. I would like them to have only one month of our now almost five months of sufferings. Cannot they sympathize with my little daughter, who is in constant distress? Our eyes are swollen with smoke, which is constantly like a cloud in the room, and I can scarcely talk because of it. It is not a room, but a hole! Imagine my sufferings as I see my little one suffer. The people who hold the money will wait, it seems, till we are dead. Oh, Dr. House, I pray you to act quickly!

With a heart filled with sorrow,
KATERINA STEPHANOVA TSILKA.

As she gave back the pen, I continued:

No one has a right to hold back the money that has been given so long ago by our beloved ones and others who sympathized with us. Our captors are exasperated with these repeated delays in the negotiations, and they enjoin upon us to write you not to expect another letter from us, if you do not now finish the work of obtaining our freedom.

With loving salutations to your family and all friends in Salonica and elsewhere.

Your friend and fellow-laborer,
ELLEN M. STONE.

May God forgive us for the injustice we did in our hearts to the faithful men who were doing everything in their power to save us! We knew nothing of all this. We only knew that the brigands had agreed to accept the smaller sum of money; that Dr. House had been named as the one to pay it over to them; and that some of their men had gone to take it. Why could they not come to an agreement, and free us?

We resigned ourselves to the inevitable as best we could, and continued our weary waiting. How often we promised ourselves that if we should live to be freed, we would compensate ourselves by lighting all the lamps in our homes, to rejoice our eyes after the dismal darkness of our confinement.

At length a night came when it was evident that news was expected. A portion of the band, who had their quarters elsewhere, came crowding in, and filled all the available space. They seemed happy, and we wondered whether we might venture to hope again. After a long time there was an arrival. Two brigands came. One handed to their head man his satchel of skin, and said a few words to him; then all retired to an inner apartment. Some minutes passed. Then the chief came out and handed me the following letter from the ransoming committee:

MISS ELLEN M. STONE.

My dear Fellow-Worker: — Our hearts are deeply touched by your words and those of Mrs. Tsilka in your last letter. We rejoice to tell you that we are already convinced by your previous letter, and by our interview with the bearer of it, so that we had resolved to accept the terms of the brigands. We regret exceedingly that when we were working with unexpected haste to finish the work, we were met with difficulties from the government, which we scarcely overcame after several days of endeavor. We succeeded in obtaining from the Sultan himself an order that the military and civil authorities should facilitate our work—also an order that they should give to us whatever we should need for the furtherance of the work, so that we hope that we may in the shortest possible time exchange the necessary papers that you may be finally freed. We cannot tell you how we shall rejoice to see the hour when we shall greet you. We have now given the money, £14,500 T., and we have taken your receipt for the same, and as we rely upon the "word of honor" of the bearer of your letter, we expect to see you soon. We will go from here to Serres, and there will await you with great joy.

With sincere greetings and with ardent desire, we await the hour of your deliverance. May God preserve you, and have mercy upon you!

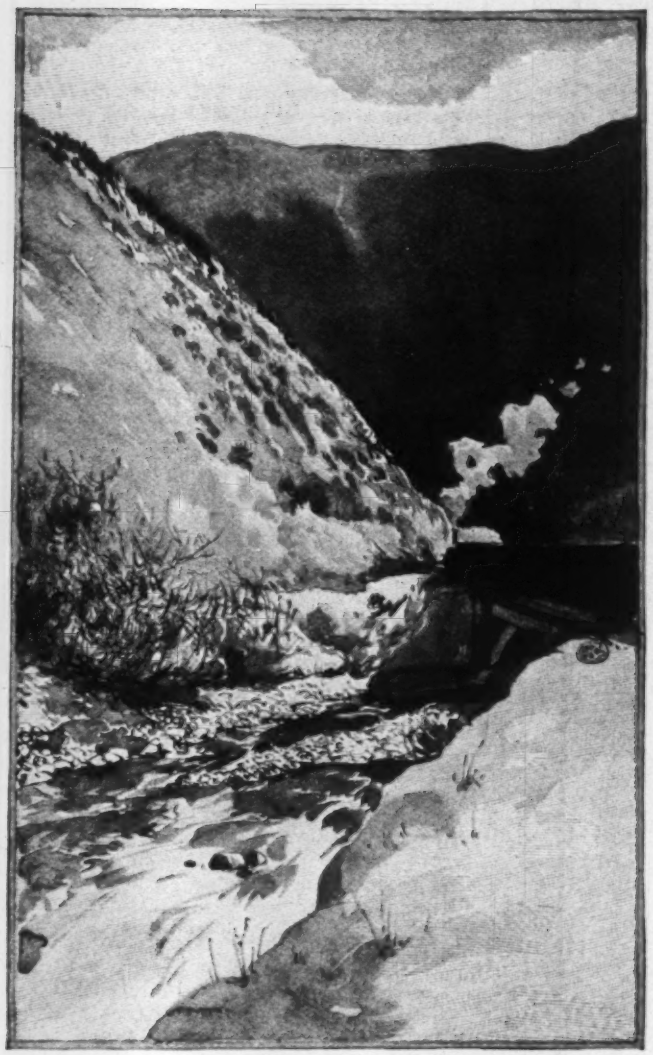
Faithfully yours,

J. H. HOUSE,
W. W. PEET,
A. A. GARGIULO.

A TURKISH SOLDIER OF THE TYPE WHICH ESCORTED MISS STONE AFTER HER RELEASE

There was also a brief note from one of the brigands, who had left their camp that Sabbath night some weeks before, to go to meet the ransoming committee. He said briefly that they had received the ransom which they had demanded for us, and had given over to the committee the receipt from us. We were convinced that there could be no mistake—that the ransom had been paid.

We did not, however, for a moment deceive



RAILWAY BRIDGE IN THE WILD REGIONS OF MACEDONIA
The region is dangerous, and the inhabitants—Mohammedan Albanians—are always to be seen fully armed

ourselves that we were out of danger, or that it would be an easy task for our captors to deliver us up safely. Nevertheless, a wonderful relief had come to us, and our hearts were overflowing with gratitude to God for His marvelous mercy. The relief of the brigands was, if possible, even greater than ours. We had become an almost intolerable burden to them to provide for our imperative needs, which had been so much augmented since the birth of the baby.

A deep fog now prevailed for several days. It was so dense that it was impossible for us to journey. We were in a mountain cabin, perched high on the rocks, from which the descent was so steep that we must make it on foot. We were not troubled, however, at this enforced delay. God had sent the fog, and we knew it must be all for the best. He might be shutting us in by it from some terrible danger, to which, all unconscious to ourselves, we were exposed. The men guarding us were evidently troubled because they could not travel, and more than once referred to the fact, saying, apologetically, "We have kept you alive so long, and without serious harm; we do not wish that now you should risk a broken limb, or even worse." We assured them that we were not troubled at the delay, because God had sent it. We were troubled with what man was responsible for; whatever God did was all right.

When at last we started, it was with deep gladness in our hearts. The journeys were just as hard as ever; the nights were just as cold; the snow fell, and the winds blew, and we were as frequently terrified as before lest baby should roll out of our arms, or we should fall with her. Yet we were joyful, and hope was strong within us. The danger from pursuit was, we judged, even greater than before, despite the fact that Dr. House's letter had told us of the command which the ransoming committee had obtained from the Sultan himself, that the military authorities should intermit their pursuit of the brigands until we had been delivered up. The brigands evidently moved with extreme caution, and some nights refused to travel at all. This was what tried our endurance most severely. Nor would they give us any reason for these delays. Although they had received the ransom, they still maintained the strictest silence toward us concerning their movements.

Finally, however, the man who we then supposed had the charge of the band came one morning into the damp, unwholesome place where they were hiding us. He referred to the fact that we might be wondering at this delay, after we knew that the ransom money had been paid. I told him that we did wonder very much. He gave us to understand that they were doing their best to deliver us up, but that the pursuit was very close and persistent—on five or six occasions so close that

they had almost despaired of keeping us. I said to him: "Without doubt your men who met our ransoming committee must have given some pledge to them of an approximate time when they would deliver us up at some specified place. The days are passing and we are not moving. Now it is more than possible that a great danger may come upon you from my own people, who will think that when that limit of time has passed, and they hear nothing from us, that you have killed us, even after accepting the money. Now if you have any way of sending a messenger to our committee, you had better lose no time in acquainting them with the reason for our detention." He made me no answer, but went away. After we were released we learned that a messenger had been sent to them by the brigands, and that he had arrived just in time to avert a most serious danger. Had the representatives of the United States Government at Constantinople made a demand upon the Turkish Government just at that time that all possible pressure should be brought to bear for the detection of the brigands, undoubtedly our lives would have been the forfeit.

I had understood during this interview with the chief that they had been obliged to change all their plans, not only as to the place where they would deliver us up, but also the time. The pursuit by the troops was too persistent, and their watchfulness too vigilant. Dr. House had said in his letter that they would await us in Serres, but when, after weeks of traveling, we were finally released, we found ourselves far from that region. Mrs. Tsilka and I oftentimes said to each other, "The money has been paid, and they are bound to free us if they can, yet they treat us just the same as before. We are just as much their captives as ever." It was of no use, however, to expostulate.

(To be concluded)

ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX, LAWYER

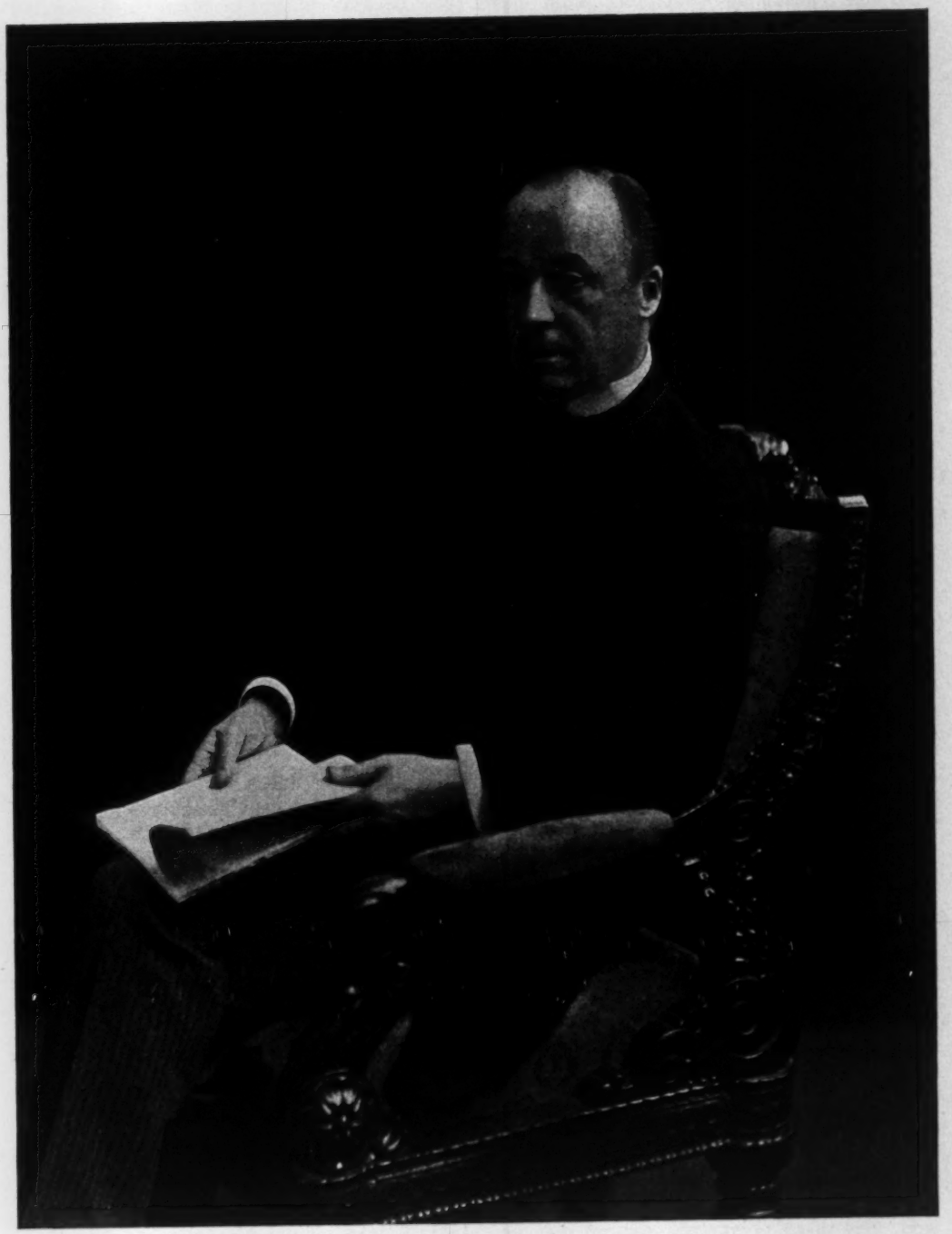
The Trust Question a Question of Law—In His Hands

BY L. A. COOLIDGE

THE trust question is in the courts. It may be raised in Congress next session, and the administration may put it there; nobody knows just yet what the President and his cabinet will propose. But further legislation is not the important thing at present. There are already on the books "anti-trust" laws, the effect and the efficiency of which have not been fully tested. These laws are in the courts now. The Northern Securities case should bring down a decision to determine whether a company may be formed in one State to do something prohibited in another; the Chicago packers' case should decide whether the United States may restrain by injunction (1) a railroad from paying rebates and (2) a merchant from receiving rebates. If these points are decided in favor of the United States Government, the trust question can be handled as a question of administration. But these points are not yet decided. Thus the trust question is at present a question of law.

The anti-trust sentiment is impatient of law; so is the trust interest. The one wants the trusts wiped out; the other wants them let alone. No honest, fair dealing man or men, in office or out, can satisfy either of the parties to this great controversy. Justice, cold and blind, is justice only to the non-partisan, disinterested, average citizen, and it is he who is going to decide the question finally. If it comes out of the courts in a form showing that the present laws are imperfect and futile, he will demand legislation; he will turn to the statesman. President Roosevelt is pretty sure to speak for the average American. The question, then, to be asked of him is twofold: Is he brave enough to defy the anti-trust sentiment to do more than justice; and, is he brave enough to force Wall Street to put up with mere justice? Any man in this country can answer these questions. If we are fair, we can be patient. We can leave the matter where the President is leaving it, in the hands of a lawyer.

In other words, it is all very well for some Congressman (like Hon. Charles E. Littlefield of Maine, if you please) to be preparing for legislation by seeing if he, full of anti-trust sentiment and the fierceness of a hard fighter, can draw a bill which shall express only so much of his sentiment as the necessarily conservative, constitutional, bravely fair purposes of a responsible administration can approve. For the administration cannot afford



From a photograph by Prince, copyrighted, 1902

ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX

to win a fight for a bill that will not stand the moral weighing of the jury or the expert scrutiny of the judges; this, no matter how many votes it might win. But all this is for the future, the near future; this administration is going to tackle the trust question.

The man of the day, then, is no legislator, but the lawyer, the Attorney-General of the United States. What do we want to know about Philander C. Knox? That he is a lawyer, honest and not afraid.

He is a dapper bit of a man, a tiny figure charged with life, quick-stepping, alert and nervous, with a smooth-shaven, clean-cut face, boyish except for lines of strength and the denuded forehead soaring high above the eyes. Certain Wall Street magnates in their wrath have called him a country lawyer. The description hardly fits. He hails from Pittsburg, the very home of concentrated wealth, about the last place one would look for a countryman to attack capital in pure wantonness. But he isn't afraid of Wall Street.

For twenty years he was one of the most successful corporation lawyers in the United States. His personal retainers amounted to $90,000 a year. When President McKinley asked him to become Attorney-General in 1897, he declined because he couldn't afford to exchange a professional income of $150,000 for a salary of $8,000 and a carriage. When the offer was renewed four years later he was better able to make the sacrifice, and he was financially free and independent. He accepted. Then the labor organizations opposed his confirmation, because they thought he was the tool of trusts. But he isn't afraid of labor unions.

Knox was Carnegie's attorney during the Homestead riots in 1892. His ingenuity steered the ironmaster through the perilous legal complications of those days. Some of his suggestions were bold. It was he to whom it first occurred that the riotous strikers were open to the charge of treason for violent resistance to the laws of the State. He was acting then as a lawyer, faithful to the corporation which he served. In bringing suit against the trusts he believes he serves with equal faithfulness his only remaining client—the Government of the United States.

For Knox is a lawyer all through. He has all a lawyer's intuitions and instincts. To-day he is the attorney for the government, just as for years he was attorney for wealthy private corporations—with this difference, that when he served corporations he had many clients. After he entered the service of the United States he regarded his salary as an exclusive retainer.

It was his suggestion to President Roosevelt to bring suit against the Northern Securities Company and to institute proceedings against the beef packers. He believed that these corporations were violating the Federal statutes, and he believed it to be his business as attorney for the government to enforce its laws and test them. With him it is a cold, clear, legal proposition. There is no politics in it.

He is not likely to be mistaken. Eight or ten years ago some Pittsburg capitalists bought the street railways of Indianapolis. A rival company claimed that under the law the franchise was about to expire; they had laid the wires to secure a renewal of the franchise for themselves. The Pittsburg men went to Benjamin Harrison, just then retired from the presidency. He gave it as his opinion that the franchise was about to expire. They turned to Knox. He told them the franchise still had a long time to run. The question involved millions, and they submitted the case to Judge Dillon of New York. Dillon's opinion concurred with Harrison's. Then they laid both Dillon's opinion and Knox's before Harrison, and Harrison, after studying them, came to the conclusion that he and Dillon were wrong and Knox was right. Suit was brought in a United States court. The Pittsburg men had already retained Harrison. They asked Knox to join him. Knox refused. They insisted. He said, "I will on two conditions: First, you must draw me a check now for $10,000; Second, you must draw me another check for $100,000 if we win the case." He supposed that would end it. But they complied with both demands. The trial came. Harrison addressed the court for four hours. The other side occupied eight hours. Knox spoke forty-five minutes. The court's decision followed point by point the line of Knox's argument.

In brief, so long as the trust question is a question of law, the people may feel as the President does, that it is safe in clean, steady hands and a loyal, legal mind.

HIPPY, THE DARE-DEVIL

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

THE Cheyennes are a proud and warlike people and regard the Arapahoes as inferiors. Beaver-tail was an Arapahoe, but a warrior as good as any. He was in every fight of the war of 1874 where it was possible for an Arapahoe to go, and when he came out he brought a bullet in his hip, which made him limp, and his halting walk caused him to be called "Hippy" by the whites around the Agency, and "Crooked Knee" by the Cheyennes, who more than half respected him.

He was a superb rider and a good shot, and carried himself like a gladiator. A camp of redmen has its gentle old men, its dreamers, its wags, its dare-devils. Hippy was the dare-devil. His scarred face was not unpleasant, and his mouth sometimes betrayed boyish humor. His peculiar recklessness had made him the central figure in a number of exciting stories and he was a marked figure among the 2,000 Cheyennes and Arapahoes whom the Government had gathered closely about the Agency. They were in effect captives under surveillance, with little to do but to race their ponies, and smoke, and draw their rations. They had humorously responded to the Government's demand for their school-age children by sending all the orphans of the tribe; but Hippy, to the surprise of everybody, kept three of his strong and clever sons in school, and every one wondered what he meant by such compliance.

The superintendent of the school, just before the uprising, had been worried into flight by his turbulent pupils, and at the time Hippy's sons entered the white man's gate the management had fallen to Sam Williams, a stalwart young fellow from Kansas, who knew very little of books, but a good deal about red people.

His grammar was at times peculiar to himself, but his good gray eyes were steady and his lips smiling. He had already made many friends among the older men of both tribes, and by a series of bold dashes had secured the control of his pupils. He seemed to know nothing of the chill of fear. With smiling face he laid his hand on the bridle of a mounted young Cheyenne one day and ordered him to retire. With a piece of board for a weapon he charged upon a dozen others who rode forward with rifles ready. All this was by no means reckless bravery. Williams knew his people. He knew that the young reprobates had not the sanction of the chiefs, and that they dared not shoot without fear of disgrace among their own kinsfolk, and more than that, he well understood that to show fear was to end all his influence among these resolute warriors.

Hippy was nominally his friend; in fact, patronized him a little as a nice young white man who meant well and could use the sign language featly. So events ran on rather smoothly till one morning Hippy entered the school-room and took a seat as if to make a long stay.

Williams did not know it, but the old man was in bad humor. A group of Cheyennes had just come down from the north filled with tales of big deeds, and under their taunts Hippy became soured. It nettled him to be called "an old woman-heart" by these men who were probably liars. He had fled from their boasting and aimlessly entered the school-room.

"What are you here for?" asked Sam a little impatiently. "Don't you know I don't allow grown people to come in and take up the children's seats? You must go out. You interrupt the lessons."

"I will not," Hippy contemptuously replied. "I am here to see my children."

"Go away and come after school."

"I will not."

"Then I'll put you out," said Sam, advancing most determinedly.

Hippy met him valiantly and a tremendous struggle took place. Hippy was big and strong in the shoulders, but knew nothing of the wrestler's tricks, and in the end, after upsetting everything in reach, Sam thrust his adversary to the threshold, but the wily old war-

rior kicked the door shut and the struggle was renewed. An assistant opened the door and Sam finally hurled Hippy off the steps. He lay for an instant stunned and breathless, and the teacher seized the chance to leap upon him and knit his fingers round his throat and choke him into submission.

Just as it seemed that his last breath had been drawn he gasped out the word "Good!"

Sam took this for a promise that the old man intended to be good and so released his hold and rose to his feet.

He was mistaken. Hippy was just in hot fighting mood. The instant he regained his feet he drew a knife and ran at his white adversary with a deadly light in his eyes.

"Now I will kill you," he said.

Light-footed as a deer Sam turned and fled, his agile mind revolving plans for a flank movement. Coming upon a big stone he suddenly whirled and faced his pursuer. Hippy halted, awed by the boulder.

It was a huge stone, and Sam's weary arms could scarcely do more than poise it—he could neither throw it nor strike with it—but he manfully menaced Hippy with it, saying:

"If you come near me, I'll smash you."

Meanwhile the assistants of the school came scurrying, ready to shoot and kill the old warrior, but to this Sam made sensible objection.

"No; leave us alone. I must conquer him without aid. It's a fair fight thus far."

As he talked he saw just before him a piece of lodge-pole about six feet long, just in handy reach at his foot.

Suddenly casting his stone at Hippy's feet, the young teacher snatched up the lodge-pole and was then more than a match for Hippy.

"Drop that knife!" he called sharply.

"Drop your pole!" replied Hippy unsubdued.

Sam surprised the Arapahoe by saying, "I'm not afraid of you. See, I drop my weapon. Now come with me to the Agent's office. We will let him decide."

Hippy did not drop his knife, but his look changed, his muscles relaxed, and he quietly said, "I will go."

The two men walked side by side across the yard to the stairway which led to the Agent's office. There both halted.

"Go first," said Sam.

"No, you go first," replied Hippy.

"All right—I'm not afraid. I will go first. But remember, I can see backwards."

As they came before the Agent, a fussy and nervous old gentleman, they presented a sinister appearance. Both were mauled and skinned and bloody and dusty, and their ribs yet heaved with the force of their battle fury.

The teacher told his story, and a friend to Hippy interpreted it to him. At the end of it he said very simply and very quietly, "It is just as he says, but I say to you I shall kill him."

"And I tell you," replied Sam with determined look, "if you come into my yard again, I'll shoot you instantly."

Hippy laid a hand on his chest. "I am injured here, I shall not live long, but I shall live long enough to kill you." This also was uttered quietly, but he meant every word of it.

Then Sam said: "You go home and call all your chiefs together. I want this matter put before them. If you don't do it I shall. You can't go to war on me without the consent of your chiefs, and I want their verdict. I know them; they are good men."

The Agent was glad to have the matter taken off his hands, but he said:

"Do you think it is safe, friend Williams?" Hadn't I better send for a detail of troops?"

"No; the chiefs will stand by me in this thing. Hippy stands alone in this matter."

"Very well, you know them better than I do. Go ahead."

Sam went personally to the head men and had a council called, and that night, alone and unarmed, he went out into the camp and sat down with them in old Bear Robe's teepee. After smoking with them he arose and stated the case fairly and without passion.

The old men smoked on in grave silence—save now and again as their visitor reached a dramatic point or a ludicrous situation, then they smiled and said, "Oh!" or "Hoh!"

When he had finished, one of the head men said to Hippy:

"Is this true?"

Hippy, whatever his faults, was no pettifogger. "Yes—but he has throttled me and I intend to kill him."

The old men talked on for a while in low tones among themselves, laughing occasionally at some dry remark on the part of Bear Robe, who at last arose to say to Sam:

"It's a pity you didn't kill the old fool while you had the chance. It is such as he who make us trouble; but since you did not kill him and because we like you and want peace, we will help you. We will keep him in camp hereafter. Go in peace."

Sam thanked them all and shook hands with them and went away well content with their management.

For five months Hippy was kept a prisoner in the camp, by order of the chiefs, and all

went well at the school. Finally Hippy was allowed to go to the Agency yard and to the fence to see his children. "But you are not to enter," said Bear Robe. "If you do you will be shot and no one will defend you."

Hippy obeyed these orders religiously. He came often to the gate, and the children went out to see and talk with him, but he did not try to enter. He did not speak disrespectfully of the teacher; he talked of other things, and each time he returned to camp feeling kindlier toward his young adversary.

"He is a brave man," he said, "and has a strange power."

As Thanksgiving came on, Sam planned a big feast for the scholars and their parents. No one was to be invited but the fathers and mothers or actual guardians of the pupils.

Hippy was in trouble because he was left out of this list. He felt, in a sense, his unworthiness to be included among the guests of this feast, and yet his children were there, and he wished to go. After much thought, he went to the Agent, and said: "I want to go to the feast, but I am afraid of Sam. We have been enemies. I want you to make a paper saying I may come. I want you to say in it that I am not angry at him any more—that I am his friend."

When it was written, he said: "Put it in one of these." He pointed at a long official envelope. "I want Sam to know that it is a paper from Washington. Put this on." He pointed at a big red seal.

So when Hippy appeared at the gate of the school-yard it was with his official permit held high in his hands as a signal of peace, the red seal held very conspicuously to the front.

Sam met him with all gravity and read the letter slowly, while Hippy's keen eyes searched his face.

"All right—come on!" said the teacher briefly, and Hippy held out his hand and the two became friends.

Hippy enjoyed the Thanksgiving dinner and the music very much. One of his boys recited "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and that made him very proud and happy. As he came to go he said with gentle gravity:

"I am very glad. My heart is soft toward you to-day. The white man's road is good. My children are happy. When can I come again?"

"One week from to-day," replied the teacher. "But no more."

Thereafter Hippy came once each week to see his children. He had no longer any anger against Sam, though the Cheyennes continued to joke him about being a weakling. They laughed at him, and asked, "Are you a warrior? Are you one that goes to war? We think you are one who makes moccasins and reads out of a book."

In his sudden reckless heat, and without really meaning it, Hippy cried, "I will show you whether I am a warrior or not. I will do a great thing. I will make the Agent give us good beef."

The words once out of his mouth, he felt bound to make them true, and retired to his teepee to muse upon the great enterprise to which he had set his hand, while the Cheyennes laughed and said, "He will lift trees by the roots."

There was deep dissatisfaction over the beef, and with justice. It was unspeakably bad. "Anything is good enough for an Injun," was a common phrase among the cattlemen when filling their contracts with the Agency. With a leer of contempt, the cowboys cut out all the old cows and sick steers without meat on their bones and drove them to the Agency corral with calm confidence, knowing well that the weak-minded Agent would accept them. So it came about that even this clause of the Government's treaty was habitually violated; and yet so patient were these people, and so sacred did they hold their promises, no chief went further than to grumble, till Hippy became their instrument of vengeance.

Early on the morning following his great vow Hippy rose in his teepee and set to work to make a toilet suitable to his deeds. He had a look of set purpose on his face which awed his young wife. He brushed his hair with a woman's care, and bound the braids with strips of wonder-working weasel skin. He put round his neck a chain of charmed beads, with a medicine bag of high potency. As he began to paint his face, his wife said, with nasal whine, "Why do you paint your face? Are you going to fight?"

Hippy remained silent. When he rose to his feet he was naked to the waist, and his legs were thrust into buckskin leggings such as he had worn in battle against Custer, and he drew his blanket close about his shoulders as he went out into the light of the morning.

Few people were abroad in the camp, but those he met looked at him with a sort of awe, as if to say, "You are set out on a long, dark journey, brother." He uttered no word to them—did not appear to see them, but made his way to the top of the mound overlooking the river, and there stood and turned his face to the rising sun for a moment and prayed:

"O Great Spirit, help me.
I am going to do a daring deed.
Help me to be brave and strong."

Catching his horse he brought him before his teepee, and his wife helped him to saddle it. "Bring my gun," he called to her, and she brought his rifle.

As he filled it with cartridges, all the young men of the camp came out to look at him. The women uttered curious little nasal moans of doubt and dismay.

"Ah! It is so foolish. He will be killed."

His wife began to moan also, but Hippy had now reached a stage of exalted purpose where nothing could swerve him.

"I go to get good beef for us all," he said. "You know me. I am Beaver-tail. What I say I carry out. You know what I did when we fought Long Hair on the Washeetay. I am not one who shakes the air with words and then goes to sleep. When I come back, fat oxen will follow me like buffaloes. They shall be thick with fat and their bones full of marrow, and then you will all know it will be my work—the work of Beaver-tail."

As he spoke, his old mother, White-painted Woman, began to sing a wild, sad wailing, nasal chant:

"He goes forth, my son—
When does he come back?
He goes to do a dangerous deed—
He will not come back!
His deed is too hard, he will die."

It made Hippy's heart thrill with weakness and fear, but he put it all aside and rode away toward the Agency, fully resolved, as dangerous to the touch as a rattlesnake in springtime.

The young men, his followers, let him go forth alone, but they saddled their horses and kept near enough to overlook what he did—ready to act in his defense if necessary, for their respect for him came back with a rush as they saw him set forth on this reckless errand.

The Agent was getting into his wagon to go to the nearby Fort. His negro driver, looking scared, said:

"Majah, heah come dat crazy old fool, Hippy—huntin' trouble."

"Oh, I don't think he's dangerous. Go ahead," said Brown.

"He's in war-paint, Majah—an' he's suttinly lookin' mighty dangerous," insisted the negro.

Riding straight up to his man Hippy lifted his rifle and said, "Get out, or I kill you!" His voice was very gruff.

"What does he say?" asked Brown.

"He says get out—an' I reckon you bettah do it—Majah. He is mighty nervous."

The Agent scrambled out upon the platform and faced Hippy with a look of mortal terror in his eyes. Hippy then said:

"Make me a paper which says, 'Give Beaver-tail and his people all the good beef and sugar and flour they need.'" In a voice of hate he added, "I have sworn to kill you unless you do those things, and I will do it!"

This being interpreted, the agent, after a stealthy look around, said, "Tell him all right—Sam—I'll make it out—(where in h—l are all the men!) Tell him to put down his gun and come up to the office and I'll attend to it. Where's Gedney and Cook? (A man might as well be in a wilderness!) Tell him to put down his gun."

To this Hippy replied, "Make it now or I shoot!" and lifted his rifle with ominous deliberation.

The Agent, looking a little to the left, saw Hippy's band of young men lined up on the crest of a knoll and his heart grew sick—the long expected had happened! The whole tribe had revolted and were about to sweep the Agency with a storm of bullets. With hands trembling with weakness he scrawled a line or two on a scrap of paper:

"Give Hippy all the food he requires. Drive out ten of your best cattle to his camp.

"BROWN, Agent."

"Look at it, Black man," called Hippy gruffly to the negro. "If you speak with a double tongue I will kill you too."

Sam stammered out a translation of the words, and Hippy, shifting his gun to his left hand, took the paper and put it away in his belt; then, with a single word of contempt, turned and rode away to find Gedney, the Issue Clerk, a slim young fellow from the East, who had bullied the red people till they hated him most cordially.

He chanced to be poking over some sacks of half-spoiled coffee in the gloom of the big warehouse when the lisp of Hippy's moccasined feet startled him. He turned, and said, "Hello, Hippy, you old son of a gun——"

Hippy menaced him with his rifle, and with a rough word thrust the paper into his face. "Be silent, or I kill you. Look at this."

The young man instantly perceived that he was face to face with an armed and desperate man, and his face grew ashen pale, but he took the paper. He heard outside the drumming of swift hooves and the guttural voices of young reds signalling.

"He's done it!" the clerk groaned. "Old Brown has done it with his rotten beef. The whole tribe has risen and we'll be wiped out." He turned to Hippy. "Go ahead. Take all you want," he said. "Take the whole cheese; I don't care."

Hippy insisted. "No, you come and unlock the gate. We want cattle."

As Gedney came out he faced ten or twelve of Hippy's young men excited and full of laughter, who were waiting at the door to witness the outcome of the dare-devil's bold venture. They were not armed, so far as Gedney could see, but they were all blanketed, and without doubt each man carried a revolver or carbine.

As he walked toward the corral, attended by these reckless youngsters, Gedney heartily repented having ever entered the Indian Service. Opening the corral gate he let them enter and select their ten head of cattle and drive them off with joyous shouts—not till he turned to lock the gate did he miss the ominous presence of Hippy, riding slowly, with his rifle held in readiness across the pommel of his saddle. The redoubtable reformer was triumphantly returning to the camp. His words had all been fulfilled and his heart was big with pride.

"See! It is as I said. Here are the cattle. Let us feast. Beaver-tail has shown he has a heart."

Meanwhile the agent had rushed to Williams, the school-master, to proclaim the uprising and to ask him to send one of his pupils to the Fort for troops. "It is not safe for a white man to be seen. We must have help at once!"

But Sam was not to be stampeded. "Wait a moment," he said. "How many are armed? Is it an uprising, or only one of old Hippy's reckless tricks? Just keep cool, Mr. Brown. Let me find out how the land lies. Don't let any one betray fear. Who knows about it?"

In the end he took charge of the whole matter and the Fort was not notified at all.

Calling the native police into the office, the Agent said, "I want you to obey Mr. Williams. He will tell you what to do. I appoint him Chief of the Police."

To the policeman Sam said, "Hippy has done a bad thing and must be punished. No one else will be harmed, but he must be brought in. Wolf Robe, I want you to go to the other chiefs of Hippy's camp and say that he must be given up."

Wolf Robe did not like to do this. "I am his friend," he said; but he consented at last and rode slowly away. It was plain he did not enjoy the commission.

He did not come back till late in the afternoon, and his face was grave as he made his report.

"They say you must come and get him. He is a Chief and they will not arrest him for you."

"Very well," said Sam. "I will go, and you shall go with me and show me Hippy's lodge."

When he rode away to the camp, Williams was dressed as an Indian, and Wolf Robe was at his side. There were not many white men who would have dared to enter that camp at such a time and on such and errand, but Sam knew his people thoroughly and was not afraid of Hippy if he could catch him unarmed. It was his intention to walk in suddenly and seize his man before he had time to handle a weapon.

The camp was alight and humming with merry voices, for all were feasting, and as Wolf Robe and his resolute companion walked slowly among the teepees which stood like tall mushrooms upon the green grass, it seemed the most peaceful of human habitations. It was hard to believe that death lurked so near.

"Wait!" whispered Wolf Robe, pulling at Sam's arm. "Hippy's teepee is dark—Hark! They are talking. It is full of his young men. He must have learned about our plans. We must go back. They will fight."

It was as he said. In his darkened teepee Hippy lay with his rifle in hand waiting the white man's coming. Wolf Robe had given him the hint (either designedly or without thinking), and to enter his lodge would be to bring about an uproar and a wild affray. With great reluctance Sam returned to the Agency."

"I will wait," he said to the Agent. "Leave the matter to me. After a few days Hippy will be about again, careless of us all. I know his nature well. I will deliver him to you before the week is out."

Under his advice everything went on as before, except that better beef was issued to the camp, and Hippy was the acknowledged hero of the tribe. He came to the store several times, but always attended by a mob of reckless young men—all armed and ready.

Sam had an eye on every movement Hippy made, but discovered no opportunity for arresting him without bloodshed, till one day he saw him dismount from his horse and go up the stairway to the Agent's office—bent on enforcing some new demand.

Slipping out of the school-room Sam ran swiftly across the square and, stealing up the stairs on his tiptoes, entered the office just as Hippy leaned over the railing and demanded to see the agent.

"I—Beaver-tail—ask it."

The young man threw his arms around the old Arapahoe from behind, pinioning his wrists at his belt and preventing the drawing of a weapon. The clerk, gaining courage, sprang over the railing and snapped handcuffs on Hippy's arms and he was helpless.

"We must not let him give a howl," said Gedney. "He'll have the whole camp down on us."

In trying to gag him Gedney got his finger in Hippy's mouth and the howl was given by the white man, and Hippy's eyes gleamed with pleasure.

Williams placed the menacing muzzle of a revolver close against the old man's head and said, "Listen, my friend. You know me. I do not carry guns for play. I do not boast. My words are like bullets. If you do not lie still I will kill you."

Hippy looked up into Williams's face and the lines he saw there changed his heart. He struggled no more. With Joe to drive, Williams, sitting astride his prostrate foe, rode away across the prairie sod toward the Fort.

On the way he talked to his captive and his voice was gentle.

"Hippy, you are now started on a long, hard road. It will make you old before you return. You are a fool. You think you can go out single-handed against the white man as you once fought the Pawnees. You will be taught different. I was your friend—yet you would have killed me. I am your friend now—I will show it in this way. I will not tell the soldier chief how bad you are. I will tell him the beef was very bad and I will make excuses for you—but you will go to the South. There you will be shut up in a big corral, and if you make the least trouble you will be shot. My advice to you is this: Do whatsoever they ask of you—else you will die and never see your friends or your children. If you are good and do as they ask and make no trouble, then your time of captivity will be shortened. Do not worry about your children, I will take care of them while they are young. They are safe."

The next day Hippy went away to Fort Smith, and only obscure rumors of him came to the ears of his friends.

One day, three years later, Williams was visiting the Arapahoe camp, which had been moved several miles up the river. It was Sunday, and the children of his school were sporting about among the teepees, rejoicing in a return to their light moccasins after a week of heavy, chafing brogans, and Sam, brown and smiling, was passing from teepee to teepee greeting the children, joking with the old women and shaking hands with the men—when a raucous voice abruptly called out:

"Hoh! White coward, come here!"

Turning his head, Williams saw Hippy lying on his couch and looking out from beneath the raised cloth of his teepee.

"Hello, Hippy! How—" responded the teacher.

The old man continued on the same line.

"Why do you pass me by? Are you afraid I will kill you?"

"No, I am not afraid," replied Sam, walking up to him.

"Yes you are! You visit every lodge but mine. You pass me by. Come," he said, with a smile of derision, "I cannot hurt you now. Beaver-tail has no weapons—he is old—even with this knife Beaver-tail is helpless, for he will walk no more. Come and shake me by the hand and I will tell you of strange things."

Sam sat down beside him and said, "Open your heart to me; I am your friend. I have cared for your children. Is this not true?"

"It is true. Therefore my heart changed toward you and all men. I am old and broken now—my trail is almost ended. I am crawling now on all fours, like a sick wolf."

It was true. His hip was stiffened and his leg withered. His cheek bones showed painfully, and his broad, brown breast was like a box, ridged with bronze bands. It was plain his work was ended.

"See my hands," he went on. "The white man made me break stones—but I did my work well and they praised me. I said, I will not let my enemies laugh and say Beaver-tail died far away in the white man's country. I will return to my children. One day I fell and struck my hip on a big rock. Thereafter I worked no more, and the white Doctor said, 'Go home and die among your people.' Therefore, here I am, as you see me. Now, my friend, I want to talk with you earnestly. When I come to die I want you to sit by my side. Will you promise that?"

Williams promised, and with a heart swollen with pity left the old man lying like a trapped dog—his big eyes filled with a mysterious light.

It was not long after this that a message came from Hippy, saying, "The time is come," and, obedient to his promise, the teacher mounted and rode away.

When he reached the old man it was deep night, but his lodge was not dark this time. It was blazing with light from a fire in the center. A woman was moaning nearby, and an old Medicine man sat beside Hippy's bed chanting a low song.

As Williams entered, the old warrior's dim eyes lit with light as embers blown upon resume their glow.

"My friend. Your tongue is straight. You have always been true. Send for my children," he said to one who stood near. Then, turning to

his white friend, he continued with solemn intonation, "In a little while my limbs will be straight. I shall regain my youth. My feet will be fleet as ever. I shall chase the buffalo again as in the olden time. My forefathers will be there and the white man will trouble us no more. In the Shadow Land the white man cannot come."

His eldest son, grown to be a tall young man, came into the lodge and stood in silence. Soon his other sons, one a handsome lad of seventeen, the other, two years younger and one of Sam's best pupils, joined him, and the father looked at them with tender eyes.

"Hear me—my sons," he said. "This," he laid his hand on the teacher's arm, "is my friend and your friend. Obey him; I wish it. Do not put any of my blankets in my grave—keep them—keep my horse and my saddle, you are poor and will need them. I go to the Shadow Land, and I do not need them. You go to school," he said to the younger boys. "The white man's road is the only safe one. The Indian's trail here is short—only in the dim land will the red man be happy. Mi-O-Kani is a good man—he will help you. When you are in trouble go to him. Be at peace. Do not fight, as I have done."

He was silent for a long time, but he could not collect his thoughts. "I have finished. There is nothing more for me to do," and he drew his blanket about his face and turned toward the wall.

Then the scarred and broken body failed the indomitable spirit of Beaver-tail, and he died.

THE VICTORY

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

SEE, see!—the blows at his breast,
Abyss at his back,
The peril of dark that pressed,
And doubts in a pack
That hunted to drag him down,
Have triumphed? and now
He's crushed, who climbed for the crown
To the summit's brow?

No! though at the foot he lies,
Fallen and vain,
With gaze to the peak whose skies
He could not attain,
The victory is, with strength—
No matter the past!
He'd dare it again, the dark length,
And the fall at last!